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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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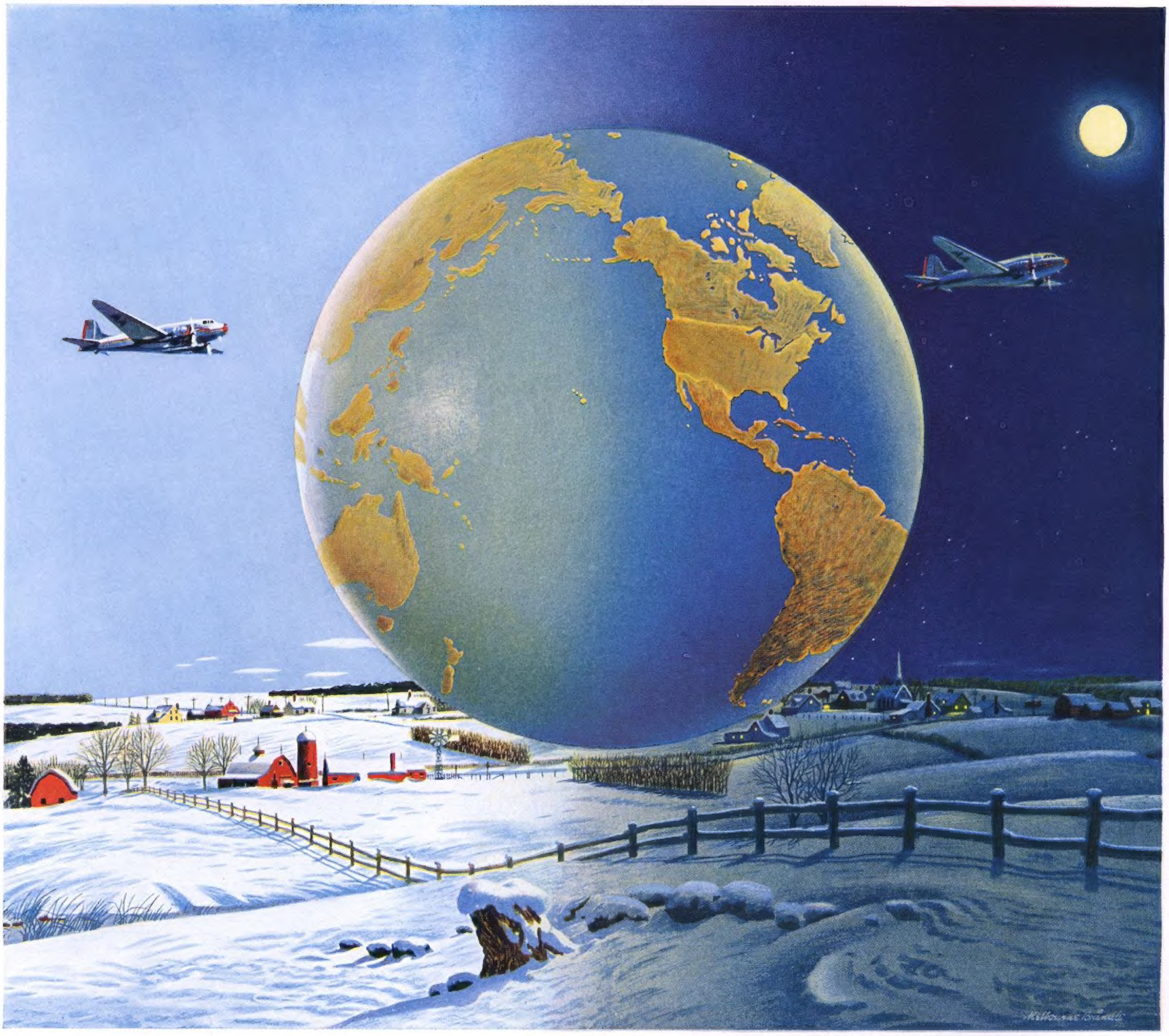

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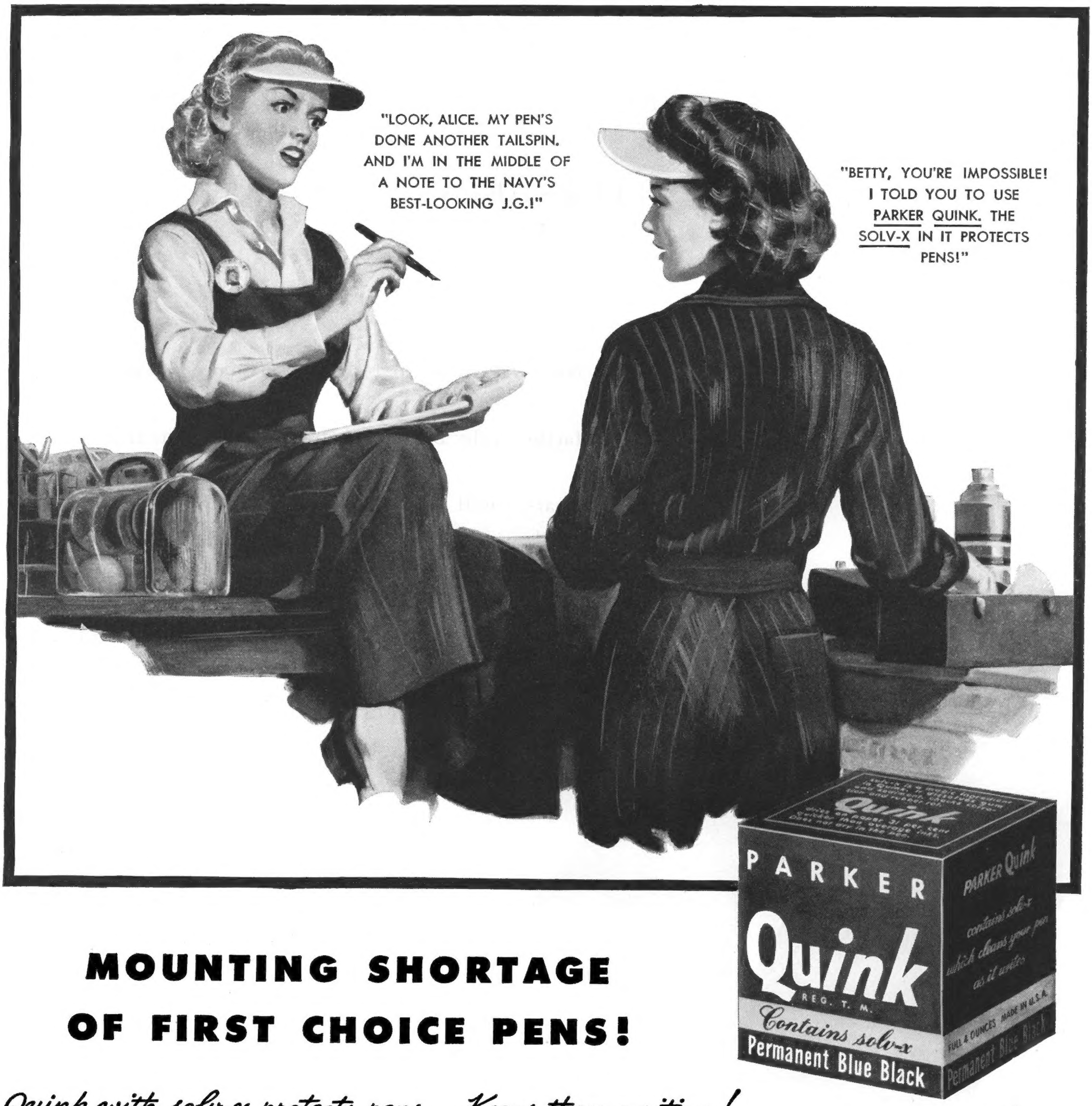
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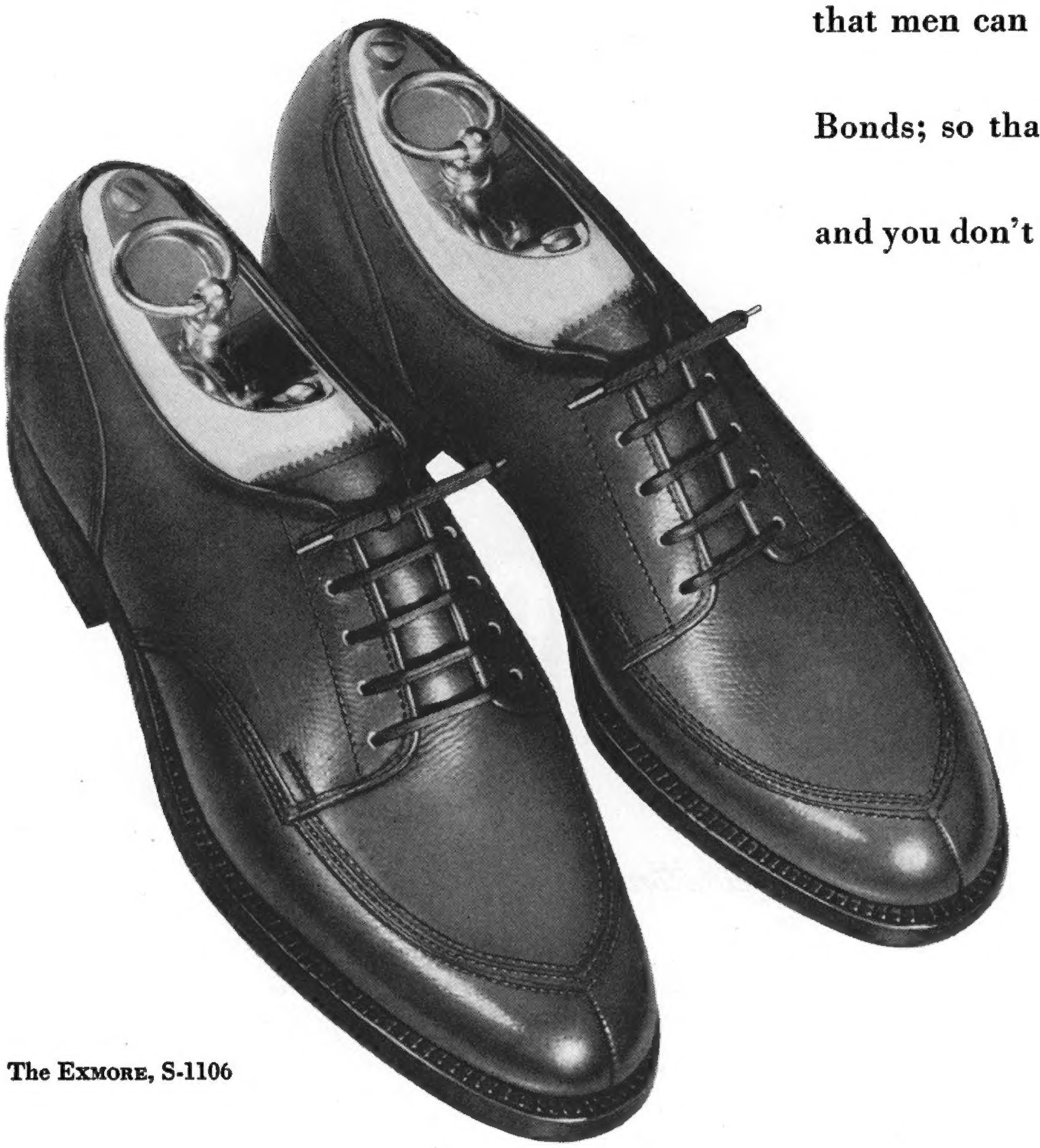

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
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EDITORIAL: The Upward Journey of Hot Jazz, from the Junkshops to the Met

In our issue for February, 1934, just ten years ago, we ran an article by Charles Edward Smith entitled *Collecting Hot.* That article, as we have often since heard and read, gave the first nationwide impetus to what was at that time almost a private hobby, the collecting of old jazz records.

In publishing that article, Esquire acted as more or less unwitting midwife at the birth of two twin phenomena. The article's direct result was to send people, all over the country, into the secondhand stores and junkshops, to search out the early classics of recorded jazz. The indirect result, of starting a stampede for old records, was to give jazz a new stature, a new dignity and standing, a new respectability. For, whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, it is true in all the arts that respectability comes with the collector. Short of dying, the one sure way an artist or an author can become a "classic" is by attracting the interest of the collectors.

At the time of the publication of *Collecting Hot,* Esquire itself was barely out of its swaddling clothes. Its issue for February, 1934, was only the second to carry on the cover the legend "Now Issued Monthly." And the collecting of jazz records was confined to a baker's dozen of Princeton and Yale students, and a hardly larger number of jazz musicians. The phonograph was still in the almost total eclipse it suffered with the advent of radio. People had junked their phonographs and records, or turned them in on radio sets. The old records, some of which now are bid for in vain every month in the *Record Changer* at figures ranging from forty-five all the way up to a hundred dollars, could then be picked out of the stacks of secondhand records at anywhere from one to ten cents.

But perhaps it would be more seemly to let somebody else tell of the effect of that article in this then-new magazine on that then-new field of collecting. Listen, for instance, to the way Stephen W. Smith tells it in the Harcourt Brace volume, *Jazzmen.* (At the time of writing [1939] he was president of the Hot Record Society, and *Jazzmen,* featuring individual chapters by a number of outstanding experts, was the first comprehensively authoritative book on jazz to appear in this country.) "Three Princeton University students and one faculty member were the first known collectors . . . Among the people that came under the influence of the Princeton group was Charles Edward Smith. (They) initiated him into the fascinations of hot music and urged him to use his talents for the cause. *Esquire* printed Smith's article *Collecting Hot,* in February, 1934; the stampede was on."

Today, after ten years, all the obvious collector's items have long since been combed out of the junkshop piles, at least in and near the big cities. The old jazz records have market values that are at least as well recognized (and just about as stable and predictable) as those of stocks, and they are traded, on bids, in the same way. There are collectors' shops, specializing in them, and there is a whole legion of semi-pro individual collectors, in every corner of the country, many of whom will not sell any of their records but will trade them for records they want. The beginner who wants to dig for old records that are worth collecting had better not stray off the recognized collector's trade routes, unless he goes out with a copy of Delaunay's *Hot Discography* in one hand and Miller's *Yearbook of Popular Music* in the other. The Delaunay volume, though far from complete, is still the best single listing of the numbers, labels and names of all hot jazz records from 1917 through 1940, and Miller's Yearbook is the only volume that appraises the relative values of the various old records that are the collector's quarry.

But, before you do either, perhaps you'd better turn to page 27 and read *Collecting Hot: 1944,* written by Charles Edward Smith especially to keynote this Jazz Number which celebrates the tenth anniversary of Esquire's continuing interest in this subject.

* * *

So much for the cause of our celebration. And now to the details of the celebrating. In a sense, the whole story is told by the scene on this issue's front cover, where you see Esky in a box at the Metropolitan Opera, tooting his head off on a trumpet, against a banner in the background bearing this strange device: "Esquire's All-American Band." And that, unlike our usual cover scenes, is no gag. For as you will see when you reach page 28, this Jazz Number announces the 1944 membership of our All-American Jazz Band, first selected a year ago by Robert Goffin, and this year selected by the consensus of a board gathered by Goffin and Leonard Feather, his jazz colleague on the faculty of the New School of Social Research, comprising sixteen of the most representative jazz experts.

The band will be assembled for a Jazz Concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on January 18th, a few days after this issue achieves print. At this event, which is staged for the sale of War Bonds and sponsored by the National Women's Council of the Navy League of the United States, the winning performers will each be awarded a five hundred dollar War Bond and an Esky statuette, symbolic of winning first or second place in the votes of the Esquire board of experts on each of the given instruments. The Esky figure, gilded for first place and silvered for second, will be a replica of the trumpeting puppet on this issue's front cover. Its base will, in each instance, be inscribed with the winner's name and the year of his selection, and the figure will remain permanently in his possession. The list of this year's winners appears on page 29.

Those who live in the New York area will of course enjoy an advantage in being able to hear Esquire's All-American Band in person at the Metropolitan. They will also have the sensation of being present while musical history is made, as this will be the first time that American Jazz has invaded that innermost sanctum of musical respectability. It's a long long trail up from Perdido Street to the Met!

But those who live outside the New York area, and those New Yorkers who may be unable to get tickets, will still not be left out in the cold. For Coca-Cola will feature the highpoint of the concert on its Victory Parade of Spot-Light Bands, over station WJZ and the Blue Network, on Tuesday evening, January 18th, from 9:30 to 9:55 Eastern War Time. Tune in and you may hear some of those "evergreen" jazz tunes that Robert Goffin has been writing about in these pages for the last two months, and you will hear at least one of the presentations of the Esky awards, that for clarinet to be made to Benny Goodman in Hollywood, whence his part of the concert program will be piped in, for listeners on the air and within the Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan alike!

Nor will the swing-devoted members of the Armed Forces abroad be deprived, by mere distance, from a share of the enjoyment of this Jazz Jubilee. Through the kindly offices of the OWI and the Army Special Services Division, the cream of the concert will be served overseas via the *G.I. Jive* program and *V-Discs.*

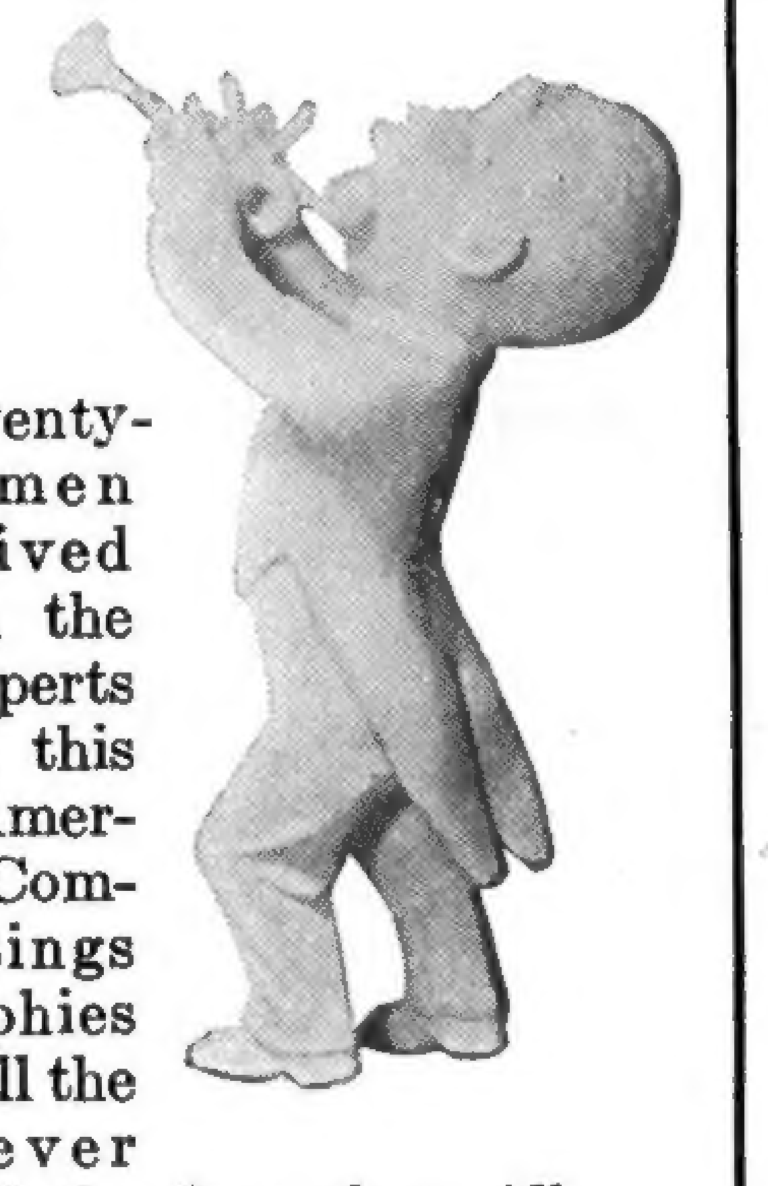
And if by chance you're reading this issue *after* January 18th, as well might happen, you still needn't feel that you've missed the whole show. For Columbia will shortly issue an album of its famous Hot Jazz Classics, the first it has issued in over eighteen months, devoted entirely to re-issues of the best and most representative of all the many records that have been made in the past featuring the various members of Esquire's 1944 All-American Jazz Band. The album will be issued under the supervision of Leonard Feather, our consultant on the musical aspects of the Esquire jazz poll, and will be accompanied by his informative and authoritative notes.

Thus, for approximately the price of a concert ticket, you can hear the All-Americans every night for a year, if you're so inclined.

For that matter, if your appetite has been whetted by this Jazz Number, you can get another big load of both reading and listening pleasure, for one mere lone dollar, out of *Esquire's Jazz Book,* the subject of the inset panel on this page. That's not saying, however, how much more it may either save you or cost you if its discographies and market-value appraisals of old records should happen to infect you with the virus of *collecting hot.* For, as many have learned since February, 1934, there's no more virulent bug in the air. Upon first acquaintance you're apt to regard it with wondering disbelief. In the words of the old Trixie Smith song, your reaction is likely to be that "the whole world's jazz crazy." And then, before you know it, you find yourself chiming in with a "Lawdy, so'm I!"

So this is just to remind you, for one last time, that you can never say we didn't warn you. ☩

Fanfare for Esquire's Jazz Book



By, on, or about February first, you will be able to buy in book form all the "righteous" articles that have appeared in Esquire over the past ten years, back to and including the famous Charles Edward Smith article *Collecting Hot.* Such a gospel of hot jazz has never before been brought together between book covers, for with the sole exception of one of E. Simms Campbell's articles which was published in *Jazzmen,* none of these articles has ever been reprinted anywhere. Now you get them all, edited, annotated and brought up to date by Paul Eduard Miller, veteran American jazz authority and editor of Miller's *Yearbook of Popular Music*—all for the paltry price of one dollar.

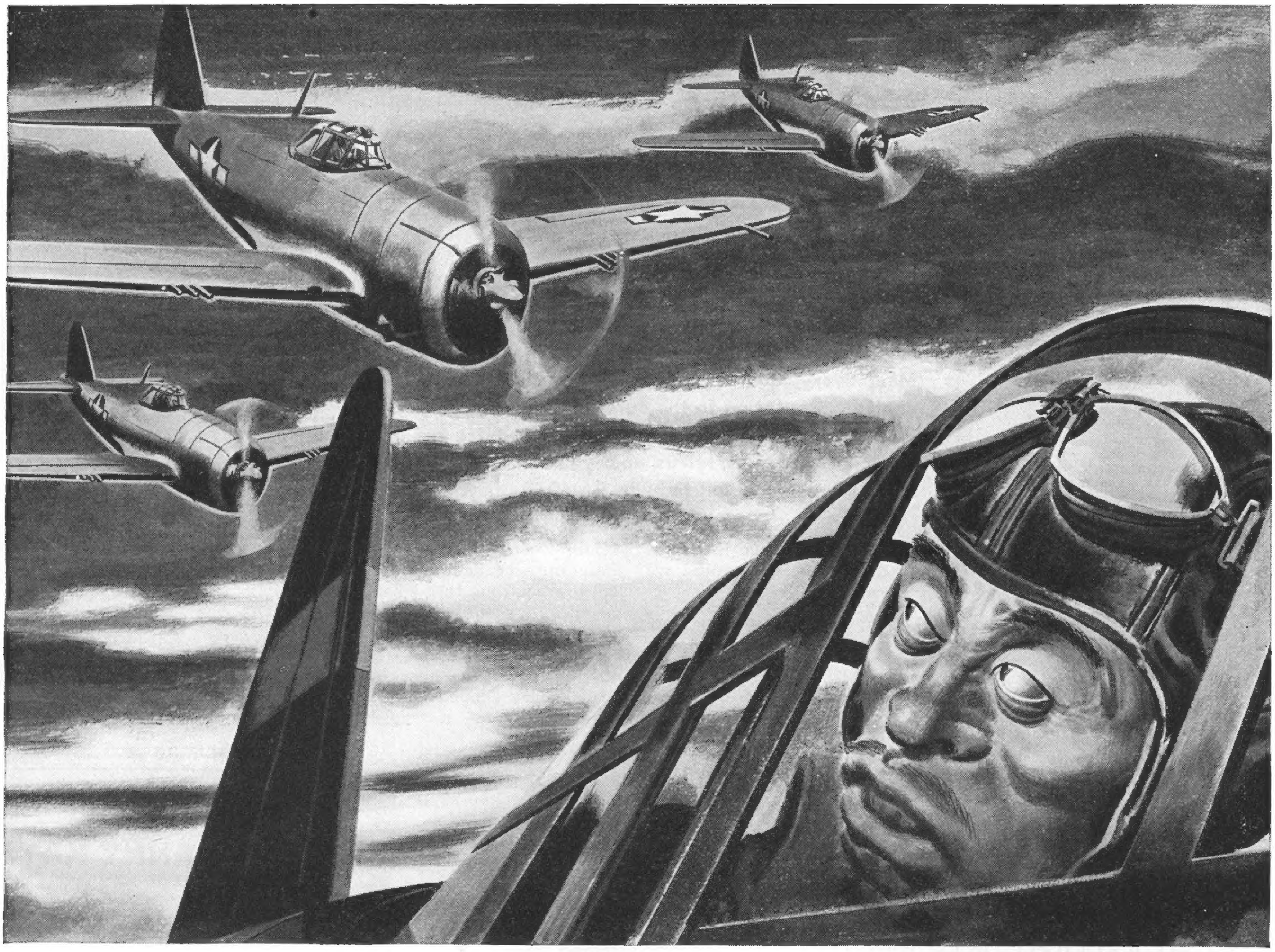
You didn't know there was anything left that one lone dollar would buy these days? Wait—that's not half of what your one dollar will get you in *Esquire's Jazz Book.* It gets you ninety-two pages in all—and twenty-four of them contain some of the hottest jamming photographs of the jazz greats of today and yesterday that you've ever seen. And that's not even counting the more than two score jazz drawings, done by E. Simms Campbell himself in black-and-white-and-jive, that are splattered all over the rest of the pages.

And just in case you doubt that a dollar book on jazz can be complete in ninety-two pages, listen to some of the rest of what you get: Biographies of all the hundred-twenty-odd jazzmen who received votes from the board of experts in electing this year's All-American Band; Complete Listings (Discographies to you) of all the records ever made by all the first place All-American winners, plus Evaluations of the prices those records now command* in the collectors' market; Chapters on Jazz History, covering the great musicians and recordings of the past (along with a comprehensive chart giving the "genealogy" of the various jazz influences back to the days of Buddy Bolden and Jack Laine); Chapters on the Why of Jazz and on How to Listen . . .

Yes, all this and a record too—a real live eight-inch record (semi-permanent on a paper base) demonstrating the solo styles of the different members of Esquire's 1944 All-American Band, along with a commentary by Leonard Feather.

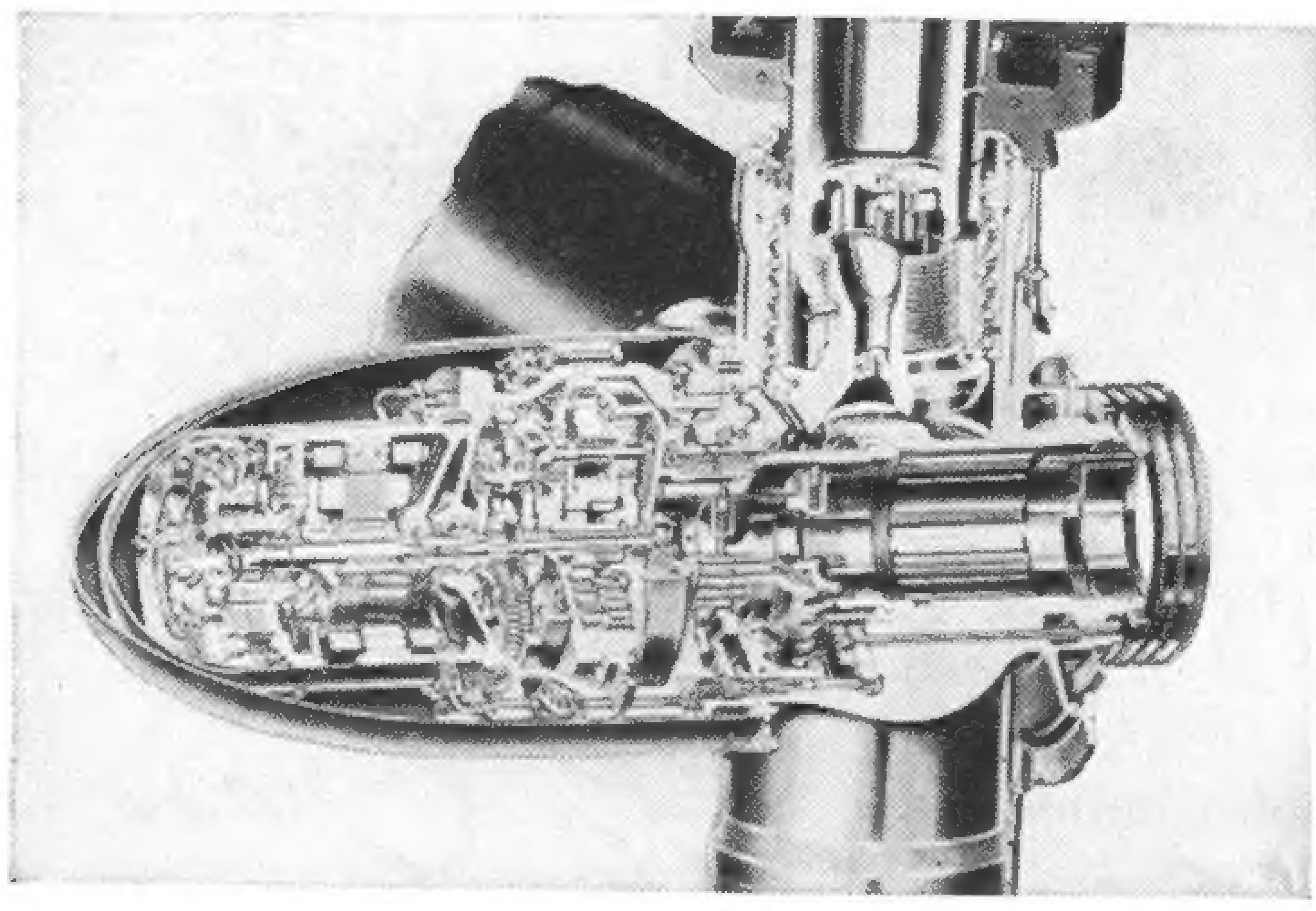
All that for your dollar—if you get your copy spoken for, now, at your local newsstand, book or department store, record shop, PX or ships' store. But if your local dealer's allotment is all spoken for or sold out, you can get your copy as long as they last by writing to Esquire's Jazz Dept., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

**If you should happen to find one of them, like a fellow did just last month, you might sell it, as he did, for sixty-five dollars. With your luck that probably wouldn't happen, but you can see that if it should, you could pay yourself back the price of the book and still be left with the answer to the sixty-four dollar question!*



"And the dawn comes up like thunder..." "裕仁萬歳"

("Hirohito Banzai!" . . . or in good basic English, "Oh mighty Son of the Sun, my goose is cooked!") It happened like that — very fast. Suddenly the dawn clouds loosed a mighty bolt at the high-flying sons of the Sun of Heaven, and six of them were blasted from the sky . . . The first of the Thunderbolts had struck.



The third major part of a plane. The four-blade hollow steel Curtiss Electric propeller on today's Thunderbolt is as sensitive as it is powerful and more intricate and difficult to make than the automobile you drive.

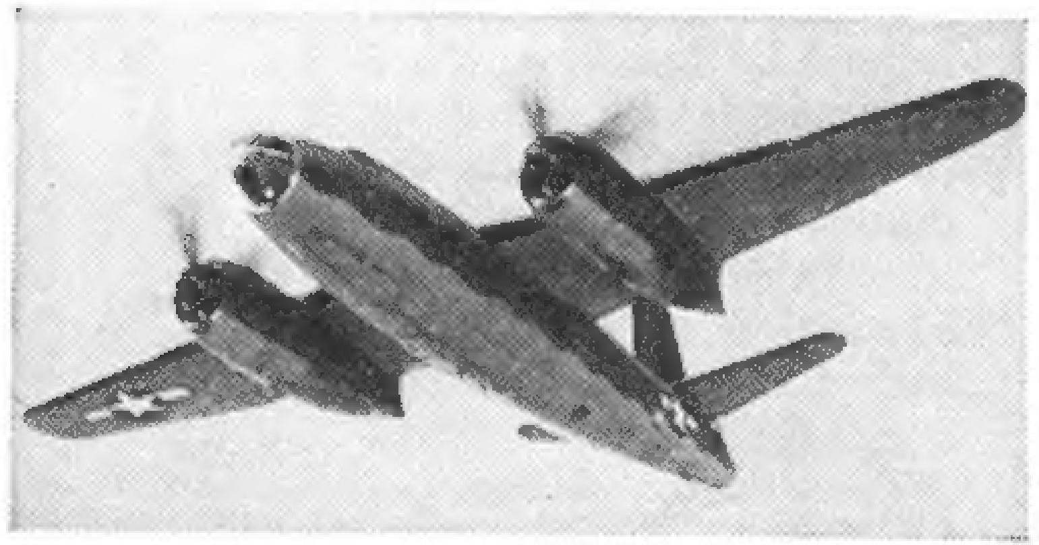
THIS was their introduction to a new kind of bolt from the blue, when out of the clouds one morning four Republic Thunderbolts blasted into 32 Japanese fighters. Under the impact of the first of these, six enemy fighters were shattered like clay pigeons. In all, ten were downed before the others scattered in the clouds.

Backing up the skill and daring of those four American fliers that morning was one of the most formidable airplanes of this war . . . and its performance speaks louder than any words about the advances in modern aviation research.

One interesting part of this research story is that of the propeller. For today's high-performance airplane must literally "hang by its prop," in the grueling test of combat flying, under the most extreme changes in speed and temperature.

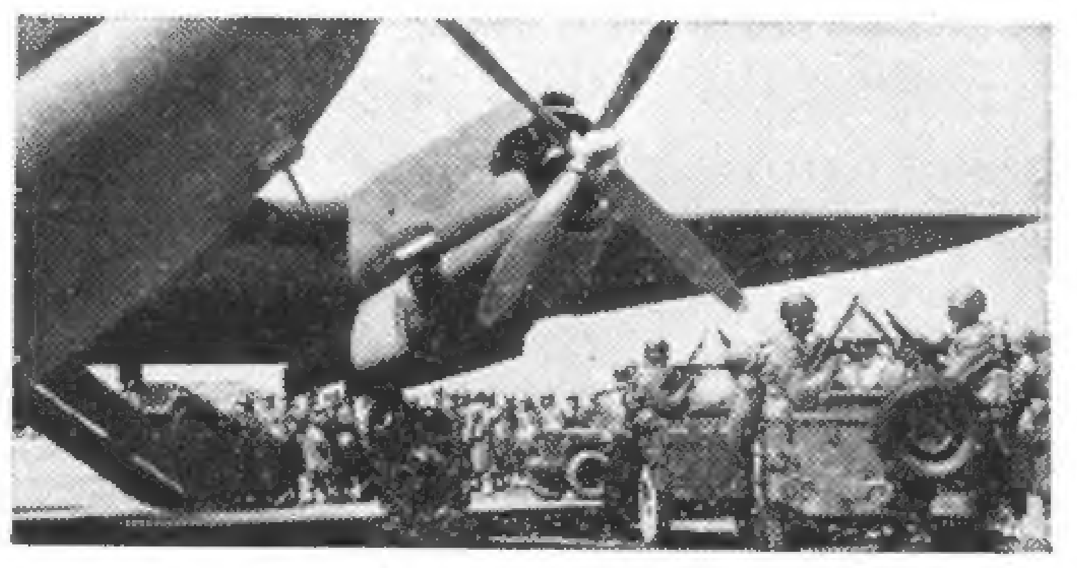
The Curtiss Electric propeller on the powerful new Thunderbolt actually has a motor inside the hub which automatically changes the angle of the blades to meet those quickly changing conditions. And the striking power which this helps to make possible is one of the outstanding performance stories of this war: A single-engine plane weighing six and a half tons that is able to strike from ceilings over seven miles high — where pilot, engine, and propeller must adjust themselves and operate efficiently in cold as great as 60° below zero!

Today, aviation's proving ground is war. But out of this terrible trial by combat, a whole new age of the air is speeding into being. The skills of the 2,000,000 men and women of America's aviation industry are helping to shorten the war . . . skills which hold a new and finer hope for the great peacetime era of trade and transportation to come . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!



Hit and run is the method of the Martin Marauder, and it has achieved brilliant results at Midway, in the Battle of the Coral Sea and in current exploits over Europe. The B-26 is harnessed to a pair of 4-blade hollow steel Curtiss Electric Propellers.

The Lockheed P-38 Lightning is making history on every war front and in many combat uses. Equipped with two Curtiss Electric 3-blade propellers, a China squadron reports that it can outclimb and outdive the highly maneuverable new Zeros.



In its hundreds of missions to points "X", "Y" and "Z", the Curtiss C-46 Commando is proving to be one of the great "workhorse" planes of the war. This largest of twin-engine transports also has twin 4-blade electric propellers of Curtiss make.

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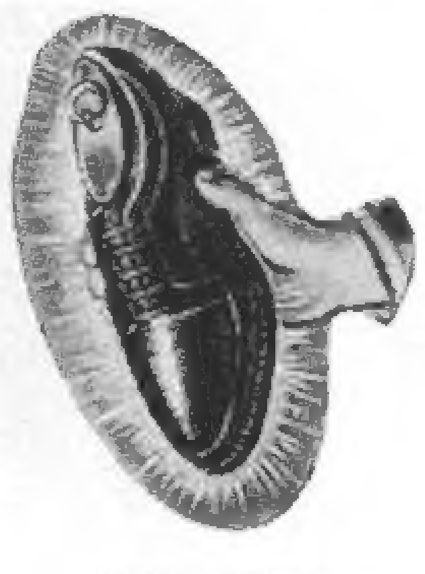
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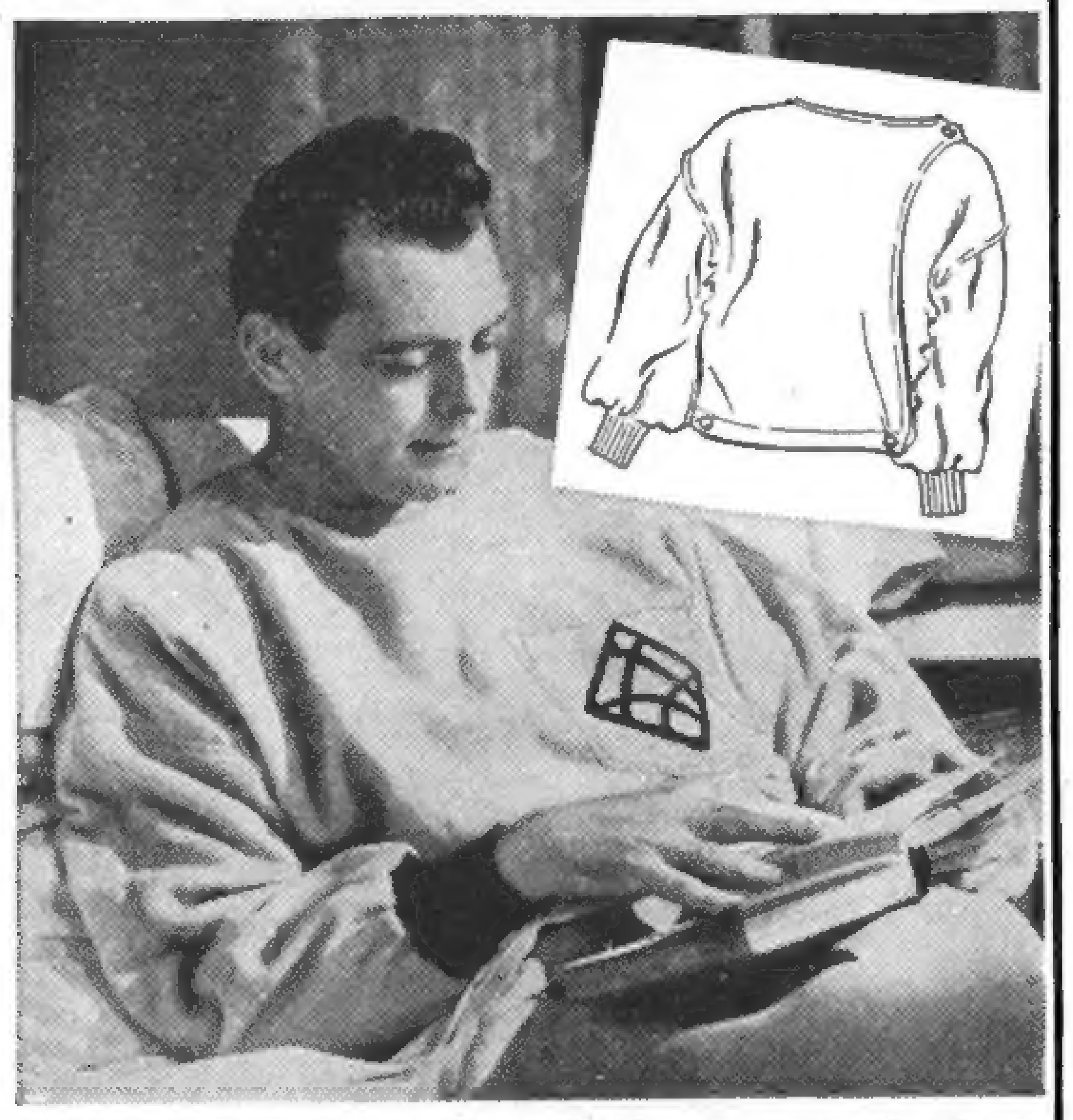

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...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy** and **so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a fabric of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer to the Gift Problem. Postpaid. . . .** **$6.50**

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Please send me these Readinjacks: (Cash or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

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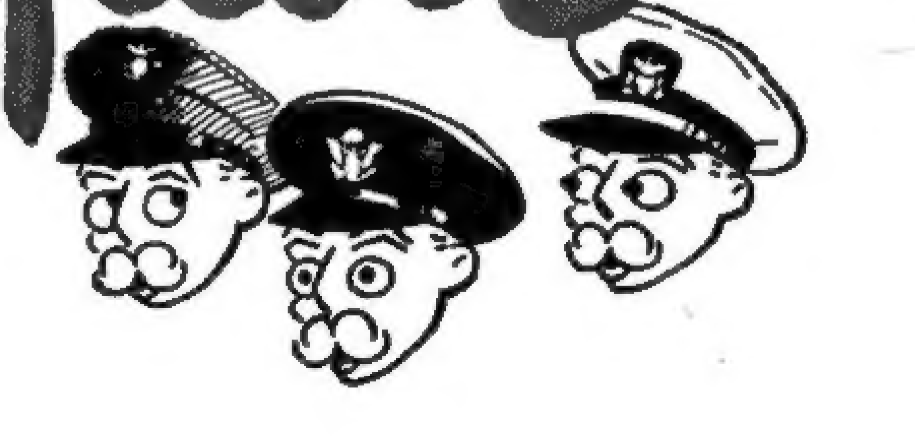
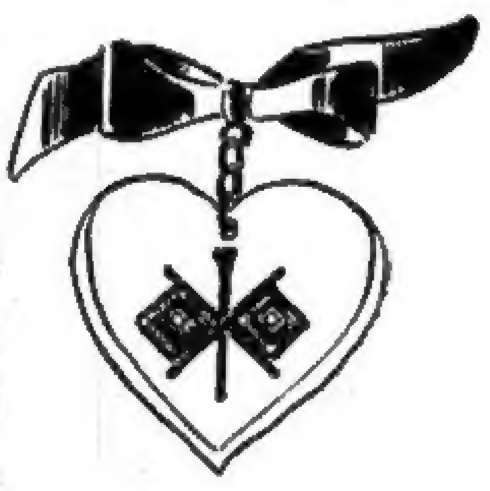


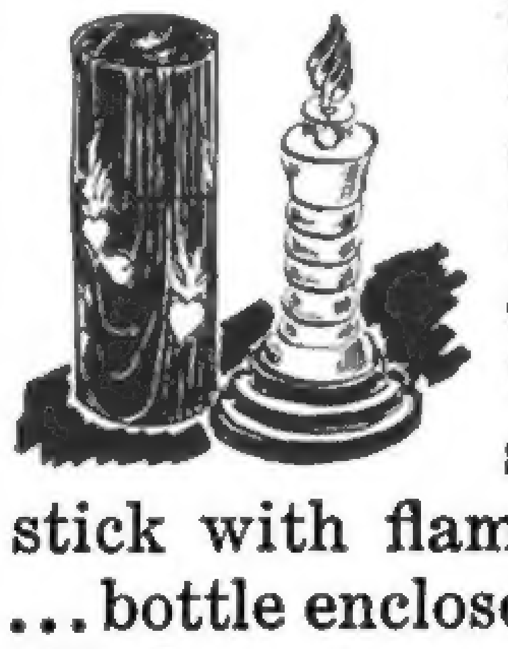
STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

FLASH! February 14th is Valentine's day, fellows . . . need we say more?

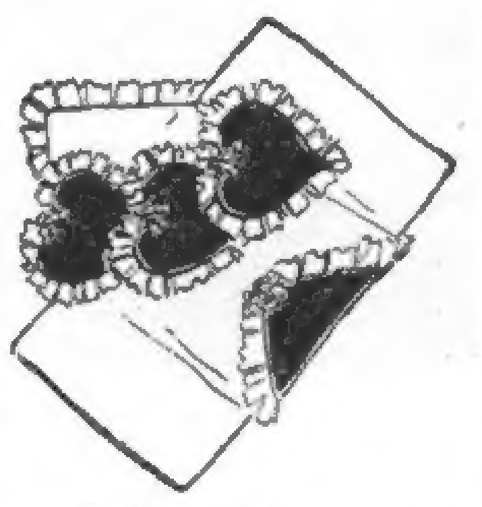
HEART OF GOLD. Send her your heart in the form of a heart necklace . . . a real mother of pearl heart bearing insignia of army, navy, marines, air corps, etc. Heart is suspended on a fine gold plated sterling silver chain, or worn as a brooch on a gold plated bow pin. Other heart trivia: sterling silver link bracelet strung with silver hearts which spell out her name, letter by letter; sterling silver or gold plated "bleeding heart" earrings, shaped like little bleeding heart garden flowers; flower decorated heart locket which holds two pictures inside. Worn on a chain. Heart on her sleeve . . . a heart shaped pin of polished wood with a recess to hold your picture . . . which is covered and protected by a smaller heart of bright colored clear lucite. Cute gag gift when worn pinned to her sleeve.



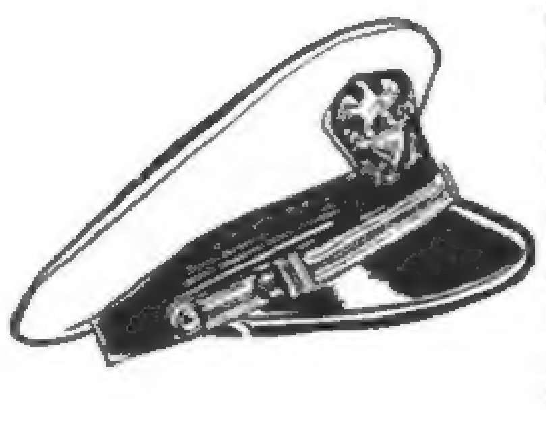
HEART'S DESIRE. Perfume will make her think of you each time she wears it. Brand new is a dynamic, challenging fragrance called "White Flame", a precious scent in a bottle shaped like a serpentine candlestick with flame-shaped stopper . . . bottle enclosed in purple moire silk box strewn with red hearts. Another appropriate Valentine perfume is "Heartbeat", an exultant scent . . . "leaping pulse of life combined with youthful laughter and throbbing emotions" (we quote from the text). Send sweet, fragile lovelies a matching set called "White Lace". There's perfume that smells like moonlit gardens, packaged in white and gold, trimmed with real white lace; cologne, and dusting powder. Each package bears heart shaped card which says "Always in my heart" in gold lettering.



HEARTFELT GIFTS FOR MOM. Pale blue silk handkerchief case containing 3 heart-shaped lace trimmed sachets; or a red heart shaped box filled with six guest sized red heart shaped cakes of soap scented with "Shocking" perfume. For kid sister: a luminous billy stick decorated with red hearts and tipped with red leather strap to attach to her bicycle. If exposed to light for 15 seconds, the stick will glow all evening as protector in a dimout or to ward off the wolves.



SEA MASTER. Eureka! A simplified naval officer's cap that's a beauty. Regulation in every respect, yet 10% lighter to wear and 100% easier to change covers. Here's why: Seamaster has an exclusive flexible band constructed for solid comfort; a removable grommet for quick changing of covers; a guide hook for easy insertion of grommet, and a self starter centering pin to determine the exact point for placing cover. Simple as ABC.



Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

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Give your complete overseas mailing address. Request us to send your free tube of Roger & Gallet original Lip Pomade and enclose this coupon.

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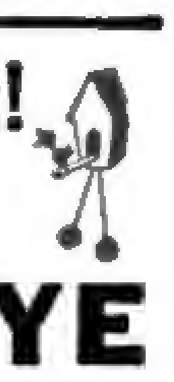

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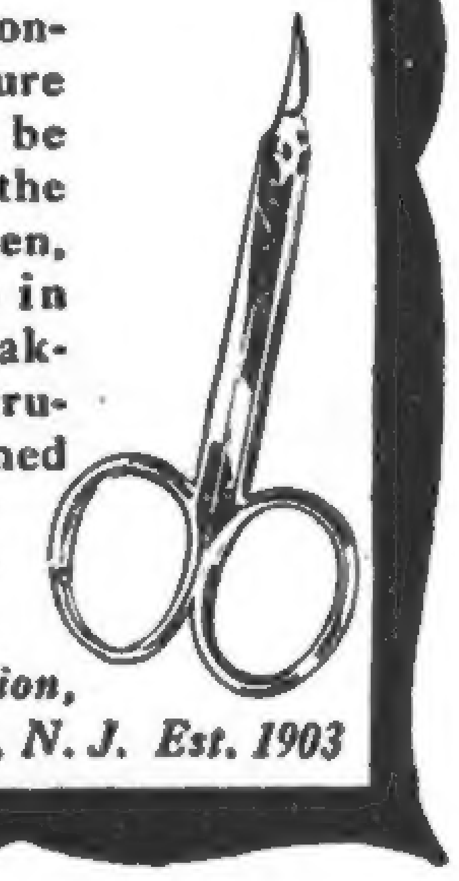

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Illustrated with 37 Wood-Engravings

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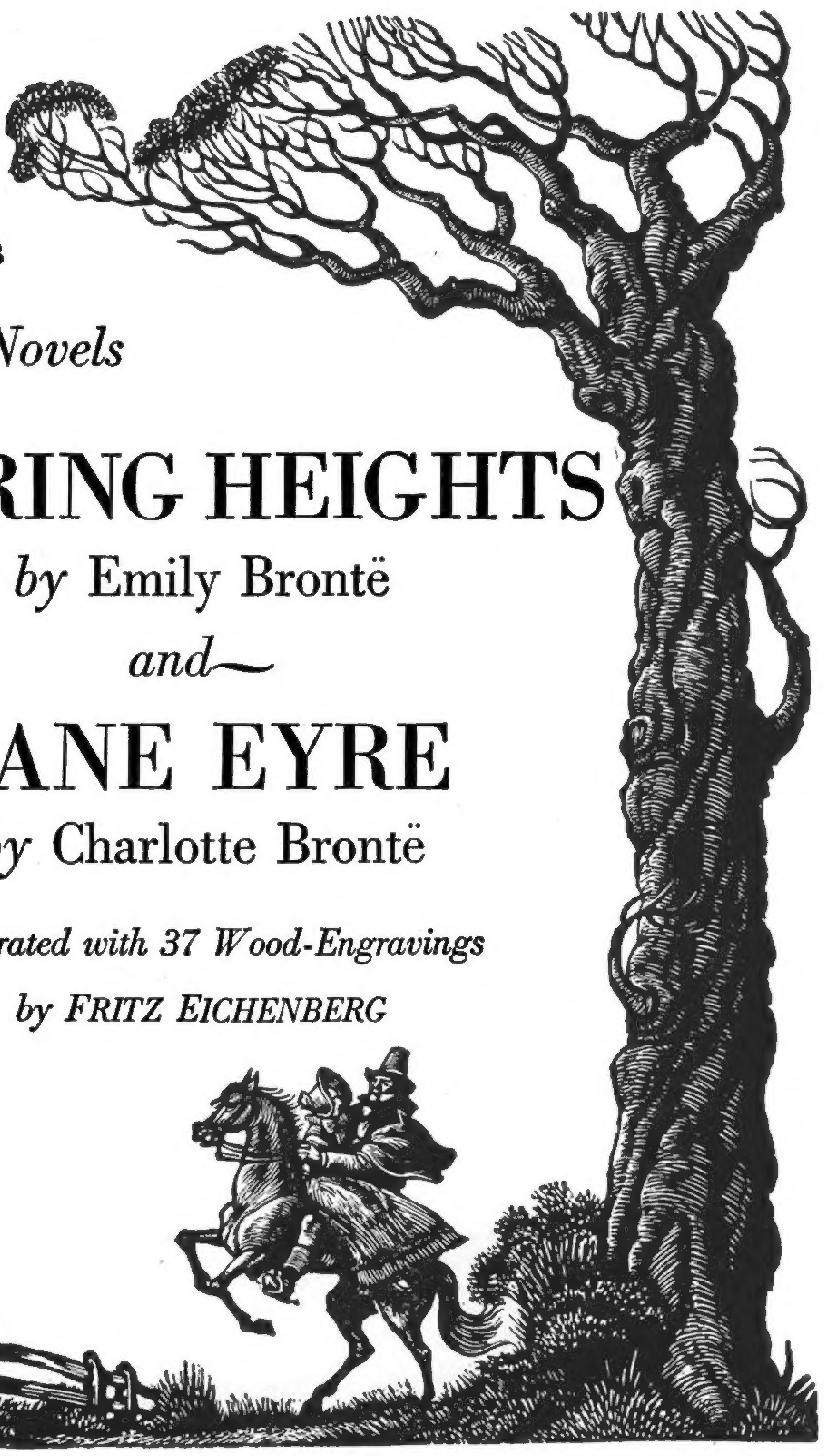

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RETAIL PRICE $5.00

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Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

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Paris-Underground tells of two remarkable women who defied the Gestapo in France.
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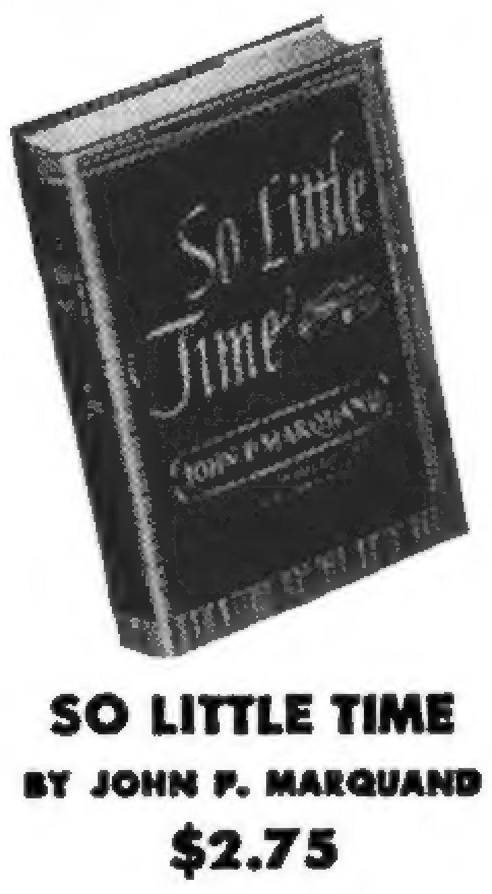

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ'S PRIZE PACKAGE

The following excerpt of a recent letter from a Special Service Officer at an Arctic outpost is quoted for your information:

"We have distributed some of the Esquire pin-ups and are using others as prizes for bingo, sports quizzes, etc. At this post they are worth their weight in gold. At a recent contest, the first prize was five dollars, second prize was Esquire pin-ups. The man who won first prize tried his damndest to trade the five dollars for second prize of Esquire pin-ups."

Many similar reports have been received verbally. I want to assure you that the reprints are a tremendous hit and are greatly appreciated. Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,
Garland D. Shell
1st Lieutenant, AUS
Asst. Chief, Special Service Branch
Army Service Forces
Headquarters First Service Command

Editor's Note: *Esquire has sent, with its compliments, hundreds of specially prepared sets of its pin-ups, which have appeared in past issues, to Special Service Officers of Army camps and Navy bases for use in decorating recreation rooms and dayrooms. Any Special Service Officer who has not received a set of these reprints may have one upon written request to our Circulation Department. Requests must be limited to the Continental United States because of regulations governing the size of packages that can be sent outside the United States.*

TEST-CASE TO SEE IF ESQ FINDS A MAN

I am sending this letter along as your secretary suggested. I am desperate in trying to locate this man. We have run an ad in the *Herald-American*, but he did not see it. But feel as he always reads the Esquire he might see my letter if you would permit it to be printed. Please.

Howard N. Swegles:

I am writing this letter to Esquire, in hopes it will be published, that I may locate you. I have tried every possible way I know to get word to you. We love you and want you with us. Come home and stay with us always. We will come and get you if you will tell us where to come.

Always yours,
Muncie, Ind. **Marie Rayls**

ADD "MANPRINTS"

Your editorial in November's issue of Esquire on Dr. William Lyon Phelps is without a doubt the best editorial I have ever read. It perfectly described Dr. Phelps. As he spent most of the winter here in Augusta we all felt as though he belonged to us—the same as everyone felt who knew him.

I saw him on the golf course every day, as I was golf hostess at Forest Hills Hotel where he spent the winter, and he never came in the golf club without a joke or friendly greeting for everyone whether it was the caddy, bartender, pro or people he had never seen. I won't call these people strangers for Dr. Phelps never knew a stranger.

It was a coincidence that in reading Walter B. Pitkin's editorial he said he never met Dr. Phelps but knew him well. The night before I read this article my mother said to me, "You know I certainly miss dear ole Dr. Phelps this year." My mother, like Mr. Pitkin, never saw Dr. Phelps but from hearing me every night repeat conversations I had with Dr. Phelps and jokes and experiences that he told, she too felt that he was her best friend and misses him as such.

I, like many people, miss Dr. Phelps dearly and feel that my life is richer for having known him.

Cordially,
Augusta, Ga. **Charlotte Beaufort**

HOWL OF JAZZHOUND FAR AWAY FROM HOME

Either Mr. Paul O'Connor of Worcester, Mass., doesn't know anything about jazz or Worcester itself doesn't. I rather suspect it's some of both, because while I have managed to find some good jazz records in the record shops of Worcester, I seldom found anyone in the shops who knew any more about it than Mr. O'Connor seems to. Most of the pieces he mentions may have a fast beat, or seem "hot" to the masses, but the masses, unfortunately, are not good connoisseurs of jazz. The mere mention of the name of H. James, for instance, fills me, a jazz lover, with nausea, but I will say that the "Hawk," Duke, and Count Basie are my babies. However, none of the records mentioned is among the real jazz classics, with the possible exception of *Body and Soul*. To have these records mentioned by Mr. O. as indicative of "Hot discography, Massachusetts style" would, I'm sure, be quite painful to my friend, George Frazier, formerly of the jazz column of the Boston *Herald*, who would have quite a bit to say to Mr. O.

My orchids go to the boys from Aloe Field, and I wish I could get something like that started out here. I imagine that the cost of shipping some five hundred jazz records from good old Massachusetts to sunny California would be something, but it might be well worth it. Let's have more of M. Goffin and others who really know what jazz is.

Sincerely,
Cpl. Robert R. Smith
Hamilton Field, Cal.

SWEETLY REASONABLE DEFINITION OF SWING

Here I've been telling others who do not grasp the scope of "swing" to read *Twelve Records & Exile*, and I forget to thank you for printing it!

Such stories are *badly* needed by the growing followers of the whirling disc. Why not an article on the basic difference between "commercial" and "swing"? It would, to the uninitiated open a new viewpoint. Many people have a misconception of what the word means to musicians. Briefly, this is it: It is the way members of an orchestra improvise on a melody . . . improvise as they play.

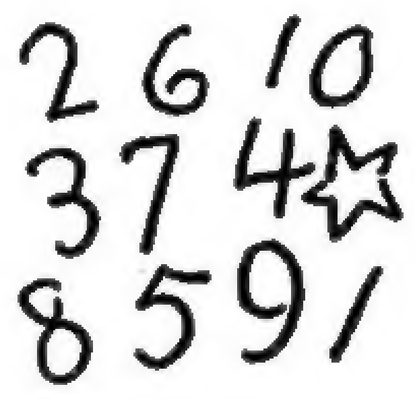
Its benefit, greatest benefit, I should say, lies in the direction of keeping a tune "alive." Improvisation changes the way the tune is played each time, so that it doesn't "wear out." Steadily replaying a melody the same way, note for note, helps make the listening public tired of a tune that should live a long life.

More musical articles . . . PLEASE . . . PLEASE . . . p-l-e-a-s-e! In any way, shape or manner!!!

Sincerely,
Toledo, Ohio **Don Mathers**

HOT DISCOGRAPHY, NEVADA STYLE

I thought one of the most interesting articles in the Christmas issue of Esquire was the *Ten Best Jazz Tunes*. Mr. Goffin had the help of some critics that know their way around in the jazz world. It would have been interesting to have polled Duke Ellington on such a quiz. The Duke not only has one of the best bands in the business, but he is probably writing some of the best music that is being written in the hot type of music by anyone.



Five bandleaders picked ten tunes apiece and Mr. Goffin picked ten. With sixty choices possible, I was surprised that one of the choosers didn't pick the tune *Star Dust*. Personally, I think that *Star Dust* is one of the greatest of jazz tunes. *Star Dust* is a tune that has been recorded by most of the better bands and seems like it is always popular.

For the sake of an argument I have picked ten tunes that I like the best, and the band that recorded them the best in my judgment.

Star Dust—either T. Dorsey or Goodman
St. Louis Blues—Maxine Sullivan with C. Thornhill or Duke Ellington's old Brunswick
Sweet Lorraine—Teddy Wilson. He has made four or five different recordings of this number
Melancholy Baby—J. Lunceford
Mood Indigo—Duke Ellington
On the Sunny Side of the Street—Louis Armstrong or Lionel Hampton
I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good—Duke Ellington
I Ain't Got Nobody—Bing Crosby and Woody Herman or Joe Sullivan
Lonesome Road—M. Spanier or T. Dorsey
Chloe—Ellington or Goodman

There is only one modern song among this group. All the rest are old-timers. Duke Ellington's *I Got It Bad* is one of the best jazz songs in years. His *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* is darn close.

Yours truly,
Pioche, Nev. **George S. White**

YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY'S A *VROON*

Man, oh, man! Capt. Jacob Chaitkin's article *Russian Is So Easy to Learn* is somethin'. I did pretty well on my first reading. I read it again and then called the Soviet Embassy in Washington and they thought Uncle Joe was on the wire. But when BPYH is pronounced VROON and means LIAR, well, you know what I mean.

¶&(¶&&"¶&¶ yours,
Southport, Conn. **Orson Kilborn**

DISSENTING OPINION ON BACKFIELDS '30-'35

The article written by Clark Shaughnessy on *Football's Greatest Backfields* was quite interesting, but I would like to differ with him on the greatest backfield during the 1930-1935 period.

I do admit that the Minnesota backfield that he named was very good, but does he remember the Notre Dame backfield of Frank Carideo, quarterback, Joe Savoldi, fullback, Marchmont Schwartz, left-half, and Marty Brill at right-half?

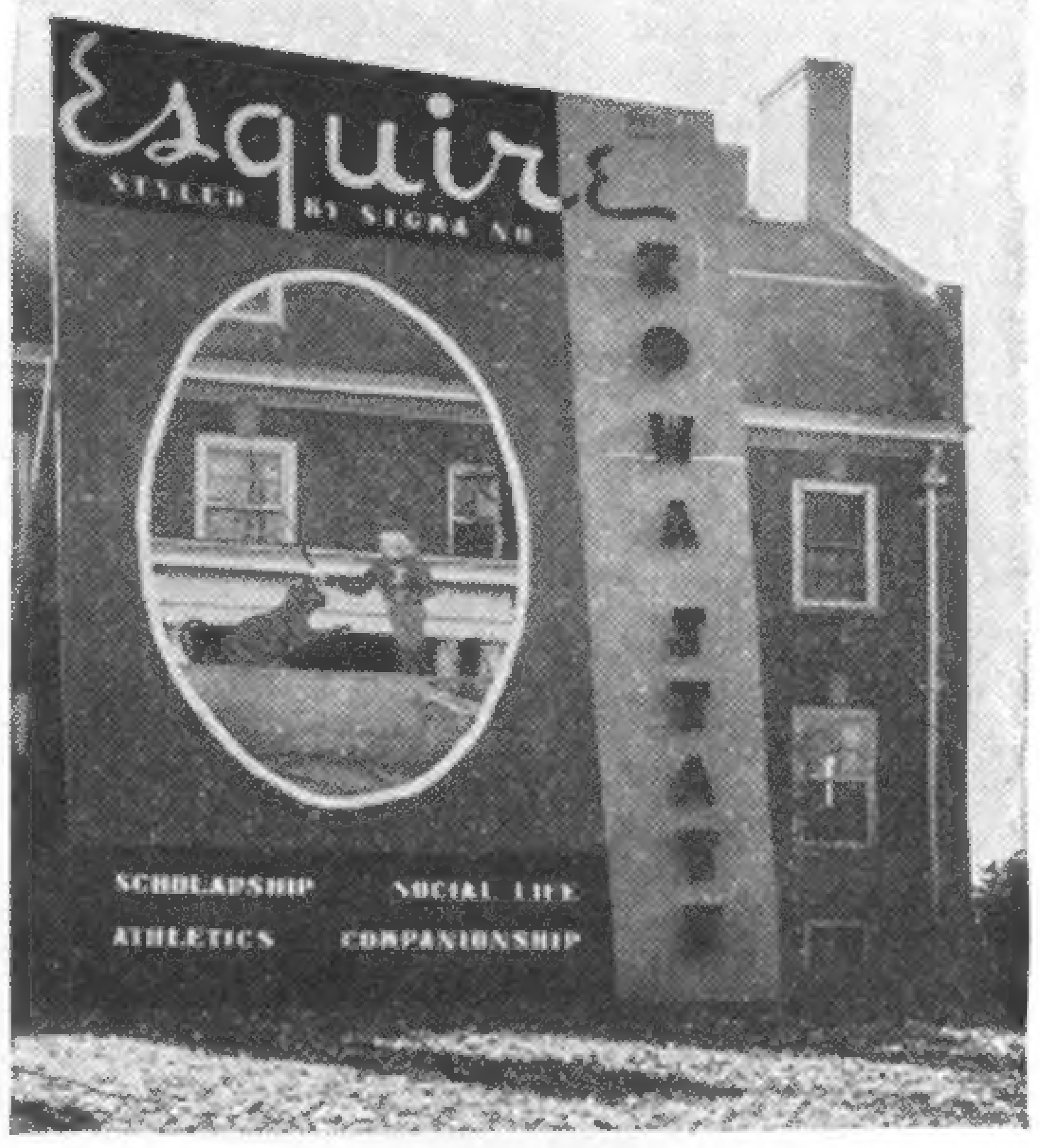
When it came to kicking outside within the five-yard line Carideo had no peer. Savoldi could hit the line with every bit of power that Beise and Kostka could. Schwartz was much more evasive on the field than was Pug Lund and last but not least, in Rockne's own words Marty Brill was the greatest blocking back that he had ever seen or coached.

Some people say that this backfield was every bit as good as the Four Horsemen and that's good enough for me.

Cpl. Ray F. Brady
Sta. Hosp., Huntsville Arsenal, Ala.

BIGGEST ESQ

While looking through my photograph album, I noticed the enclosed picture which was taken at Iowa State College's Homecoming of 1939.



I think that it might be of interest to you as it is probably one of the *biggest* Esquires on record (even larger than the Christmas editions).

Yours very truly,
Chicago, Ill. **Edwin S. Stone**

AMEN CORNER

I am now at an overseas base up north. I am just one of the many readers of your magazine, and all I can say is "it's tops."

I just received your famous Christmas annual, and what I liked the most in it was your editorial. That was strictly on the ball and you couldn't have described what we are fighting for any better.

There are no females up here, so the only thing a fellow can do is dream of the one or ones he left behind and what he's going to come home to.

Up here, take it from me, you'll always find girls in a conversation that's broken out amongst us fellows. They're on the walls as pin-ups, in your wallet so you can reach it easily when you want to brag about your one and only, and on our tongues constantly.

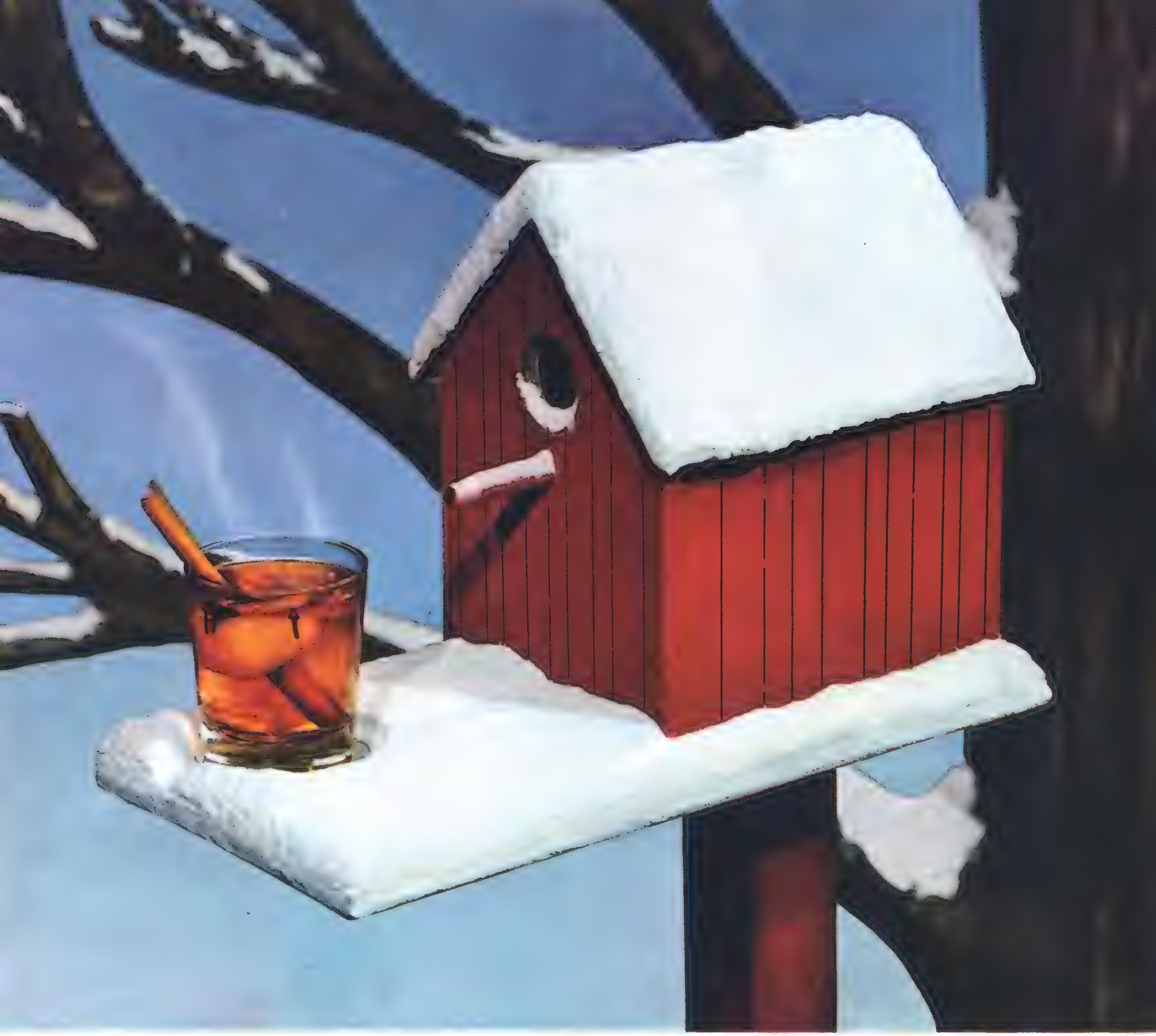
Lately we've been reading the fight Esquire and the Post Office are having. All we boys up here can say is that it's a rotten shame for the P. O. to do what it's doing. Your pin-ups are the backbone of the things we have on our walls, and, as you so neatly put it, great morale builders.

Yours truly,
Sheldon Feinberg

FREE FRENCHMAN

The last Esquire I received was torn to bits almost before it got into my hands. The house we live in belongs to a Frenchman with a son in the Fighting French Air Force, a Spitfire pilot. He snatched all the pictures for his station hut, thus being one up on his colleagues, and put as a protective screen the picture of the fierce looking bulldog on the outside door! The Varga drawings have been shared out among other fighter pilots at the station, but remain in his hut. Each one has a favorite.

James V. Papworth
Hertfordshire, England.



For birds too busy to go South

THAT means just about *everybody*, these days.

But, even so, we hope there'll be winter evenings when you'll find time to relax and enjoy the heart-warming comfort and solace of a steaming hot toddy . . . made, of course, with that superbly flavorful whiskey, Four Roses.

And we hope, too, that you'll be patient if your bar or package store cannot always supply you with Four Roses when you ask for it.

We are trying our best to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply of Four Roses until the war is won.

In the meantime, our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war needs.

So, if you can't always get Four Roses, you'll understand why. And with a war to be won, we know you wouldn't want it any other way.

One thing more—our prices have not been increased—except for Government taxes.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

For a Hot Toddy that's *Super!*

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

FOUR ROSES **A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY**

ENLARGE YOUR
"CRUISING AREA"
WITH ANOTHER LANGUAGE

The world has become smaller because we get around faster. National boundaries are not marked in the sky. You can breakfast in Baltimore, have dinner in Lisbon, and the next morning boss a construction job in Persia, or take charge of an office in Lima.

Another language cuts the tether which ties you down to one place. It increases your cruising range to the further ends of the globe. You can go wherever opportunity calls.

You will be amazed in how short a time you can

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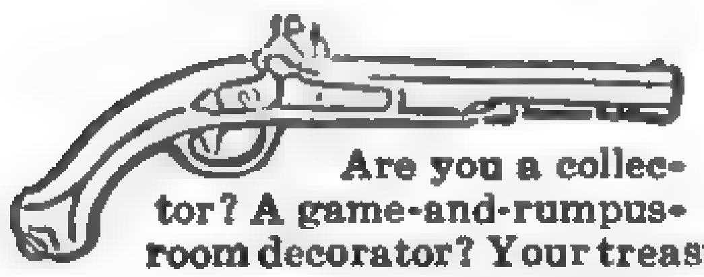
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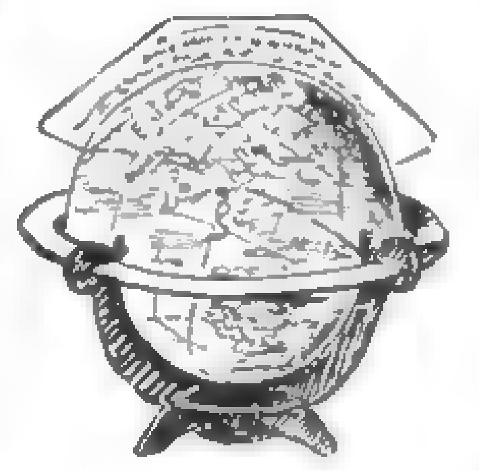
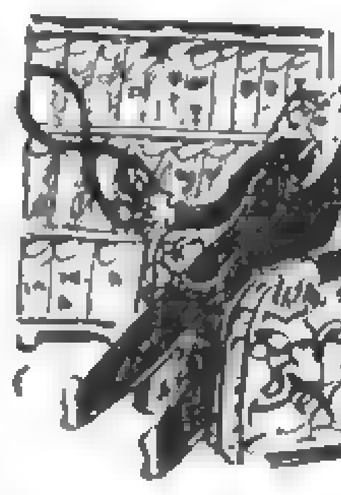
NO GLOBALONY, THIS. Which is closer to Africa . . . Maine or Florida? If you don't know, better give your friends one of the new air-age globes of the world. The featherweight globe sits free in a cradle base and can be picked up and examined closely from all sides. A handy distance finder will measure flying time and distance, and the horizon ring carries aviation information.



DON'T DISTURB. The laziest guy or gal in town deserves a pair of "reaching tongs" . . . giant size sugar tongs, 28" long, painted in gaily decorated wood, and provided with good gripping ends and scissor handles. You just sit where you are and grab anything beyond arm's reach with the tongs. Ho hum.



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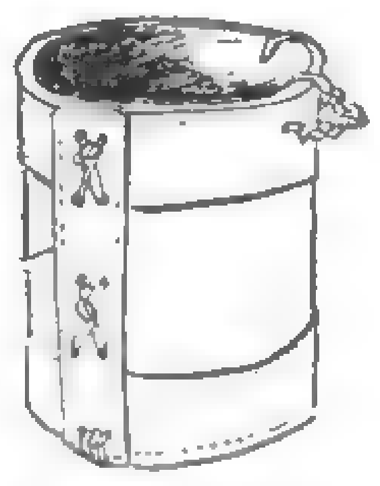

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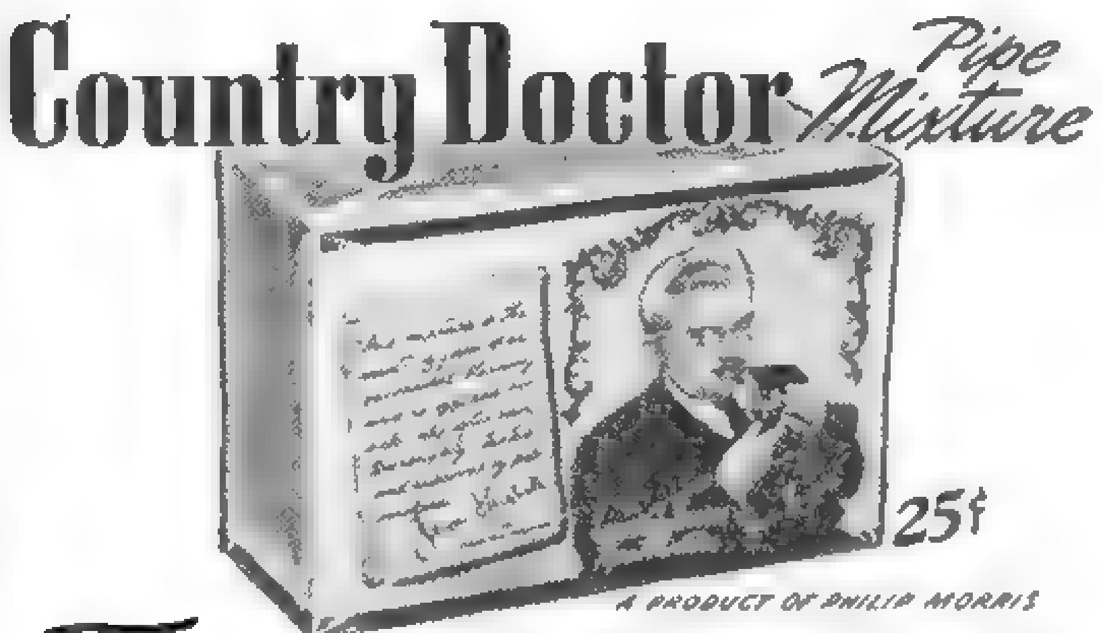

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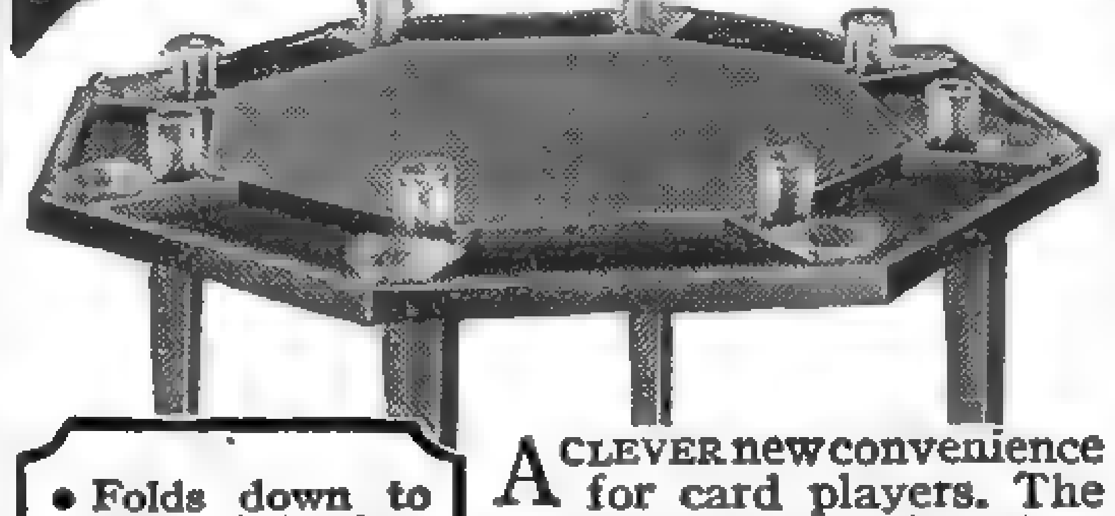
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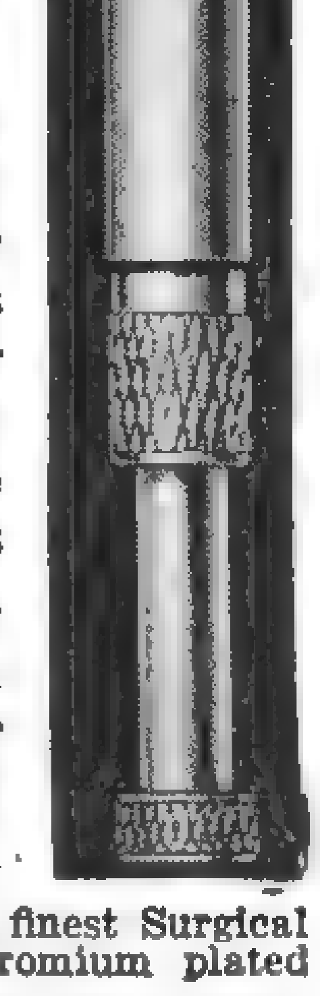

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It is that same spirit that has built up the huge production behind our war effort and is helping us to win victories on every front. It is this same spirit, on the farms and in American industry, that will continue to give the world those things which will bring about a better living for all.

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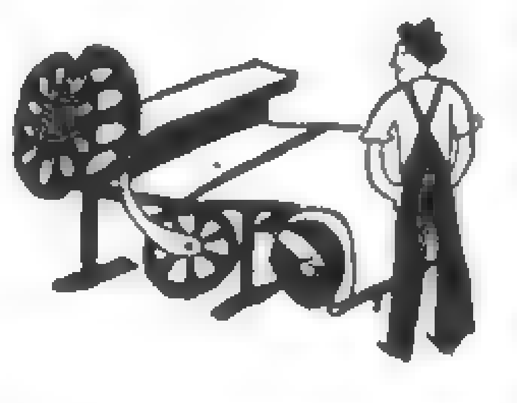
THE RIGHT FRAME FOR THE RIGHT FACE. Shape of the lenses is of utmost importance, and must conform with the shape of the face. Color of the frames is also to be considered . . . for example, a grey haired man might wear a flesh colored plastic frame; a medium complexioned gent with brown hair, gets an amber shade of frame, while a swarthy gent can get away with a strikingly dark frame. Newest spectacle frame for 1944 has an unusual shaped lens; the bridge is slightly nicked in shape, with pads that lend softness and security to your nose. These very masculine accoutrements are smart, streamlined to a degree, and "stay put" . . . an item of importance.

PENCIL SPECS. When you step out of an evening, perhaps you shun wearing glasses. Smart men about town carry narrow little spectacles, with colored plastic frames which fold up in the middle, fitting into a slim case no wider than a fountain pen case.

DON'T DESPAIR . . . REPAIR! To the aid of distraught males comes a little mending shop which performs those little services that a fellow's wife used to do before she became a lady riveter, or an air raid warden. The little shop repairs all manner of jagged rips, reweaves moth eaten cashmere sweaters, makes that cigarette hole in your pants disappear like magic, relines and cleans your good ties, darns sox but good.



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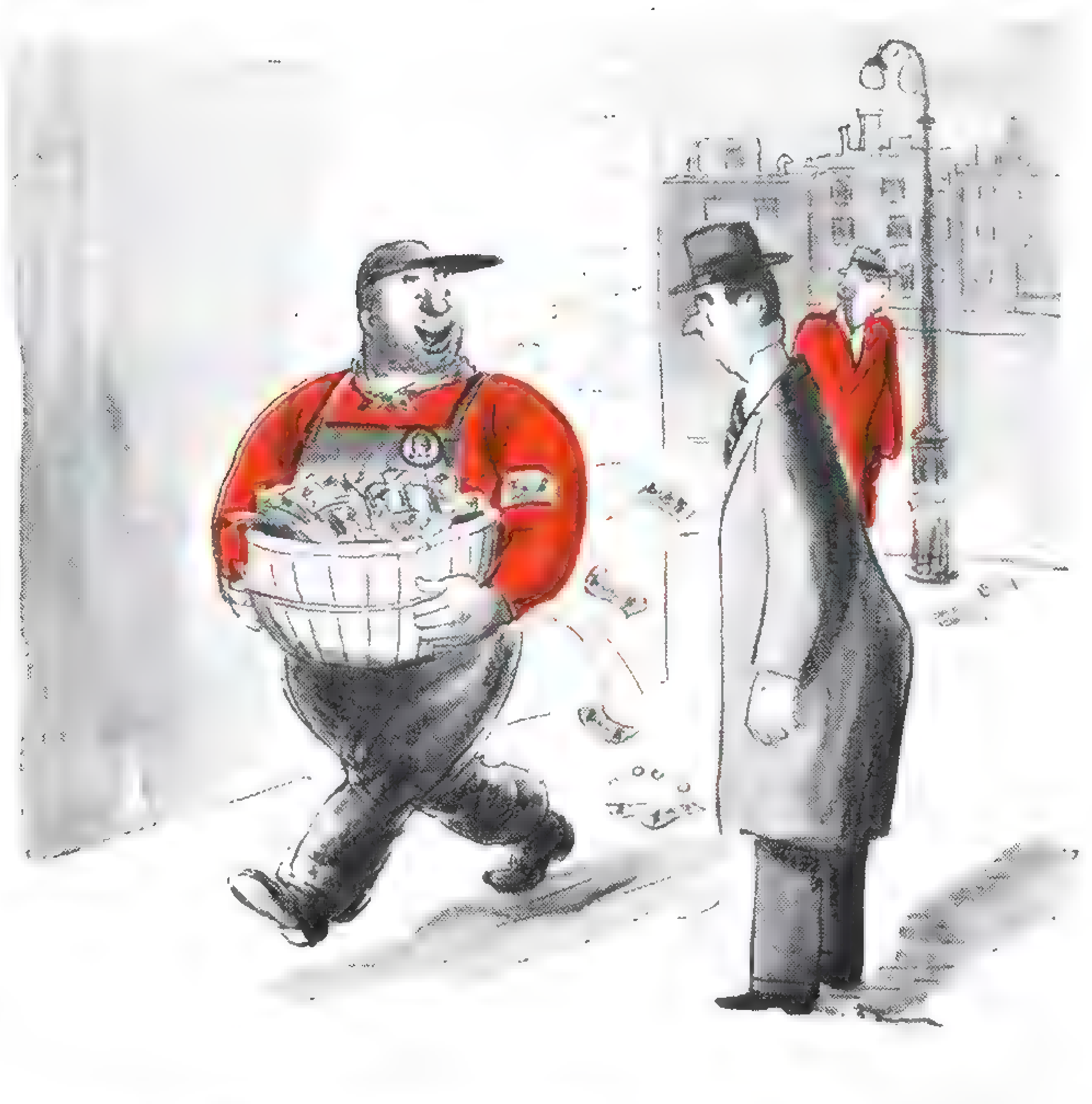

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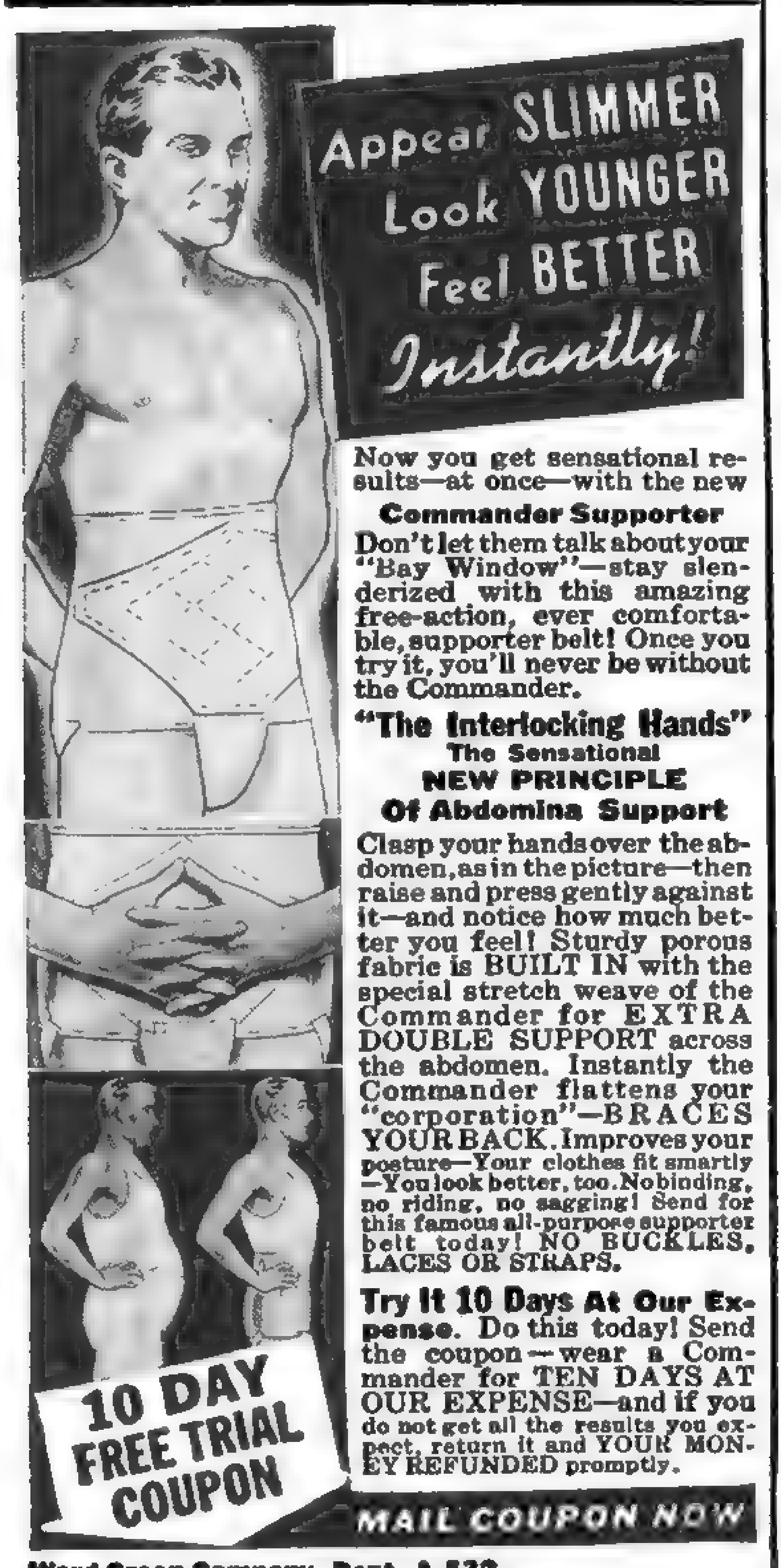

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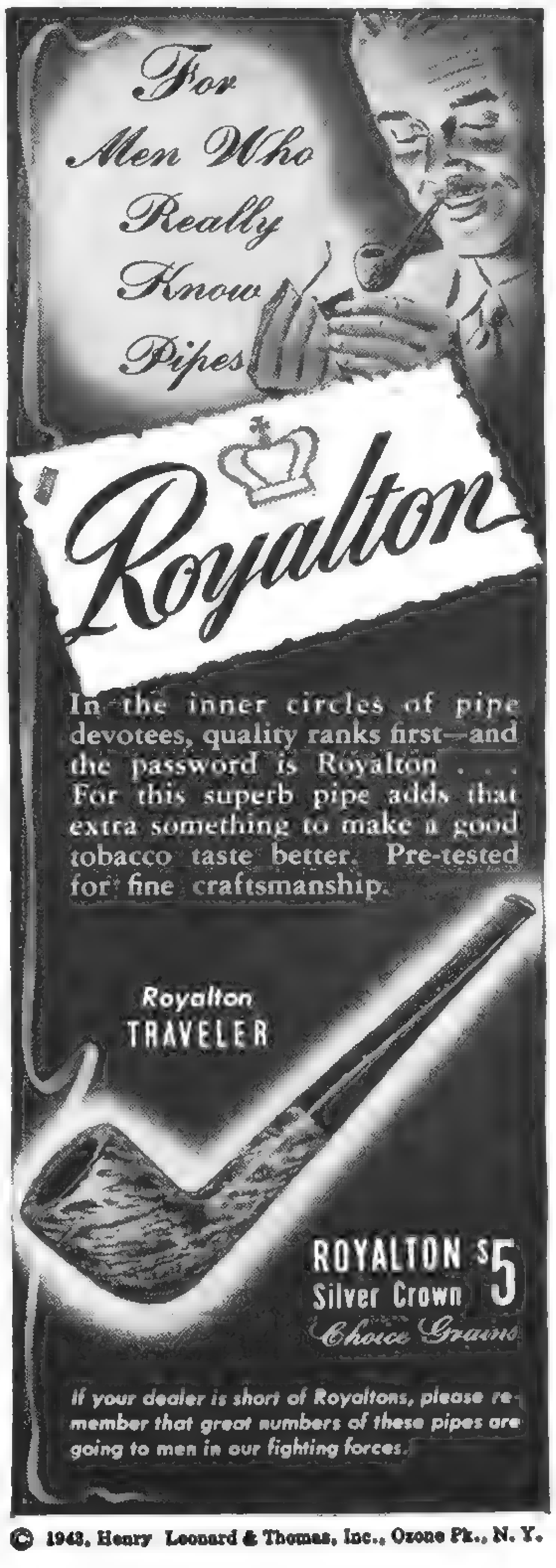

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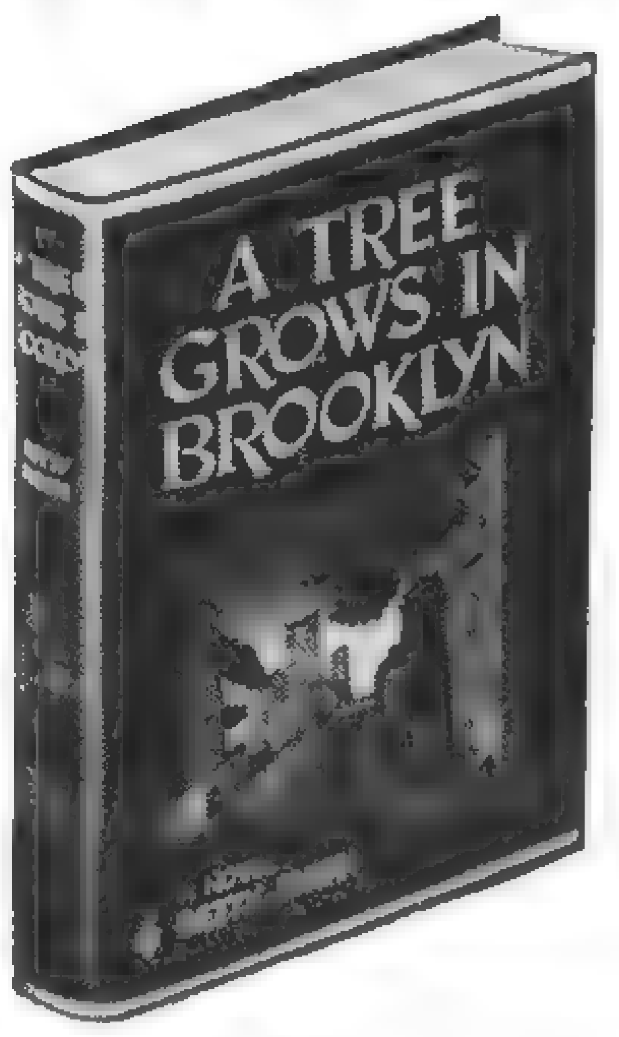

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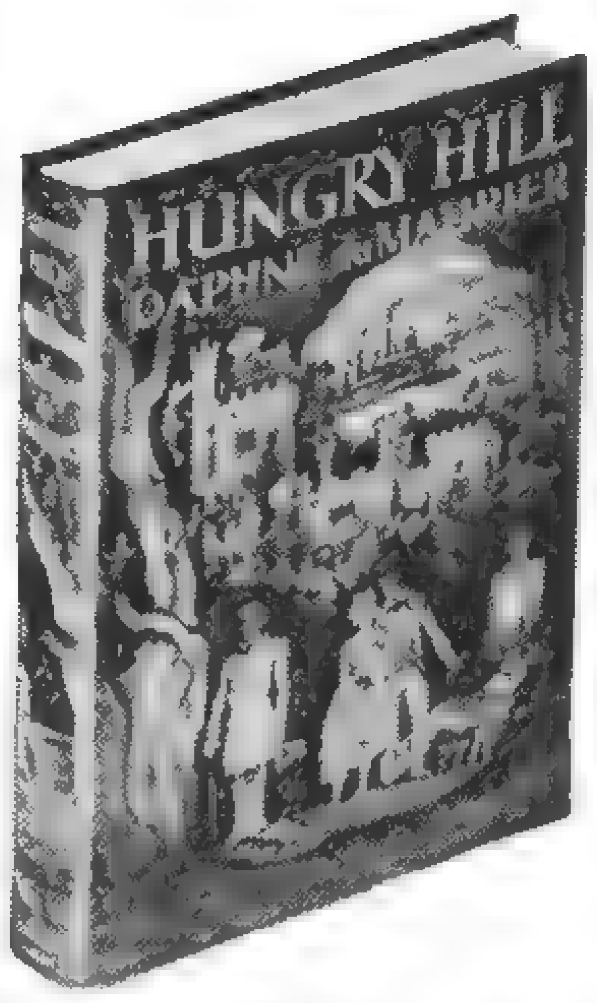

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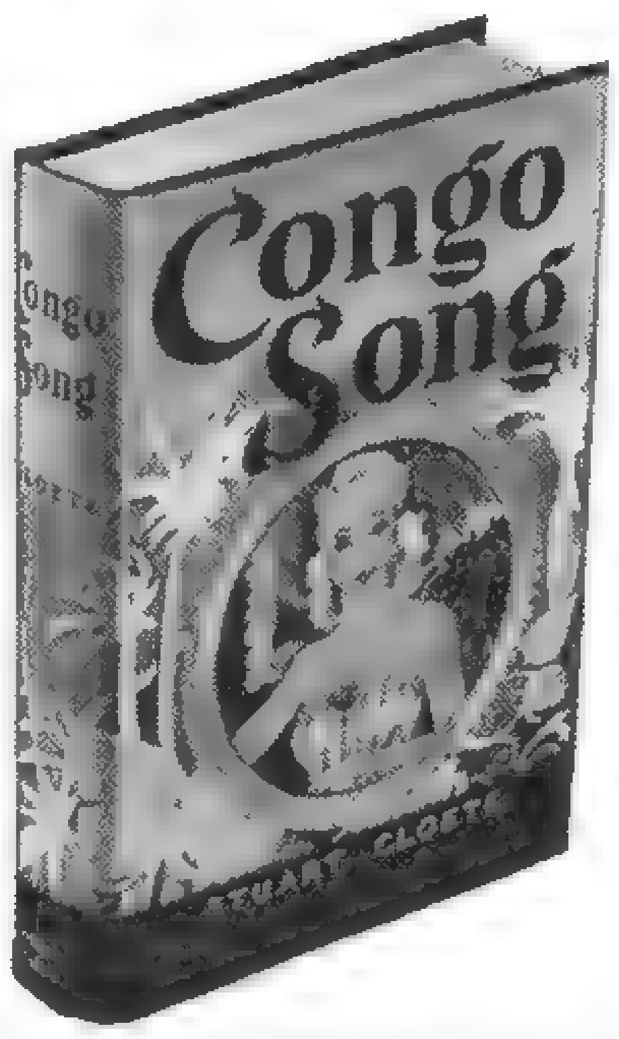

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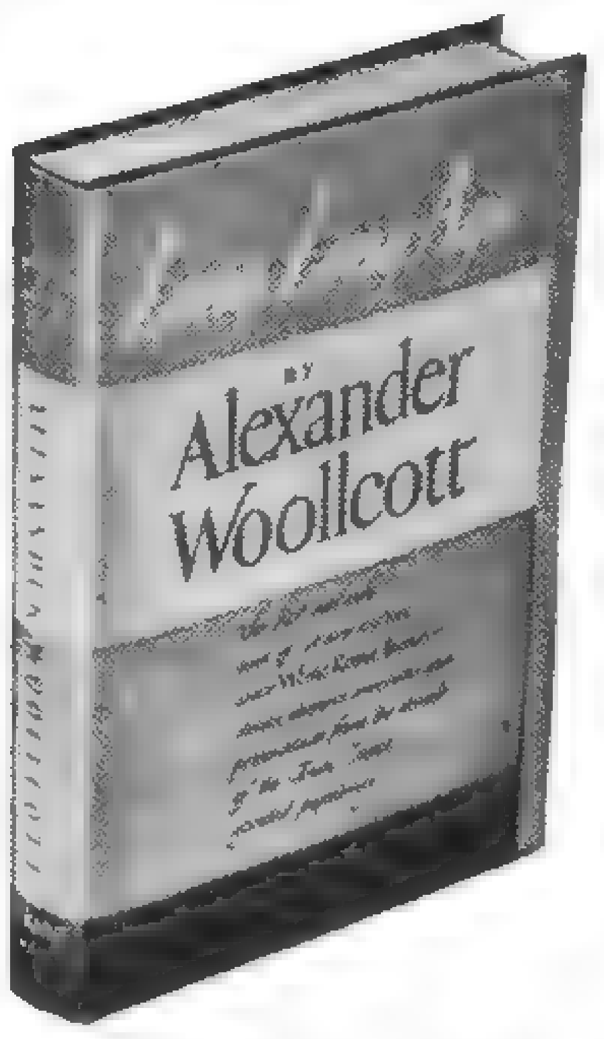

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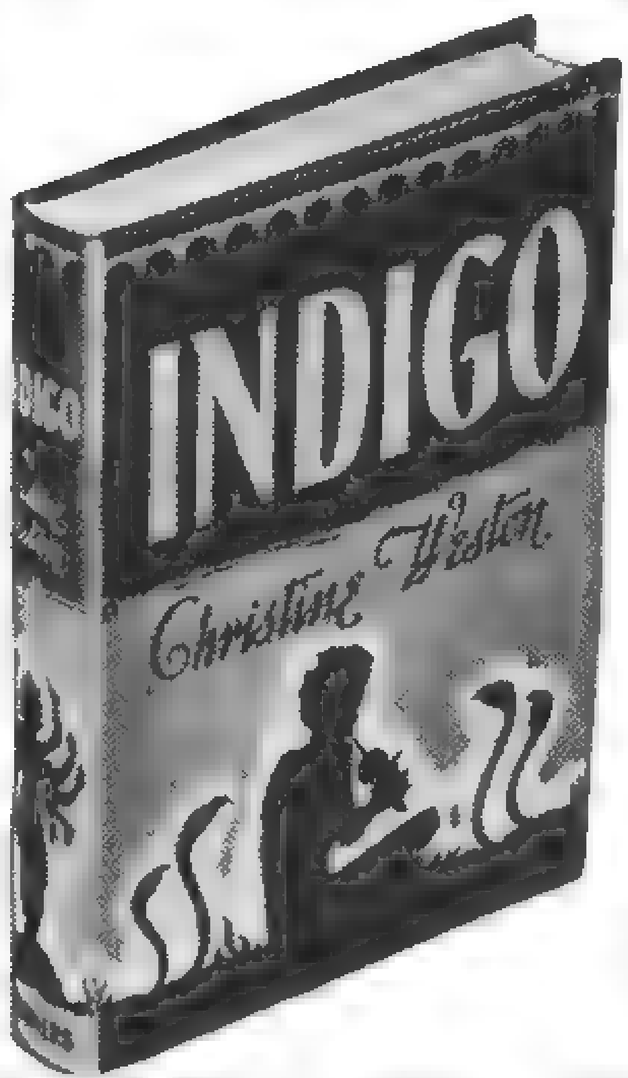

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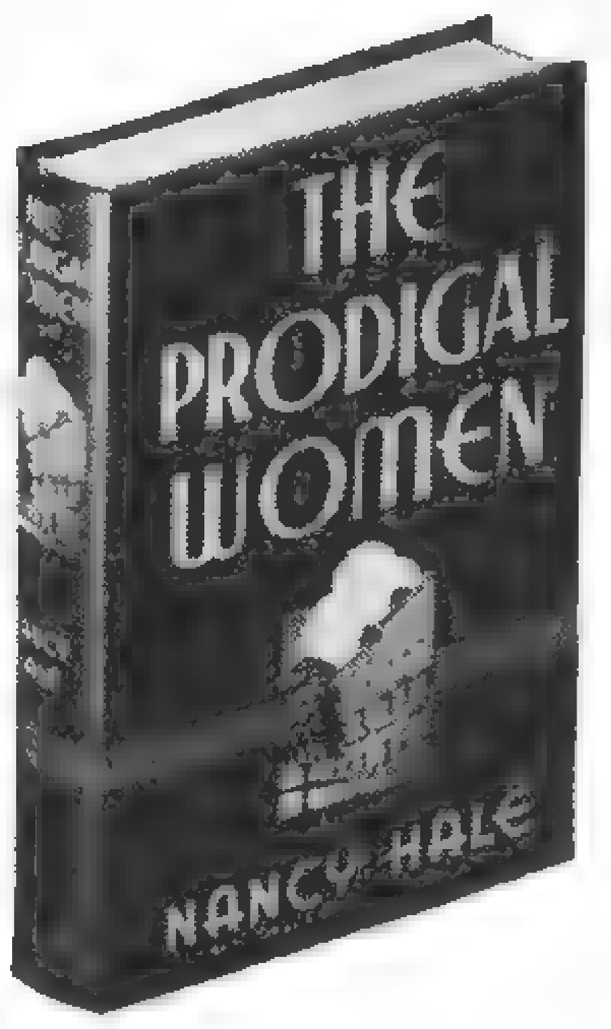

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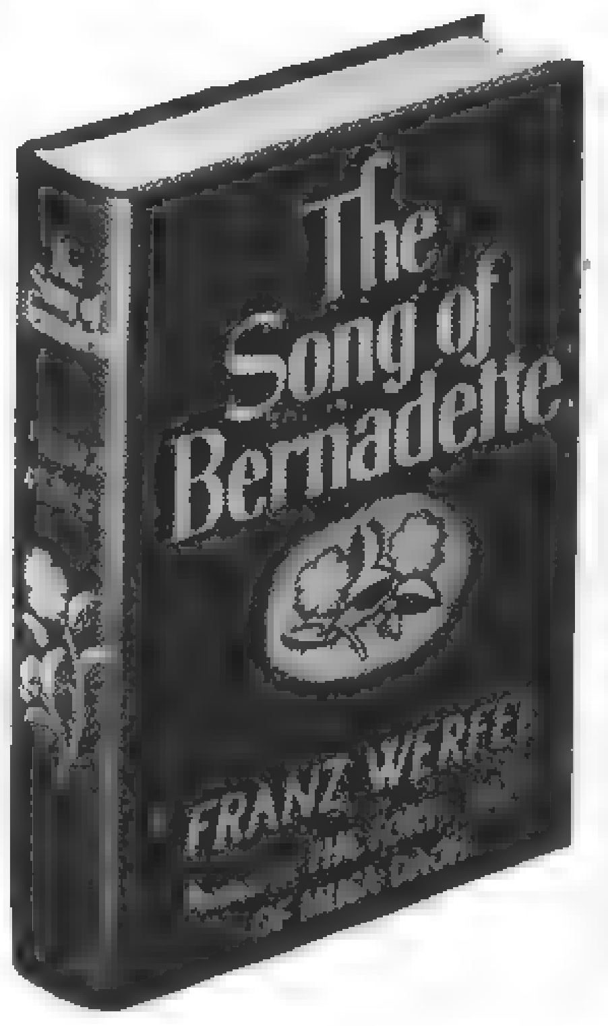

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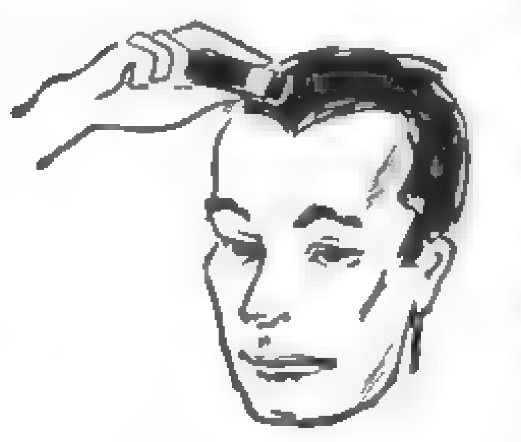

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Painting the Town with Esquire

SEEMS there were a couple of Cuban fighting cocks whose footwork, as they squared off to take a peck at each other, inspired the rhumba and thus gave rise to Xavier Cugat. He and orchestra and chorus are now back at their base in the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room, to calm it down after the fainting fitful furore of Sinatra fans and the hilarious dying-swanning of the Hartmans. But instead of calming, the situation has gone hip-happy. Bundles of bliss entranced. Dowagers shaken to their foundations. Consequently, many who would wedge into the Wedgwood if they could, can't.

PETITELY important addition to after-dusk existence is the boite (shoebox to you), Paris Qui Chante, 62 West 48th St., where a snug hundred are accommodated with sentimentally French eats and American wines that match up with them. Décor is whimsical, culminating in a "Streets of Paris" illusion, amid which entertainers are staged beguilefully after dinner and before nightcap. If it doesn't cure nostalgia, this place at least assuages it.

THOSE palpitations in the heart of theatredom have been caused by sepian swing savant Count ("One o'clock Leap") Basie, Blue Rooming at the Hotel Lincoln. Not since the era when Artie Shaw was hatched here has this Room been the scene of such carpet carving . . . Down Chelsea way, an amiable barlet with chow parlor attached is Le Champignon (133 West 13th), conducted by pint-sized Jerry Carrea (host) and his brother Saby (vice-pres. in charge of cuisine, which is fangsome). On the walls of bar you will find cartoons you met chez Esky . . . Wanna be voodoed? Then listen how lanky dark Castillo fingers and palms the bongos at Café Latino (15 Barrow St., Greenwich Village) of Chilean journalist Armando Zegri. Friday, Saturday, Sunday nights are this happy hideout's liveliest.

TWILIT Manhattan's riot of rooftops and prickly pinnacles is serenely looked down upon o'er the rim of a Daiquiri or a Dubonnet, or even a cup of tea (whee!), at the southern-gazing Rainbow Cocktail Lounge atop Radio City. Functions from four to seven, with violinist William Adler and his ensemble fostering the paw-squeezing mood.

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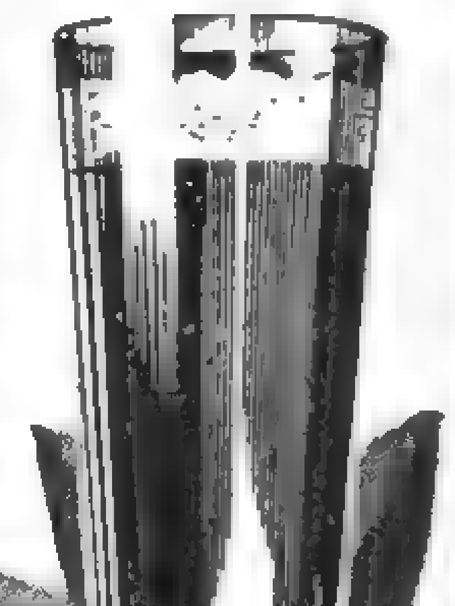

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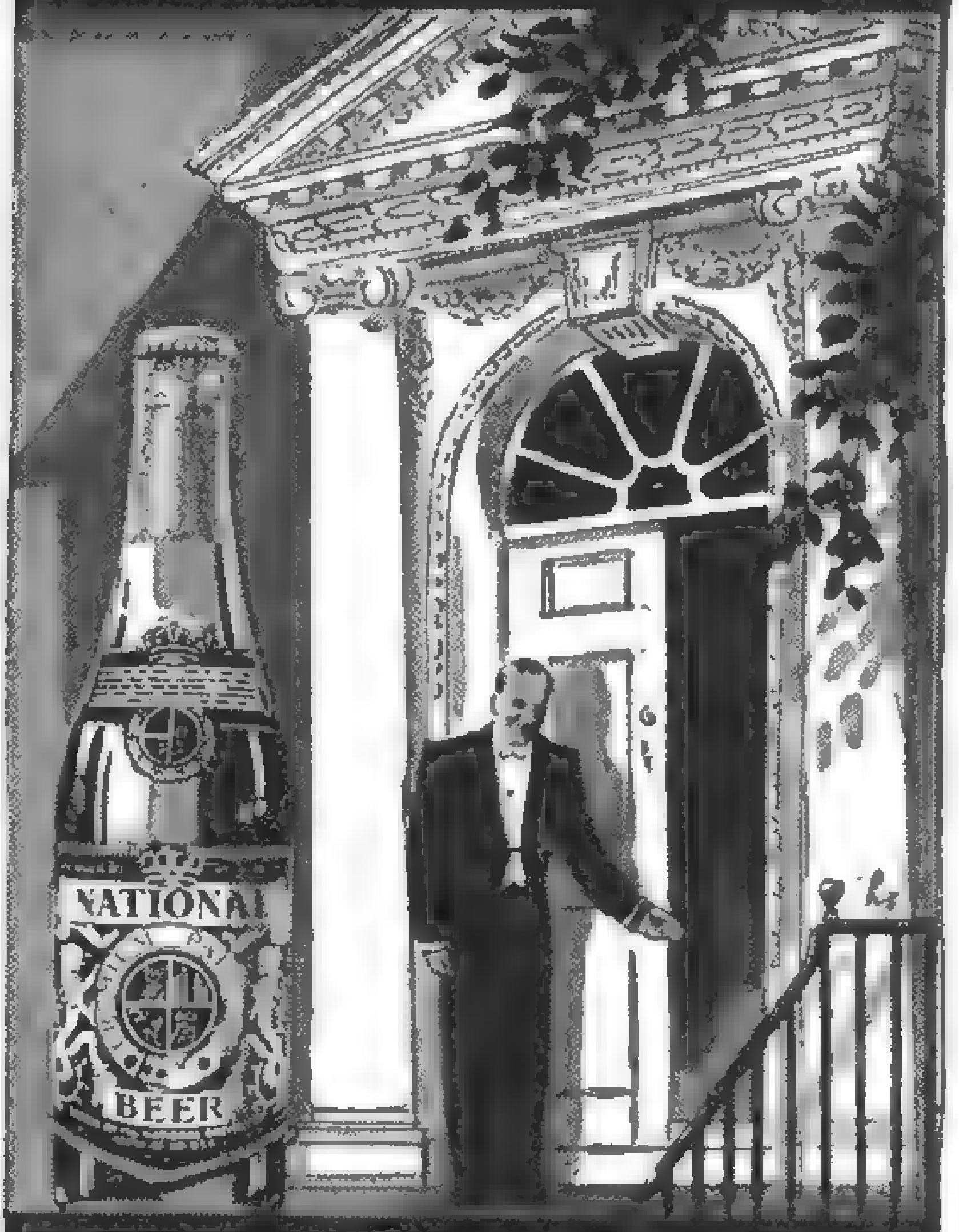

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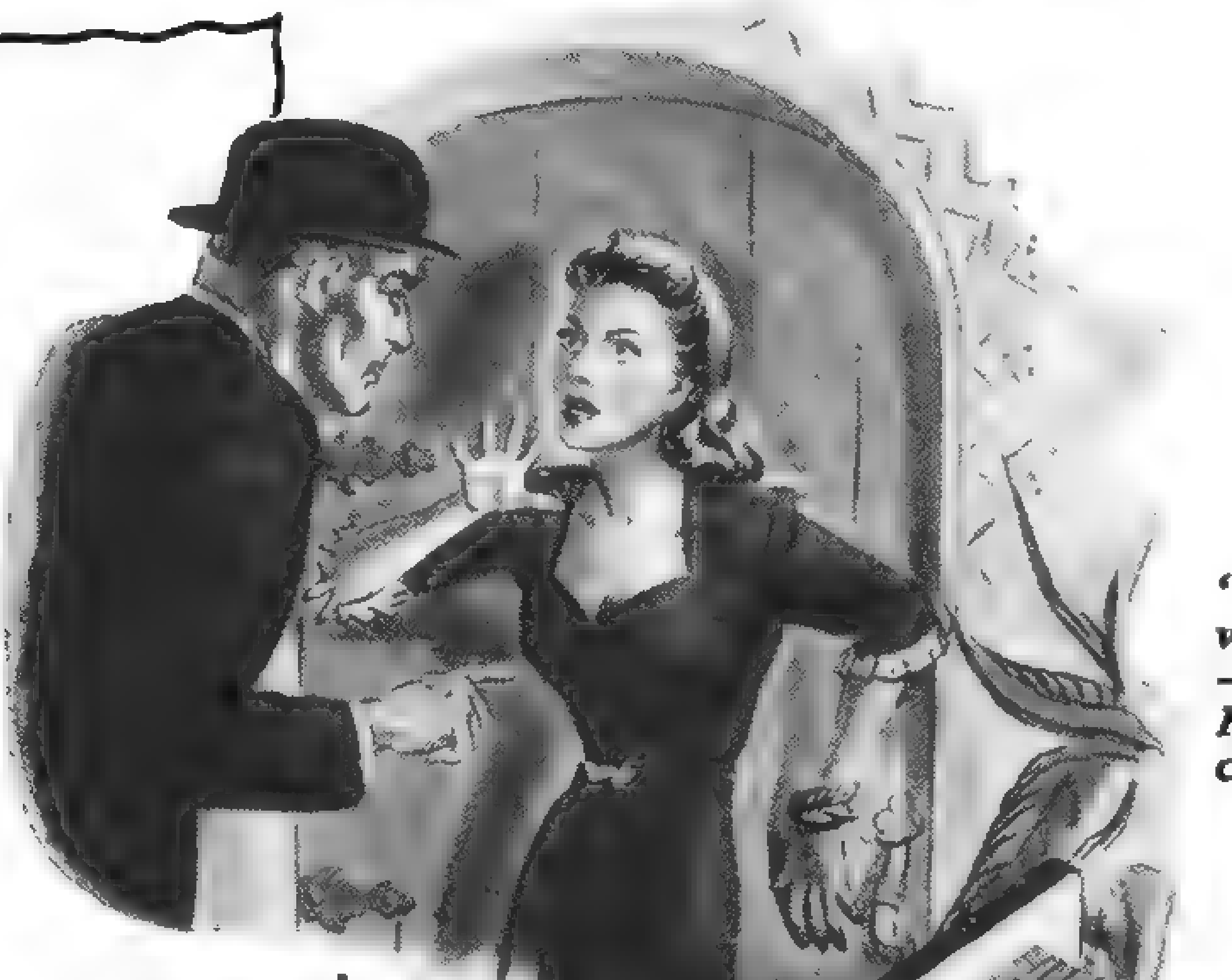

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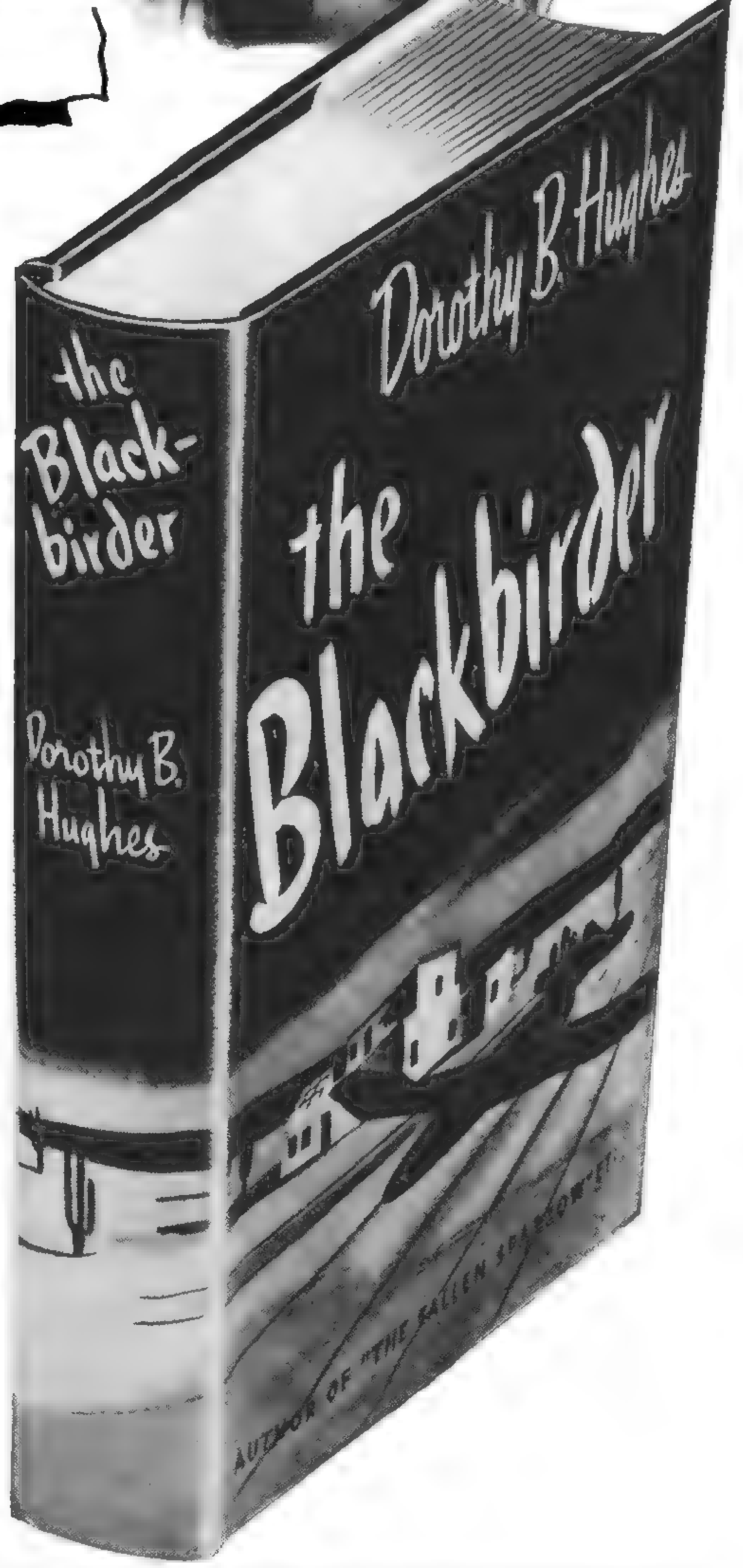

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Painting the Town with Esquire

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CORN is in full tassel in the revue "Fun for Your Money" at La Conga (Broadway at 51st), precedent smasher Jack Harris being of the conviction that people like to laugh even in a vividly exotic atmosphere, with Machito and his band dispensing smooth hoof seduction . . . Down at the old skating hole in Rockefeller City, tabled spectators in the French and British sections of the Promenade Café watch the whirlarounders, racking their brains to think what rhymes with rink.

RESTAURATEUR-palateer J. D. Massoletti (his establishment is down under the Cities Service skyscratcher at 70 Pine, and his accent is from down under the Mason & Dixon line) has broken out an impressive cabinet of 48 fine American wines and American brandies to acquaint financial districters with the swellnesses that America's vineyards and vintners are turning out. As a tasting traveler he knows 'em from the grape up and hence is being buttonholed for advice on what to buy at one's neighborhood package store for use at one's home table. Reckless datagatherers even go so far as to drink up the exhibits.

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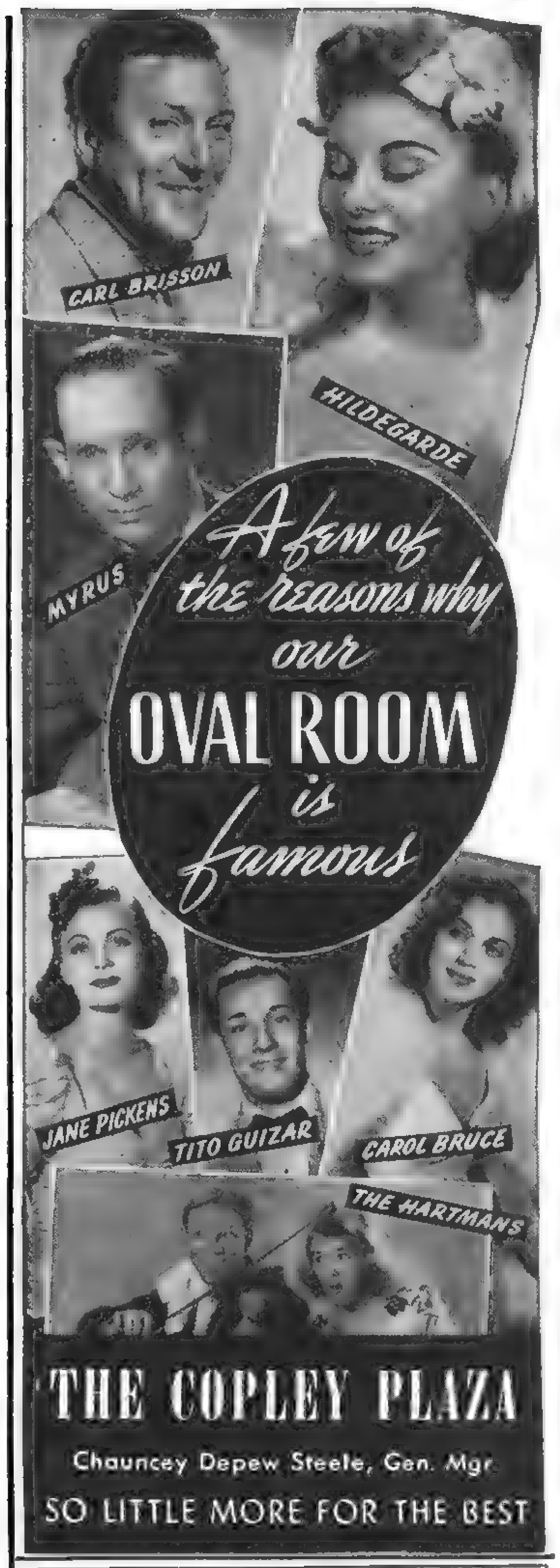

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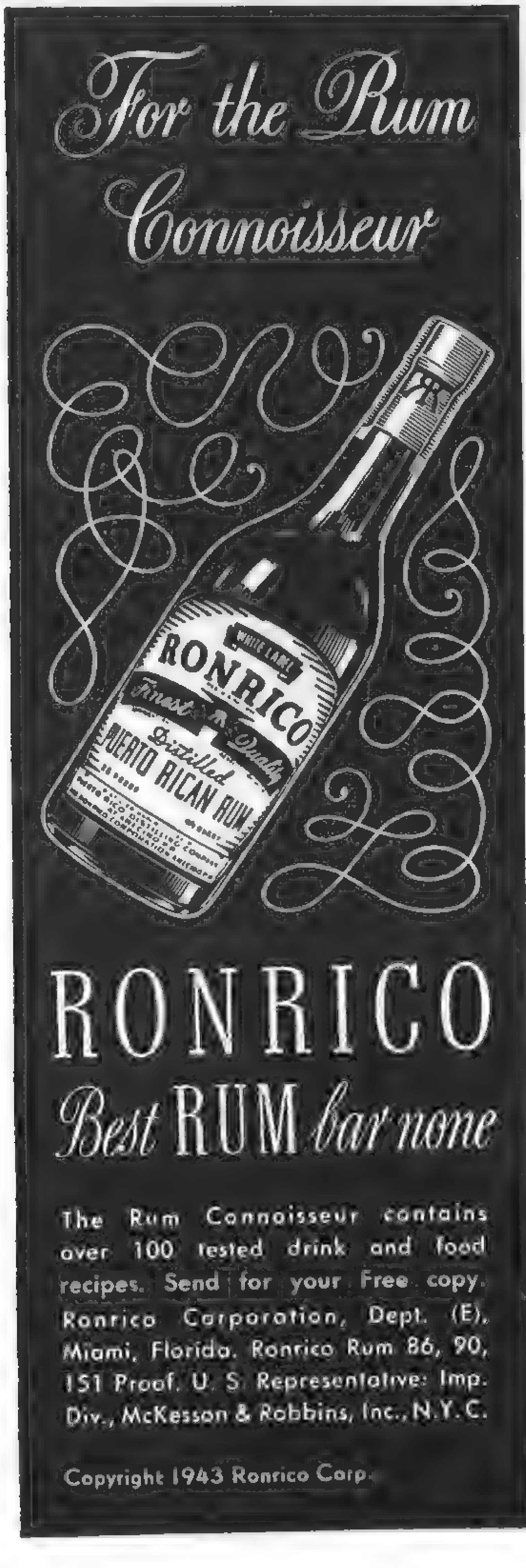
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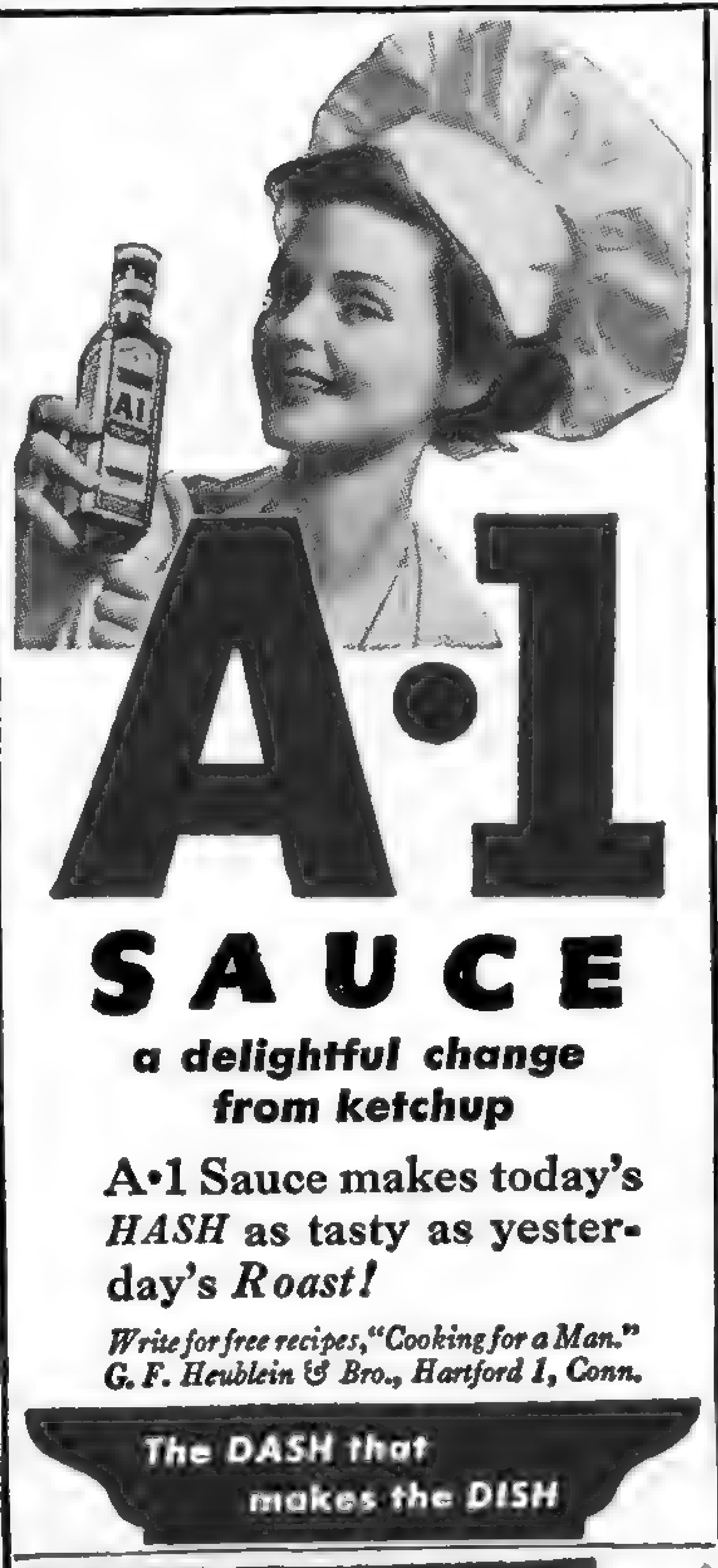

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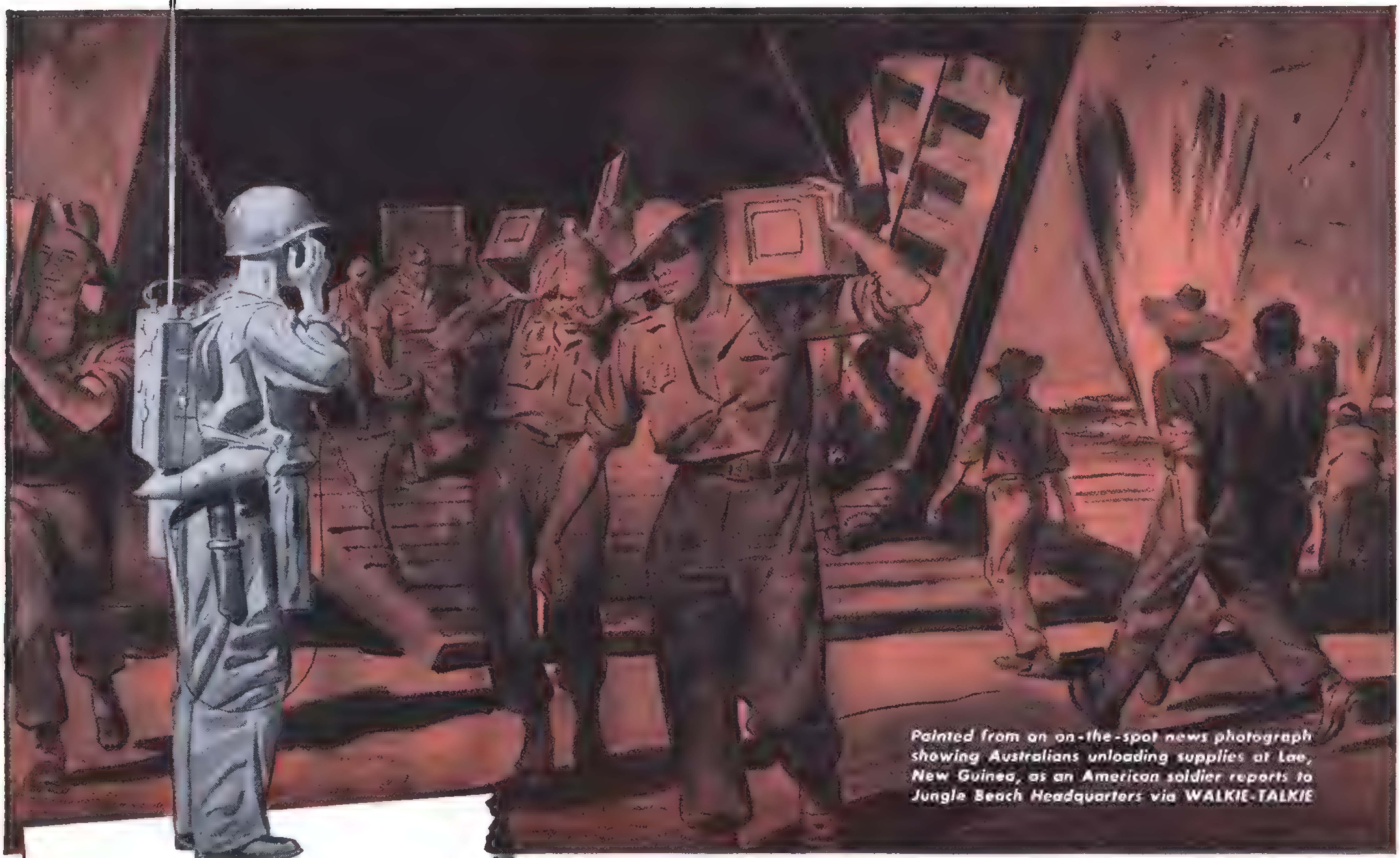

Painted from an on-the-spot news photograph showing Australians unloading supplies at Lae, New Guinea, as an American soldier reports to Jungle Beach Headquarters via WALKIE-TALKIE

... from

An authoritative National Magazine October, 1943 — (name on request)

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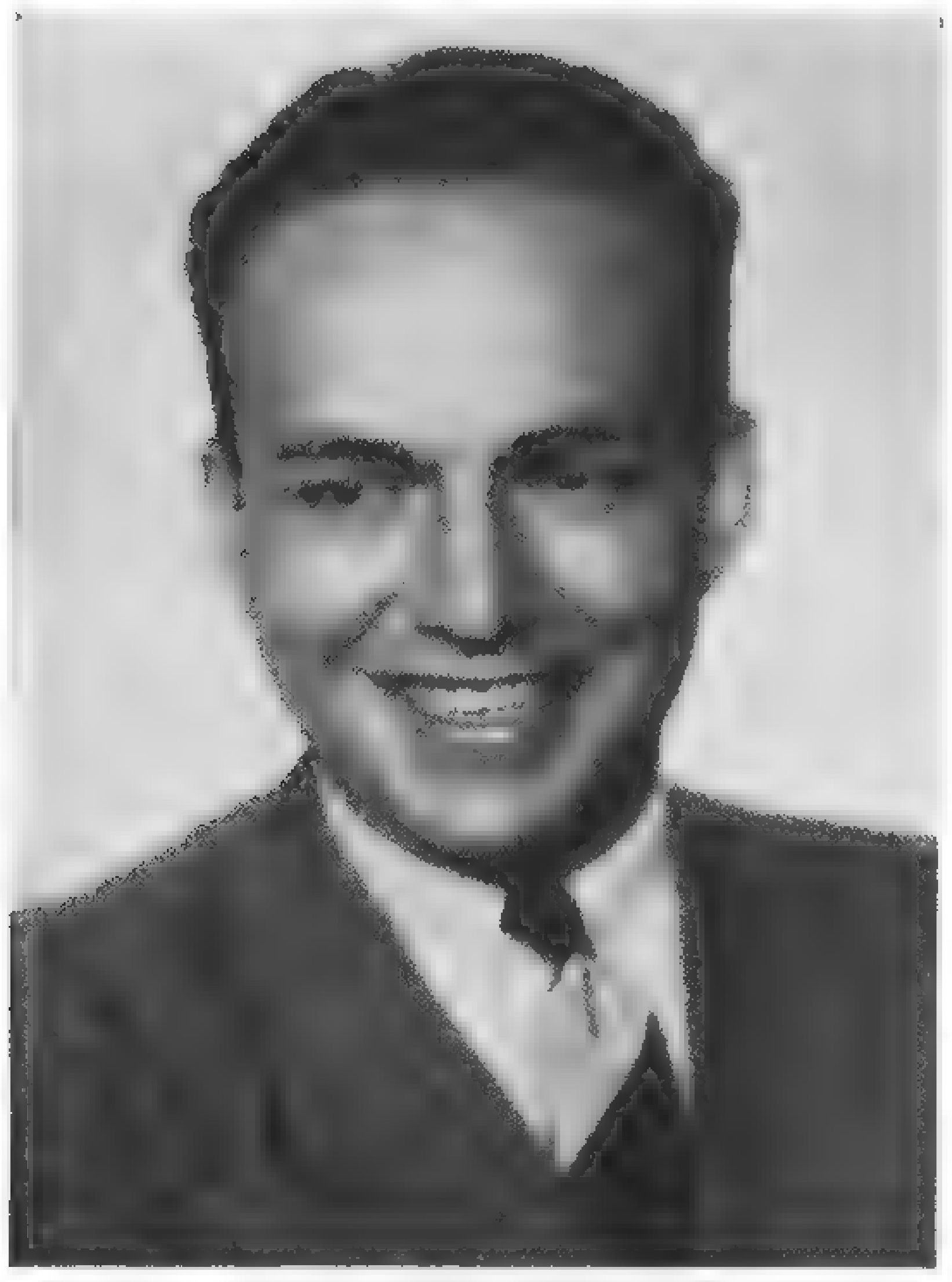

Richard English

Richard English once won an essay contest in the Kewanee, Illinois, High School and "was so impressed with the medal, a fine brass thing, that my fate was sealed. We lived in Steubenville, Ohio, until my father died in 1918. My mother and I then moved to Kewanee, her family home, and thence, nine years later, to California. While I travel a lot, California is still my home." He is the author of *What Gives Since Memphis?*, on page 36.

●

Writing is a strenuous business for Clay Perry, who spent three years, off and on, crawling deep into caverns all around the country, collecting material for his last book, *Underground New England—Tall Tales of Small Caves;* and who spent some tough hours last winter chopping wood to augment the scarce fuel supply on a mountain side in the Berkshires. He has been a newspaper man, logger, advertising man, teacher in a CCC Camp, park policeman, gardener, and executive secretary in civil defense work.

●

Technical Sergeant Frank X. Tolbert of the U. S. Marines was born in Amarillo, the scion of Texas cattlemen. After majoring in anthropology and archaeology at Texas Tech and the University of Texas, he wrote sports for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* for five years. Just after Pearl Harbor he joined the Marines and was eventually transferred to the staff of *Leatherneck.* Now combat correspondent for that publication, he expects to be overseas during most of this winter. His articles and stories have appeared in *Collier's* as well as in this magazine. G. P. Putnam plans to assemble his Marine fiction into a book.

T/Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

●

Now script editor and popular music advisor of the OWI's Broadcasting Division (shortwave and outposts), Charles Edward Smith says his interest in hot jazz first flamed in 1927. Working as script writer with Phil Cohan as producer, he created the first network jazz program, CBS's *Saturday Night Swing.* Besides being co-editor of *Jazzman* and editor of *The Jazz Record Book,* he helped prepare Hugues Panassié's *The Real Jazz* for American publication and supervised Jelly Roll Morton's only album, *New Orleans Memories.* Scripting for the Overseas Operations Branch of OWI in 1942, he introduced the first jazz show for overseas forces entitled *G. I. Jive.* He will be remembered as the author of *Collecting Hot,* which appeared in the February, 1934, issue of Esquire, and was the first article treating this subject seriously to appear in a national magazine. Thus Mr. Smith precipitated the great mass movement of jazz collectors to Salvation Army and other second-hand stores, to junk shops and warehouses, now recalled by fanciers of hot music as only slightly less important than the Gold Rush of '49.

Charles Edward Smith, author of Collecting Hot: 1944 (page 27) at a Decca recording session with Louis Armstrong, right, who placed first twice in Esquire's All-American Jazz Band (page 28) and Chris Smith, center, composer of Ballin' the Jack.

●

Like the Cubans he writes about, Carlos Montenegro has not lived easily. His first book, *The Sprout and Other Stories,* was written while he was serving a prison sentence for having killed a man in a quarrel. He was nineteen at the time he was imprisoned; after his book appeared, ten years later, he was released through the efforts of Cuban and foreign writers. Afterward he became a miner in this country and traveled through the States, Mexico and Spain. He is in Havana, has published a novel and two further books of short stories. *A Sudden Gust of Wind,* page 62, marks his first appearance in English in a national magazine.

●

Abe J. Greene progressed from exposing boxing fakery in a Paterson, New Jersey, newspaper to the post of boxing inspector, state secretary and finally the presidency of the National Boxing Association, a job which he now holds for the duration. When, as a skinny youngster who never had a fight in his life, he was asked by a tough pug: "Wadda you know about fightin'?" Greene replied with that old saw: "I can't lay an egg, but I can tell a bad one when I smell it." His way was smooth after that. As one-man arbiter, he settled a fifteen-weeks' silk strike and as a result was elected the Outstanding Citizen of Paterson by his appreciative fellow-burghers. He is associate editor of the Paterson *Evening News,* is married, and has two young daughters.

●

British-born Leonard G. Feather became interested in jazz through buying Armstrong and Ellington records, starting in 1928. He now has one of the world's largest jazz collections—over 6,000 discs. He started writing about jazz for the London Melody Maker as a sideline while working in a movie studio "as assistant to the assistant director's assistant, at £2.10 per week." Nothing daunted, he managed to save up for a visit to New York to hear jazz in the flesh. He repeated these periodic injections, and the third time the virus took. He remained in this country and during the past three years he has been active on the following fronts: as journalist, radio emcee, lecturer, band manager, lyricist, composer, arranger, publicist, recording bandleader. His tunes have been recorded by Ellington, Goodman, Basie and others; he plays fair piano, he says, and not-very-fair clarinet. With Dr. Robert Goffin he gave a course on jazz at the New School for Social Research. He has a program called *Platterbrains,* a jazz quiz, now in its third year on WMCA, New York; is assistant editor of *Metronome* Magazine and writes a record review column in *Look.*

Leonard G. Feather

●

Twenty-two year old Bryan Marvin, author of that jam fantasy, *Hath Charms to Soothe,* page 44, says: "Although I spent three years at Yale University, I attribute what knowledge I possess to St. Mark's School in Massachusetts and to Le Rosey in Switzerland. My hobbies are astronomy, amateur radio and music; my ambition, to be a writer. Last April I married a New York girl of eighteen. We live in Stamford, with our Cairn terrier, while I am employed ten hours a day in a nearby precision optical plant." #

Bryan Marvin

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

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VSR
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
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VSR
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ALADDIN PA
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE CONCENTRATING 100% ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR ALCOHOL • Oldetyme Distillers, Inc., Aladdin, Pa., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces . . . but you can do your fighting on the home front . . . in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.

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They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think.*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

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Complete—with Radionic Tubes—Crystal Microphone and Batteries

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Zenith has built the best that modern knowledge and *radionic* engineering make possible into this $40.00 hearing aid. It has no other models . . . *one* model . . . *one* price . . . *one* quality.

•

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At New York's Center Theatre, America's only Ice Theatre, "Stars On Ice" is a year-round hit, equally popular with New Yorkers and visitors from all parts of the country.

The 3 Kilties' nimble comedy thrills huge audiences daily. Regularly every day these ice comedians take their "VITAMINS Plus."

Rudy Richards' strenuous acrobatics naturally require steadfast nerves and unfailing vigor. Always in training, Rudy takes "VITAMINS Plus" regularly.

Lovely Hertha Grossman holds her audience spellbound with her graceful mile-a-minute skate-dancing. To help sustain her amazing vitality and nerve Miss Grossman makes sure to take her "VITAMINS Plus" every day.

Bob and Peggy Whight, whose act demands perfect coordination, can't risk jumpy nerves due to vitamin shortages. "VITAMINS Plus" is one of their standbys.

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These stars of "Stars On Ice" rely on "VITAMINS Plus" to help keep them up to par

These topflight folks of the ice know they cannot be and look their best unless they have enough vitamins every day. In "VITAMINS Plus" they get *full protective amounts of all* the recognized essential vitamins along with iron, all precisely balanced for health-defensive needs.

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Start today taking "VITAMINS Plus" regularly, begin now to enjoy these benefits of its vitamin health protection—benefits that are helping so many folks to keep up to par and thus get so much more out of life. And it costs but a few cents a day.

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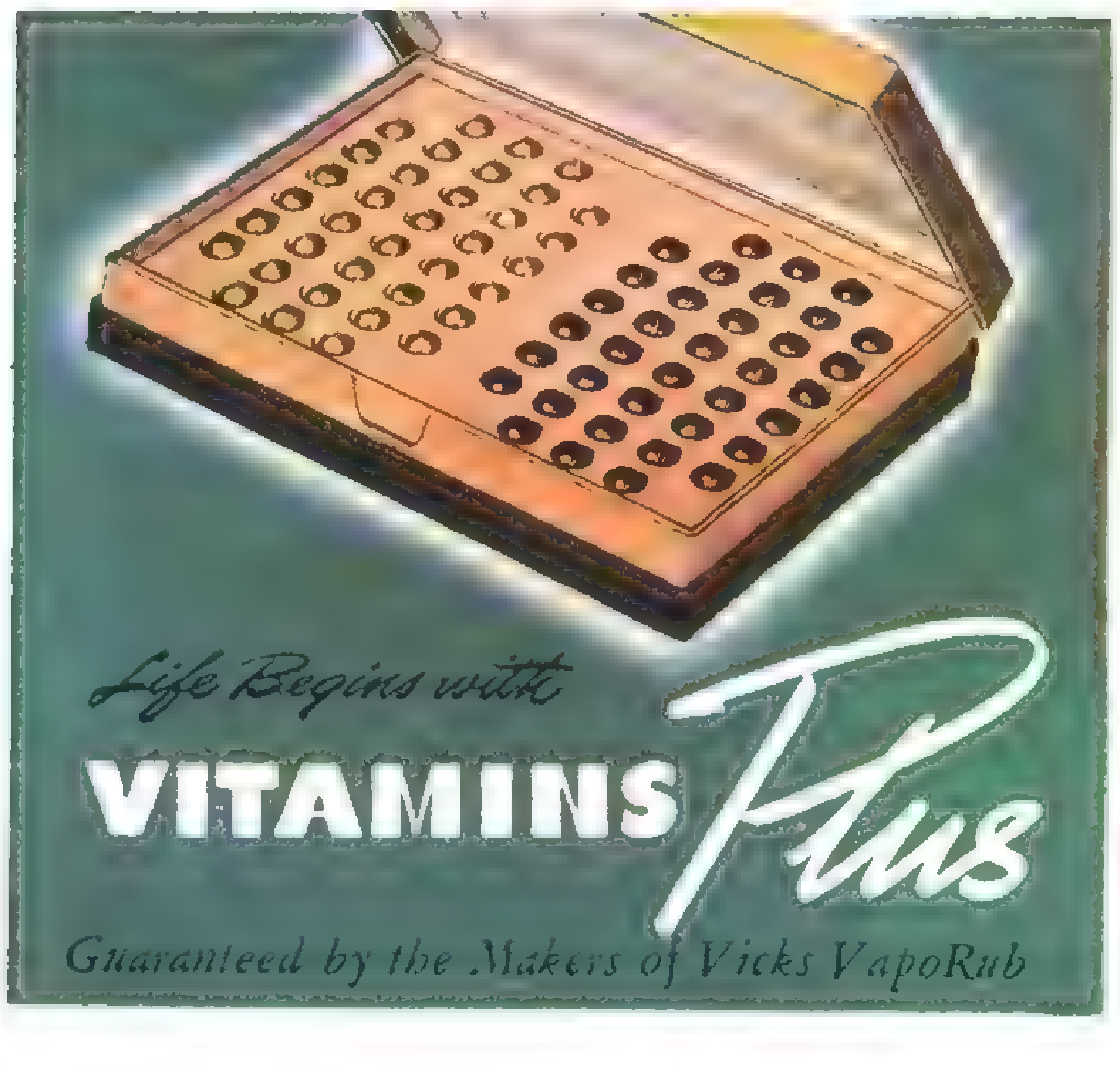

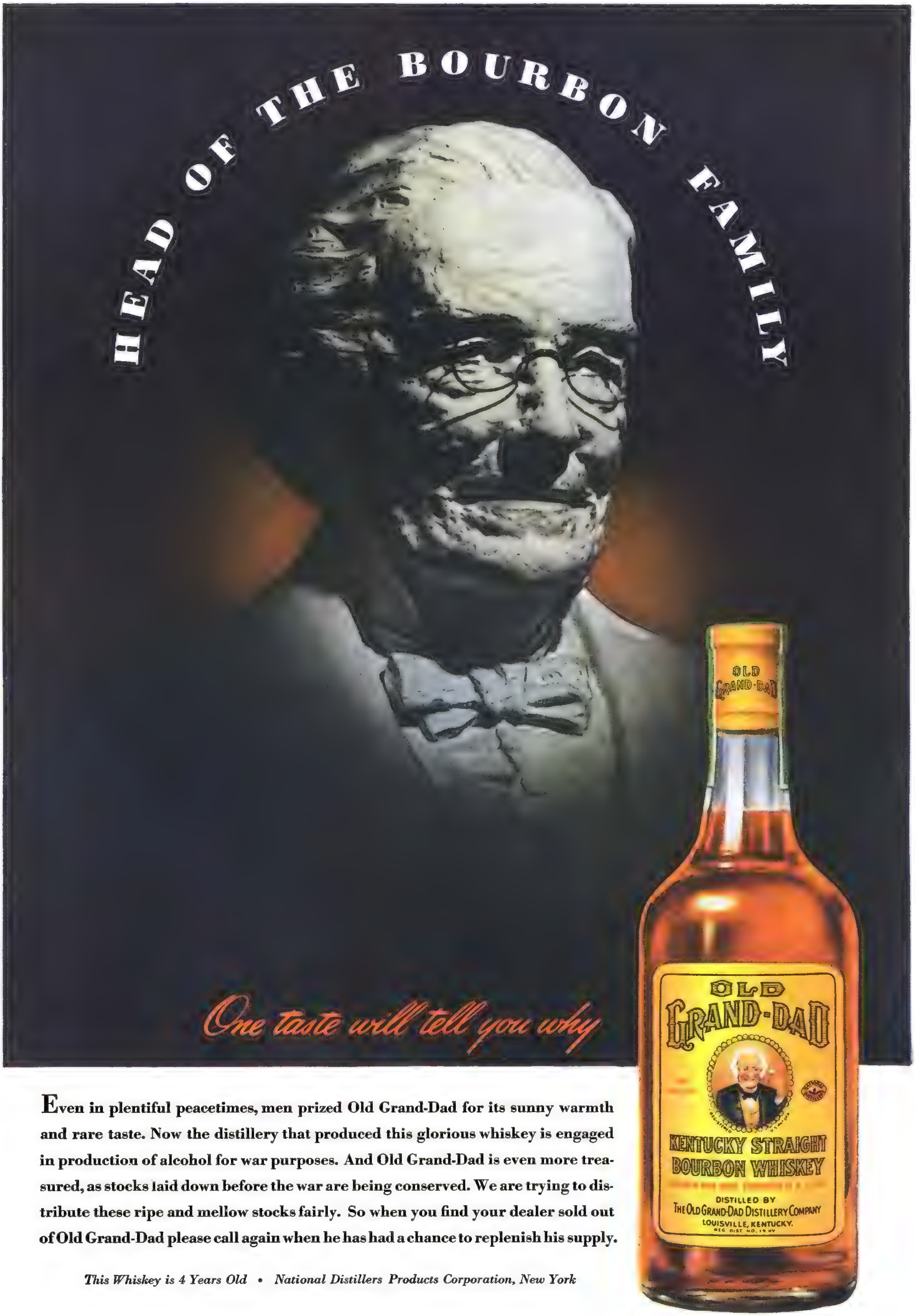
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Collecting Hot: 1944

Thanks to Petrillo, the addicts got a break in reissues of rare discs while barter of old records continues brisk

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

• ARTICLE •

℞

A few months before Joe Sullivan left for California, a visiting New Zealand flyer was in New York, towed by a local girl in a round of metropolitan bistros. The girl knew the right spots if not the right reasons. For example, she steered her New Zealander down the steps of Café Society Downtown. He stopped and grabbed her arm excitedly. "Say, I know that piano!" The girl did not and looked in startled wonder at someone who had come seven thousand miles to recognize the steady push of a left hand on a keyboard. She remarked feebly that he was good, wasn't he? "Good," her companion exclaimed —"he's Joe Sullivan!"

Let that stand for a jazz decade. It is very improbable that a New Zealander, in that distant past, would have known the piano playing of Joe Sullivan. His Decca records were just rolling off the biscuit machines and collectors were still playing over the old choruses and asking was it Joe Sullivan or some other guy. Those were the days of innocence when to all but a minority every exciting hot chorus on trumpet just had to be Louis Armstrong. Even the work of Joe Smith—who has been called the Negro Bix and has a sweet tone and melodic ideas utterly unlike the Reverend Satchmo Armstrong—even his work was mistaken for that of Armstrong. Not by the squares, then known as ickies, but by the sharp-eared breed of critics and collectors. The controversies still wax hot and there is still lots of room on the ground floor for any of the hip children who care to be sans Sinatra and take up the three b's —Bechet, Bolden and Beiderbecke.

In 1934 Esquire published an article (by the author of this article) titled *Collecting Hot.* It was an attempt to explain what hot jazz was all about, at least in brief terms, and to provide a loose blueprint for those who wanted to start collections of hot records. In addition to mentioning rare collector's items, it listed a great many *available* discs for the guidance of those whose collecting was to start at the nearest phonograph and record store. *This entire batch of records is out of print insofar as the labels mentioned are concerned!*

But newcomers to jazz as of 1944 need not be discouraged. The Petrillo ban on recording, coming at a time when interest in hot jazz was at a peak, resulted in many new albums and reprints. The Columbia reissues, an achievement to be credited to John Hammond and George Avakian, were, by 1943, becoming as rare as discs issued a decade before. Then Decca stepped into the picture in a big way, with Milt Gabler—of Commodore Music Shop and United Hot Clubs of America fame—running the show. And it's been a swell show, certainly the big jazz news of 1943.

Meanwhile, jazz collecting has taken its place alongside Sandwich glass and Currier & Ives prints as significant Americana. The field has its own magazines, books, collector's lists and at least a baker's dozen of accredited record shops throughout the country that deal in collector's items. The number will increase, rather than decrease, for the collecting business is ridiculously out of hand. At least that's the way prominent collectors who have been consulted feel about it. Prices zigzag like a jeep with a gremlin in its steering wheel. The nearest to a sensible appraisal of the situation is afforded by *The Record Changer*, an offset magazine with *wants* and *disposal* lists that include prices. The country's most astute collectors utilize this medium and—one hardly needs to state—these gentry are dumb like Yankee horse traders.

Collecting is a fantastic business to the outsider. Here, for example, is a random quote from an English jazz magazine, *Jazz Tempo.* "When 8,000 was reached, the Okeh series was transferred to Chicago and other Southern studios (sic), and the New York sequence was restarted at 70,000—I should perhaps add that at this time the N. Y. matrix was preceded by a small *s*, and that the number was broken up and followed by a letter indicating which master was used for the pressing, e.g., a-71-973-b." This highly technical discussion refers to the master numbers by which vintage jazz is identified, for specific tunes have as many as three or four masters.

More important than pressings from original masters are *such* pressings on the *original* labels. For example, a Columbia pressing of Billie Holiday sells for around a dollar. The same tune (and same master) on Okeh, an earlier label, sells for at least twice that sum. But the same tune on Vocalion, the *original* label, will sell for three or four times as much!

A more specialized type of collecting is that of unusual labels. I am going to quote from a V-letter from North Africa without trying to verify the accuracy of the conclusions, because it points up this aspect of collecting: "I think I've picked up a corny Bix chorus," says Private Bob Kempner, "on an old Roger Wolfe Kahn record; Henderson's *Hop Off* on French Brunswick under the name of Broadway Broadcasters; the Ellington *Harlem Speaks*, etc. Bought them all in town. Just goes to show you the adaptability of a jazz collector, by God. Drop him off in Africa and he'll come up with a silver Noone* in his mouth."

This universality of the jazz fever can be illustrated again and again. Before Hitler marched into Athens the radio there carried hot jazz programs and the heretical writings of one Hugues Panassié (*Le Jazz Hot*) had reached the sacred confines of the Athens Conservatory. What's more, when Sophia Vembo, the fine Greek singer, wanted to poke fun at Mussolini she did it in rhythms strictly from Dixie!

My first awareness of the extent of the spread of America's popular music—and hence of hot jazz—came in the form of a V-letter. In this instance, the Tunisian campaign had not started and in this particular outfit the men were not permitted to mention North African localities by name. But when I read the list of records—"No Eng. Brunswick, lots of French Brunswick, Odeon and some Telefunken"—I had more of an inkling —not enough to affect what government people call "security" but enough to make me laugh out loud. On another occasion Frederic Ramsey, Jr., got a letter from a guy who was, literally, "somewhere in the Sahara." For a while he and his unit felt like "The Lost Patrol." Then they met up with a Free French outfit where the cook made next-to-nothing rations taste like food and where there was a limited supply of reading matter by way of a traveling library. One of the much-thumbed-over books was *Jazzmen*.

What is responsible for the spread of jazz? Name bands? Radio? Phonograph? Well, I'd say it's still the jazzmen themselves, the individuals. In a way it's a "little man's" music. Fans tremble when their idols are on

Continued on page 98

"Oh, I've never actually seen her face—she's a welder"

---

*Clarinetist Jimmy Noone

Esquire's All-American Jazz Band

Thus reasoned the assorted experts on hot music in choosing an ensemble of champs for the jam session at the Metropolitan

by ROBERT GOFFIN

• ARTICLE •

JAZZ is the art of democratic America. Like democracy, it is on its way to winning the world.

With the victory of the democracies over the dictatorships, this new music, which is a subject of argument even in the United States, will undoubtedly become the artistic symbol of the coming generation. As the outward expression of the new, freer spirit, it will visibly affect the development of art all over the world. We are apt to forget that Europe was won over by jazz in 1918, when the Americans brought their current popular tunes over along with victory. The musical victory of World War II will be even more decisive than the victory which followed World War I.

The present international character of jazz is clearly demonstrated by the list of contemporary sages chosen to pick Esquire's All-American Band. Side by side with the Americans are an Englishman, a Dane, an Egyptian, a Javanese and a Belgian. There are members of all races, of all continents, of all religions; there are soldiers and civilians, noblemen and commoners, novelists and journalists. Each is an expert, each an advanced student of the science and technique of jazz.

Sgt. George Avakian is the young man who worked so assiduously on the production, three years ago, of the series of reissues and Hot Jazz albums for Columbia records. He is a specialist in Chicago style and Dixieland jazz. E. Simms Campbell, well known to Esquire readers as a regularly contributing cartoonist, has also written several articles in these pages on the music his race has played so large a part in producing. Leonard Feather, Esquire's official consultant on the jazz poll and a contributor to this issue, is a London-born swing student who also conducts WMCA's *Platterbrains* jazz quiz, and writes for several other publications. Abel Green, editor of *Variety*, is a familiar figure in every department of show business. Elliott Grennard, music editor of *Billboard*, is a jazz enthusiast of many years' standing. Pvt. John Hammond, scion of a very social and very wealthy family, long has devoted himself to music and politics, and played a big role in the launching of Benny Goodman, Count Basie and countless Negro stars.

Roger Kay is a 22-year-old Egyptian who used to give jazz recitals on the Cairo radio, came to New York two years ago and has lately been doing band reviews for *Orchestra World*. Harry Lim, 24-year-old son of a big agricultural official in Java, ran a magazine called *Jazz* in the Dutch East Indies, has spent the last four years organizing jam sessions in New York and Chicago, and is one of the keenest-eared of all jazz critics.

Paul Eduard Miller, a veteran among jazz writers, has produced two *Yearbooks of Popular Music* and was placed in charge of *The Esquire Jazz Book* project. Bucklin Moon is the author of a recent successful novel about Negro life, *The Darker Brother*.

Baron Rosenkrantz, a Danish nobleman who published a swing chronicle in Copenhagen, has been here on and off for eight years, annotated several jazz albums for Decca and currently works at WNEW. Charles Edward Smith is part author of *Jazzmen* and the *Jazz Record Book*, the two best volumes on the history and background of this music. He now works with the OWI. Frank Stacy, a comparative newcomer to the field, is New York editor of *Down Beat*. Bob Thiele, now in the Coast Guard, is best known as editor of *Jazz* Magazine and producer of Signature records. Barry Ulanov, one of the most knowledgeable of jazz critics, is editor of *Metronome* Magazine.

Everyone enjoyed the job of selecting first and second choices for the best All-American Jazz Band. Since Esquire wanted musicians chosen who could play together as a working band, the orchestra was drawn up with only one clarinet and one saxophone. This is an important point because it was necessary to choose the best jazz saxophonist without considering which instrument, tenor or alto, he played.

The reader will note that besides the so-called "classical" jazz instruments, we added a classification of other instruments which are capable of top performance but which have no place in the usual rigid categories. These are the xylophone and vibraharp, the violin, and the baritone and soprano saxophone.

Furthermore, with no intention of encroaching on the Army's right to do likewise, we selected the favorite jazz musician now in the Armed Forces.

Before turning the election results out to pasture, I'll go over some of the ideas, both general and specific, which might make the reasons behind the judges' decisions clearer to everyone.

In the first place, the experts agreed that all choices would be made from musicians currently active, thus eliminating men in the Armed Forces, and those who, like James Crawford or Gene Krupa, were for some reason temporarily out of circulation at the time of most of the voting.

The prescribed idea of picking men for a good working band influenced the judges' choices in other ways. For example, George Avakian paid moving tributes to Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagar-

Breakdown of the Balloting by Individual Judges for Esquire's ALL-AMERICAN BAND

1st choice X two points
2nd choice √ one point

JUDGES•	TRUMPET									
	Louis Armstrong	Cootie Williams	Roy Eldridge	Bill Coleman	Bobby Hackett	Harry James	Charlie Shavers	Muggsy Spanier	Buck Clayton	Red Nichols
S/Sgt. George Avakian	√							X		
E. Simms Campbell	X					√				
Leonard Feather	√	X								
Robert Goffin	X						√			
Abel Green			√			X				
Elliott Grennard		X					√			
Pvt. John Hammond				√					X	
Roger Kay		√		X						
Harry Lim		√	X							
Paul Eduard Miller	X									√
Bucklin Moon	X						√			
Timme Rosenkrantz			√	X						
Charles Edward Smith	X				√					
Frank Stacy	X				√					
Bob Thiele	X				√					
Barry Ulanov		X	√							
Total Points	16	8	5	5	3	3	3	2	2	1

JUDGES•	TROMBONE											
	Jack Teagarden	Lawrence Brown	George Brunis	J. C. Higginbotham	Tommy Dorsey	Lou McGarity	Vic Dickenson	Dicky Wells	Floyd O'Brien	Miff Mole	Benny Morton	Tyree Glenn
S/Sgt. George Avakian			X						√			
E. Simms Campbell				X	√							
Leonard Feather	X			√								
Robert Goffin	√		X									
Abel Green	√				X							
Elliott Grennard		X						√				
Pvt. John Hammond	√			X								
Roger Kay	X							√				
Harry Lim				√			X					
Paul Eduard Miller						X					√	
Bucklin Moon	X									√		
Timme Rosenkrantz		X										√
Charles Edward Smith	√		X									
Frank Stacy		X	√									
Bob Thiele	X								√			
Barry Ulanov	√	X										
Total Points	13	8	7	6	3	2	2	2	2	1	1	1

JUDGES•	CLARINET									
	Benny Goodman	Barney Bigard	Edmond Hall	Irving Fazola	Pee Wee Russell	Buster Bailey	Hank D'Amico	Sidney Bechet	Jimmy Noone	Bud Jacobsen
S/Sgt. George Avakian					X					√
E. Simms Campbell	X								√	
Leonard Feather	X		√							
Robert Goffin	X		√							
Abel Green	X						√			
Elliott Grennard	X			√						
Pvt. John Hammond	X	√								
Roger Kay	X	√								
Harry Lim	X	√								
Paul Eduard Miller	√	X								
Bucklin Moon			X			√				
Timme Rosenkrantz	X	√								
Charles Edward Smith				X				√		
Frank Stacy	X			√						
Bob Thiele	√	X								
Barry Ulanov	X		√							
Total Points	24	8	5	4	2	1	1	1	1	1

JUDGES•	SAXOPHONE										
	Coleman Hawkins	Johnny Hodges	Benny Carter	Ben Webster	Pete Brown	Lester Young	Bud Hunter	Don Redman	Babe Russin	Joe "Flip" Phillips	Eugene Sedric
S/Sgt. George Avakian							X				√
E. Simms Campbell	X	√									
Leonard Feather			√		X						
Robert Goffin	X	√									
Abel Green		X							√		
Elliott Grennard		X		√							
Pvt. John Hammond				√		X					
Roger Kay			X							√	
Harry Lim	X		√								
Paul Eduard Miller	X							√			
Bucklin Moon	X			√							
Timme Rosenkrantz	√	X									
Charles Edward Smith	X	√									
Frank Stacy	X		√								
Bob Thiele		√	X								
Barry Ulanov	X		√								
Total Points	17	10	8	3	2	2	2	1	1	1	1

JUDGES•	PIANO										
	Art Tatum	Earl Hines	Teddy Wilson	Jess Stacy	Joe Sullivan	Mary Lou Williams	King Cole	Art Hodes	Johnny Guarnieri	Fats Waller	Count Basie
S/Sgt. George Avakian					√			X			
E. Simms Campbell	X	√									
Leonard Feather	X						√				
Robert Goffin	X		√								
Abel Green	√			X							
Elliott Grennard				√		X					
Pvt. John Hammond			X								√
Roger Kay	X	√									
Harry Lim	√	X									
Paul Eduard Miller			√						X		
Bucklin Moon	X					√					
Timme Rosenkrantz	X		√								
Charles Edward Smith		√			X						
Frank Stacy	√									X	
Bob Thiele		X		√							
Barry Ulanov	X						√				
Total Points	17	7	5	4	3	3	2	2	2	2	1

JUDGES•	GUITAR											
	Al Casey	Oscar Moore	Teddy Bunn	Eddie Condon	Freddie Greene	Les Paul	Lonnie Johnson	Roc Hillman	Lawrence Lucie	Mary Osborne	Jack Purcell	Carl Kress
S/Sgt. George Avakian				X	√							
E. Simms Campbell			√	X								
Leonard Feather	X	√										
Robert Goffin		√	X									
Abel Green								X			√	
Elliott Grennard		X										√
Pvt. John Hammond	√				X							
Roger Kay		X								√		
Harry Lim	X	√										
Paul Eduard Miller						X			√			
Bucklin Moon			X	√								
Timme Rosenkrantz		X	√									
Charles Edward Smith				√			X					
Frank Stacy	X		√									
Bob Thiele	X				√							
Barry Ulanov	X	√										
Total Points	11	10	7	6	4	2	2	2	1	1	1	1

ESQUIRE'S ALL-AMERICAN BAND

First and Second Place Winners

TRUMPET
Louis Armstrong
Cootie Williams

CLARINET
Benny Goodman
Barney Bigard

PIANO
Art Tatum
Earl Hines

BASS
Oscar Pettiford
Milton Hinton } *Tie*
Al Morgan }

ODD INSTRUMENTS
Red Norvo } *Tie*
Lionel Hampton }

FEMALE VOCALIST
Billie Holiday
Mildred Bailey

TROMBONE
Jack Teagarden
Lawrence Brown

SAXOPHONE
Coleman Hawkins
Johnny Hodges

GUITAR
Al Casey
Oscar Moore

DRUMS
Sidney Catlett
Cozy Cole

MALE VOCALIST
Louis Armstrong
Leo Watson

ARMED FORCES FAVORITE
Artie Shaw
Willie Smith } *Tie*
Dave Tough }

den, Benny Goodman, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Earl Hines and Gene Krupa, who he apparently felt were tops. But he was afraid such strongly exaggerated individuals would never get along in one band unit and so he chose men who would make up a perfect Dixieland ensemble, men who made their reputations in such small groups. Abel Green had a different idea: he used the entire popular musical field for his selections, leaving it to Esquire to extract those of his choices approximating most closely to the hot jazz field.

Elliott Grennard explained his ballot thus: "For a small jazz crew I might choose this and that one; for a full band, others; and for solos, still others."

Some judges considered Louis Armstrong out of the running but voted for others without indicating a specific final choice or explaining what their votes meant. Others, like myself, abstained from selecting Louis as a singer because he had been voted in as the band's trumpeter, and it didn't seem just to let him fill two categories in one band.

The judges' replies proved what high standards the finest musicians impose on their contemporaries. It is interesting to note that Benny Goodman obtained twenty-four votes while his substitute, Barney Bigard, received only eight and Edmond Hall five.

Louis Armstrong drew resounding applause and sixteen votes. His superiority is generally recognized and his high score only natural. I am happy with the top-ranking given Cootie Williams and live-wire Bill Coleman. The latter has been under-publicized because of his long residence abroad. The important event in the field of trumpet playing is the decline of authority previously enjoyed by men like Harry James, whose playing has become commercial and correspondingly banal.

Among the trombonists the race was close between several musicians of almost equal quality. Jack Teagarden crossed the line ahead of Lawrence Brown. Brown's election, which was quite unexpected, defeated Georg Brunis by one point, but Brunis (I report with joy) was preferred by many of my confreres.

In the saxophone category, the votes were pretty evenly distributed. Coleman Hawkins' popularity was a foregone conclusion. Eddie Miller, who rarely comes to New York, suffered the same eclipse as Jimmy Noone. I personally feel that Eugene Sedric deserved more votes than he got.

About guitarists and basses, the discrepancies in the experts' opinion were more pronounced. Many musicians have about the same ability—or so the vote indicates.

Al Casey (ex-Fats Waller) has his own trio; Oscar Moore is with the King Cole Trio. Bassist Pettiford was a Charlie Barnet discovery; Hinton is now with Calloway; Morgan with Sabby Lewis.

The nomination of Teddy Wilson's drummer, Sidney Catlett, was almost unanimous, but of course he had benefited by the fact that Gene Krupa was out of the running.

In the unclassified instruments there were two men on vibraharp (Hampton, Graham), one on xylophone (Norvo), one soprano sax (Bechet), a baritone sax (Carney) and three violinists (South, Nance, Venuti).

Billie Holiday's triumph over all other feminine jazz singers seems just and right; and Louis Armstrong doubled his victory by being ranked No. 1 male singer despite the fact that he had been chosen as trumpeter. My last year's choice of Leo Watson, as second only to the King of Jazz, was confirmed this year by the experts, which makes ME happy!

There are a few important conclusions to be drawn from the experts' honor roll. First, in their eyes, the individual merit of little-known musicians who work in small bands was far greater than that of showier artists who benefited from loud publicity. The public should start recognizing those musicians for whom jazz is an art first and a business second.

Some people believe that the greatest names, like that of Louis Armstrong, don't fit in with such Dixieland musicians as Pee Wee Russell. That's an error of judgment. I have heard Louis Armstrong at a jam session with Eddie Condon's outfit and he played marvelously. I believe, too, that run-of-the-mill musicians, put in the presence of superior artists, are capable of surpassing themselves; for the phenomenon about really good improvisation is that the presence of the great creates a sort of contagious fever and thereby inspires the other musicians to reach the tenor and spirit of a far better band. Many of the finest records are as good as they are because of this very rivalry between the musicians who made them. Let us hope that when, thanks to Esquire, the kings of the All-American Jazz Band appear at the Metropolitan, they will prove by their heated eloquence that the sixteen experts knew whereof they spoke.

Nowadays we can look forward to the return of improvised music, for improvisation is the very foundation of jazz. A generation ago, when Buddy Bolden was playing his irrepressible notes, when Jelly Roll Morton was creating a brand new idea of how to treat a piano, when Rappolo, under the spell of the new fever, continued the musical expression begun by Larry Shields, these men had an instinctive sense of new jazz values.

Those picked by my confreres are also pioneers. They will live beyond their own era and will transmit to coming generations the spirit of a great country and the great music it discovered. #

Breakdown of the Balloting by Individual Judges for Esquire's ALL-AMERICAN BAND

1st choice × two points
2nd choice √ one point

JUDGES	BASS															DRUMS							
	Oscar Pettiford	Milton Hinton	Al Morgan	John Kirby	Red Callender	Slam Stewart	Walter Page	Wellman Braud	Serious Meyers	Israel Crosby	Ed Safranski	Sid Weiss	Bob Haggart	Billy Taylor	Doc Goldberg	Sidney Catlett	Cozy Cole	Jo Jones	Zutty Singleton	George Wettling	Specs Powell	Arthur Herbert	J. C. Heard
S/Sgt. George Avakian			×							√									×	√			
E. Simms Campbell			√	×													×		√				
Leonard Feather	×					√										×	√						
Robert Goffin						×								√		×	√						
Abel Green												×			√	√				×			
Elliott Grennard											×		√				×		√				
Pvt. John Hammond										×				√		√		×					
Roger Kay		√			×													×					√
Harry Lim	√	×														√		×					
Paul Eduard Miller	√	×														√	×						
Bucklin Moon				×				√								×			√				
Baron Timme Rosenkrantz							√		×								√					×	
Charles Edward Smith								×					√			×			√				
Frank Stacy			√				×									×		√					
Bob Thiele	×		√													×				√			
Barry Ulanov					×				√							√					×		
Total Points	6	5	5	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	2	1	17	9	7	6	4	2	2	1

JUDGES	ODD INSTRUMENTS								MALE VOCALIST														
	Red Norvo	Lionel Hampton	Sidney Bechet	Eddie South	Ray Nance	Joe Venuti	Harry Carney	Peter "Rabbit" Graham	Louis Armstrong	Leo Watson	Joe Turner	Jack Teagarden	Cab Calloway	Josh White	T-Bone Walker	Eddie Vinson	James Rushing	Bob Eberle	Bing Crosby	Louis Jordan	Harry Babbitt	Willie Dukes	Walter Brown
S/Sgt. George Avakian	×	√							×			√											
E. Simms Campbell		√		×					×								√						
Leonard Feather		×		√							√					×							
Robert Goffin	×		√							×												√	
Abel Green		√				×												×			√		
Elliott Grennard		×					√												×				√
Pvt. John Hammond	×							√			√			×									
Roger Kay		×					√		×											√			
Harry Lim		×				√					×				√								
Paul Eduard Miller	×		√							√			×										
Bucklin Moon	√		×							×							√						
Baron Timme Rosenkrantz	×				√					×	√												
Charles Edward Smith		√	×						×			√											
Frank Stacy	×	√							√	×													
Bob Thiele	√	×							×			√											
Barry Ulanov	√				×						×				√								
Total Points	15	15	6	3	3	3	2	1	11	9	7	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	1

JUDGES	FEMALE VOCALIST							U. S. FORCES FAVORITE							
	Billie Holiday	Mildred Bailey	Ella Fitzgerald	Helen Forrest	Ethel Waters	Betty Roche	Peggy Mann	Artie Shaw (clarinet)	Willie Smith (alto sax)	Dave Tough (drums)	Max Kaminsky (trmpt)	Arthur Bernstein (bass)	Mel Powell (piano)	Joe Bushkin (piano)	Stanley Atkins (piano)
S/Sgt. George Avakian	×	√								×					
E. Simms Campbell	√	×						×							
Leonard Feather	×					√							×		
Robert Goffin	×	√							×						
Abel Green				×			√	×							
Elliott Grennard		√			×									×	
Pvt. John Hammond	√	×										×			
Roger Kay	×		√					×							
Harry Lim	×		√							×					
Paul Eduard Miller	√	×						×							
Bucklin Moon	×	√							×						
Baron Timme Rosenkrantz	×		√												×
Charles Edward Smith	√	×									×				
Frank Stacy	×		√					×							
Bob Thiele	×	√								×					
Barry Ulanov	√	×							×						
Total Points	23	15	4	2	2	1	1	10	6	6	2	2	2	2	2

Consequences of a Social Call

Colonel Pierpont Hamilton proved at Port Lyautey that an American who came up the easy way can also have courage in wartime

by PAUL GALLICO

• ARTICLE •

On November 8th, 1942, a Sunday morning, the son of William Pierson Hamilton, whose great grandfather was Alexander Hamilton, and of Juliet Pierpont Morgan, daughter of John Pierpont Morgan, Sr., paid a social call which had curious consequences. Among them were the award of the Congressional Medal, the tragic death of a beloved comrade-in-arms, the comedy of a French bugler who got himself high on *vin ordinaire* to blow the "Cease Firing," the saving of thousands of lives and the birth of another American war hero.

The payer of the call was Pierpont M. Hamilton of Tuxedo, New York, then major, now lieutenant colonel, in the U.S. Army Air Forces. The recipient was the commanding general of the French forces opposing the landing of the American Army at Port Lyautey in North Africa.

There are all kinds of men in this vast country, and all kinds of heroes. In our zeal to glorify the little man who leaves his lathe, his counter, or his filling station to shoulder a rifle and defend the land of his birth, we forget sometimes that men of wealth are likewise American citizens and in the ranks of fighting men.

Col. Pierpont Hamilton is a true type of what might be called an American patrician. He was born in wealthy Tuxedo, N. Y., in 1898. He attended St. Bernard's School, Groton Academy, and Harvard University. He left Harvard in 1917, won his wings in the Air Corps and came out of the war a first lieutenant. He spent seven years in Paris with the Morgan firm, then followed a business career in the United States. His three sons are Phillip Schuyler Hamilton, a lieutenant of Naval aviation; David Blair Hamilton, a lieutenant in the air forces; Ian Morgan Hamilton, a private in the U. S. Marines.

They come tough and brave, these unknown Americans from fields and prairies and city slums; they come just as tough and just as brave from the lap of luxury.

Before dawn on the morning of November 8th, when the American armada approached the shores of Africa, three men put out for shore ahead of the assault troops, in a jeep loaded onto a landing craft. They were Major Hamilton, Colonel Demas T. (Nick) Craw of the air forces, and Private Orris W. Corey of Evart, Michigan.

Their mission was to carry a message from Maj. Gen. Lucien K. Truscott, Jr., commanding a task force under Gen. Patton, to French Maj. Gen. Mathenet commanding that area. The message, designed to save lives, emphasized the non-acquisitive intent of the American forces, affection for France, desire to see her freed, and hope of a friendly reception.

Two staff officers were needed to make the trip. Col. Hamilton's command of French and his knowledge of the country won him the assignment. Col. Craw was in command of the air units on the transport. But since his forces couldn't be used until the airport was captured, he bedeviled General Truscott to let him go along.

The two officers changed from battle dress to full service uniform, while Private Corey wore regular battle dress. They climbed into the jeep stowed aboard the landing craft at 5:30, and headed through the choppy sea for the mouth of the river that led the five miles to Port Lyautey.

The plan was to steam as far as possible up the river, then take to land. Before leaving, Hamilton looked long upon a medal of St. Christopher given him by his wife.

They approached the mouth of the river between two stone jetties on either side, and were greeted by a storm of cannon and machine-gun fire from coastal batteries and ground troops. The gray waters about them boiled and spumed and spouted under the rain of lead.

"Two things became immediately clear," says Col. Hamilton. "Our landing was going to be strongly resisted, and it was all the more imperative for Nick and me to hurry our message through."

The river mouth was impassable. They decided to make their landing down the beach and proceed overland. Any illusions about their chances of survival were dispelled now. The battle was joined in full crescendo, warships replying to shore batteries. Frenchmen and Americans were dying.

They landed in the surf, their ears ringing to the shriek and whine of flying metal and then ran their jeep into a soft spot and bogged down. Three fighter planes strafed the beach at twenty-five feet. The three men dived into the sand under the car and heard the ping and thud of steel jacketed bullets slapping into the jeep.

The planes went away. They got the jeep onto the hard surface road paralleling the beach and set off. The jeep had no machine-gun mount. The back seat was filled with regulation boxes, rations, supplies and ammunition.

Private Corey sat in the left front driver's seat with Col. Craw on his right, holding two flags on eight-foot poles, an American flag and a French tri-color. Hamilton sat on the boxes in back, right behind Col. Craw, his feet dangling over the right side of the jeep, Irish jaunting-car style. He was holding up and out diagonally, a large white flag on a similar pole.

Driving around the base of the fort whose guns were spitting flame, smoke and hot steel, they ran into a company of French infantry. The soldiers were too surprised to fire. Hamilton waved at them and shouted, "Bon Jour!" and calmly drove on.

They drove smack into a thundering battery of field artillery. Before they could act, Hamilton was out of the car, asking the young French officer for directions to headquarters to deliver a message. The officer, completely bluffed, told them to follow the road and they could not miss their objective.

They had succeeded beyond their wildest hopes. The sun had climbed into the clear African sky, wiping away the mists. The stormy thunder of the battle was fading behind them.

Tragedy struck without warning. They rode over the brow of a small hill. There were figures. The sun glinted from metal. Red flashes spat at them point-blank as machine guns chattered in a long, rolling burst. Col. Craw fell over dead on top of Private Corey and the jeep screeched to a stop.

No one knows why all three were not instantly killed. Craw was shot to pieces. Corey and Hamilton were not even scratched. Hamilton got out of the jeep, raging. A young officer appeared. "What the God damned hell do you mean killing my colonel?" Hamilton shouted at him in taxicab French—"Has the honor of the French Army sunk so low under German influence that you even fire on flags of truce? Get your captain!"

The captain appeared, battle-drunk, waving a revolver and accompanied by a pack of trigger-jittery soldiery. He shrieked, "*Il n'y avait pas question de parlementaire! Vous êtes mes prisonniers!*"

Hamilton and Corey were stripped of their side arms, piled into a car with a soldier holding a cocked automatic on them. They were driven to Port Lyautey. And here, with the arrival of a punctilious colonel, the adventure came to an end. The context of the message was telephoned to the general who transmitted it to Marshall Petain. But it took until Tuesday night to get action on it. Hamilton spent that time as a semi-prisoner at headquarters, a prey to what he terms mixed emotions. He remembered marking the exact location of those headquarters on the American battle map for air and artillery attention should bombardment of the town become necessary.

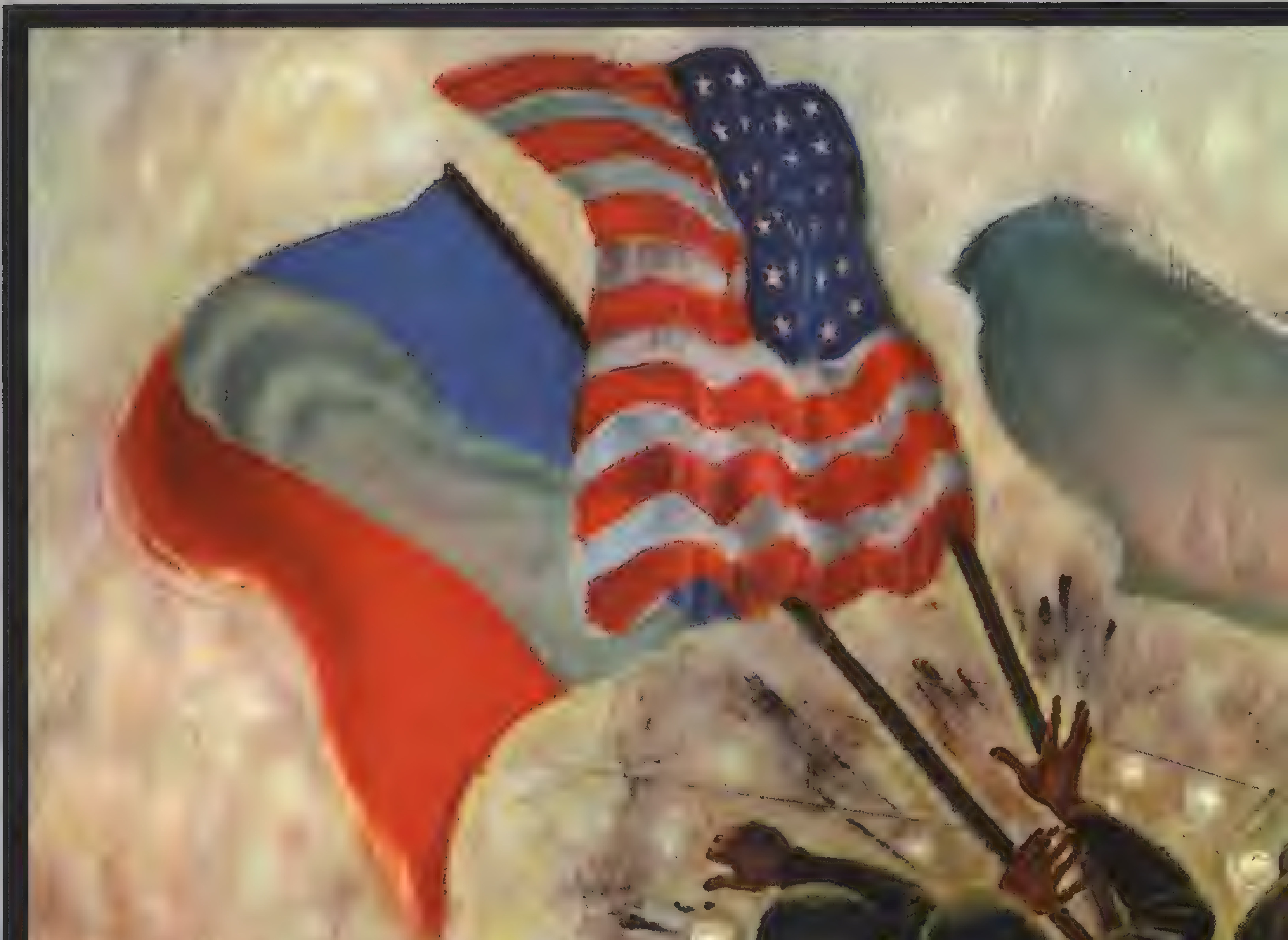
On the evening of the third day, General Mathenet called Hamilton on the telephone and advised him of the success of his mission. French resistance was to cease. An immediate meeting with General Truscott was to be arranged.

Hamilton demanded a French officer to accompany him in case French units were encountered who were ignorant of the cessation of hostilities. He got one and a potted bugler who never stopped blowing a queasy version of the *Cease Fire*, until hours later when they found a U. S. outpost where Hamilton got through to the general by radio. The war was over, except for the sad duty of securing the body of gallant Col. Craw.

Craw received the Medal of Honor posthumously. Private Corey won the D. S. C. Major Hamilton was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and the blue cordon of the Congressional Medal was hung about his neck by Brigadier General Spaatz at Algiers.

And here ends the saga of an American socialite and family man who, in writing to his wife of the adventure, put it this way, "...How the driver and I escaped being cut down too, no one will ever know. I know that I had looked very long on your St. Christopher before leaving the ship and perhaps he persuaded the Good Lord that I was not worth taking. At any rate, from that moment on to the end of my life, I am now on 'borrowed time'!"

He does not mention that had he failed in his mission and the French had fought on, time and life would have run out for many thousands of young Americans, the little guys from mountain and prairie and farm and town, men who are alive today because Colonel Hamilton went calling. #


JOHN FALTER

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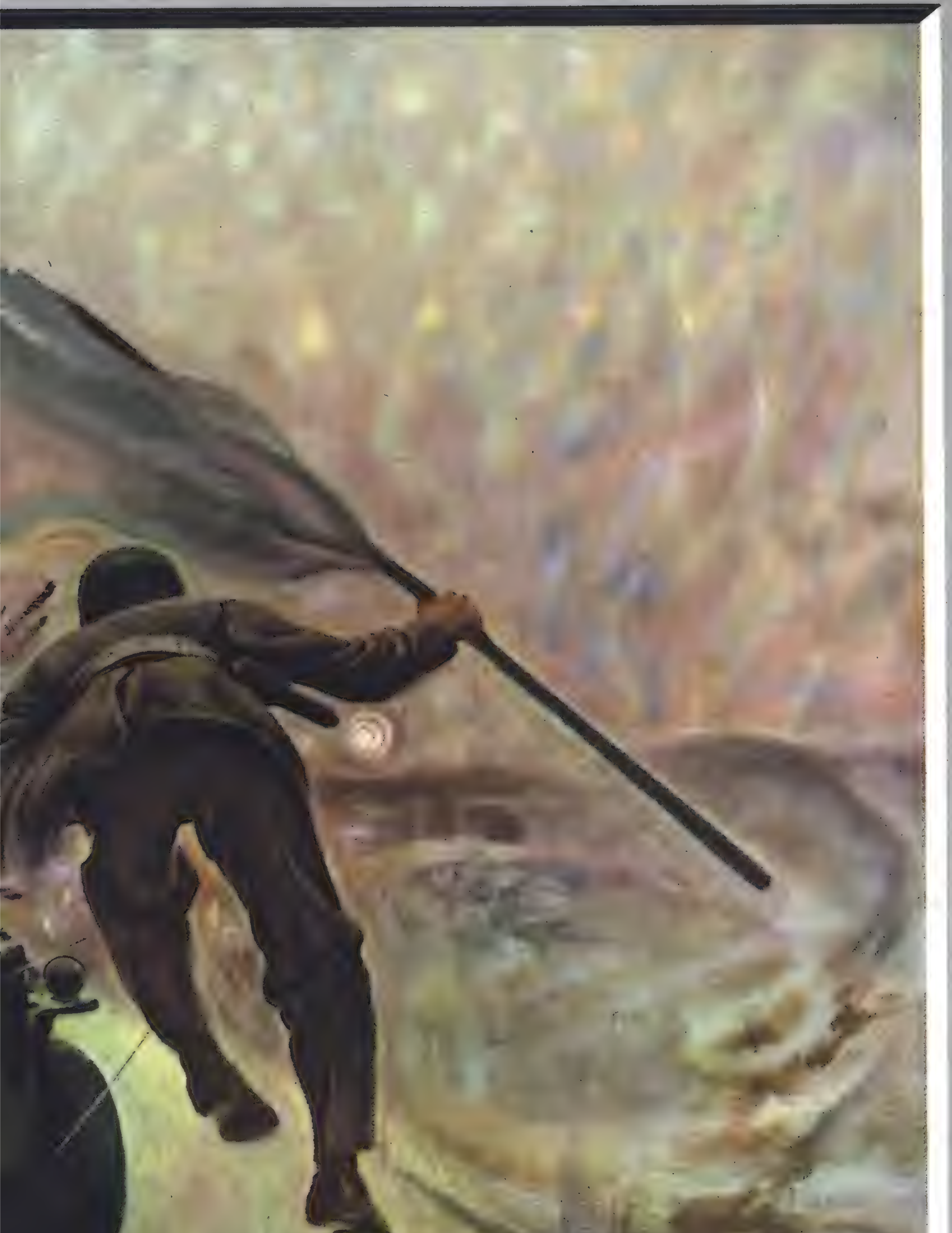
THE MISSION TO PORT LYA



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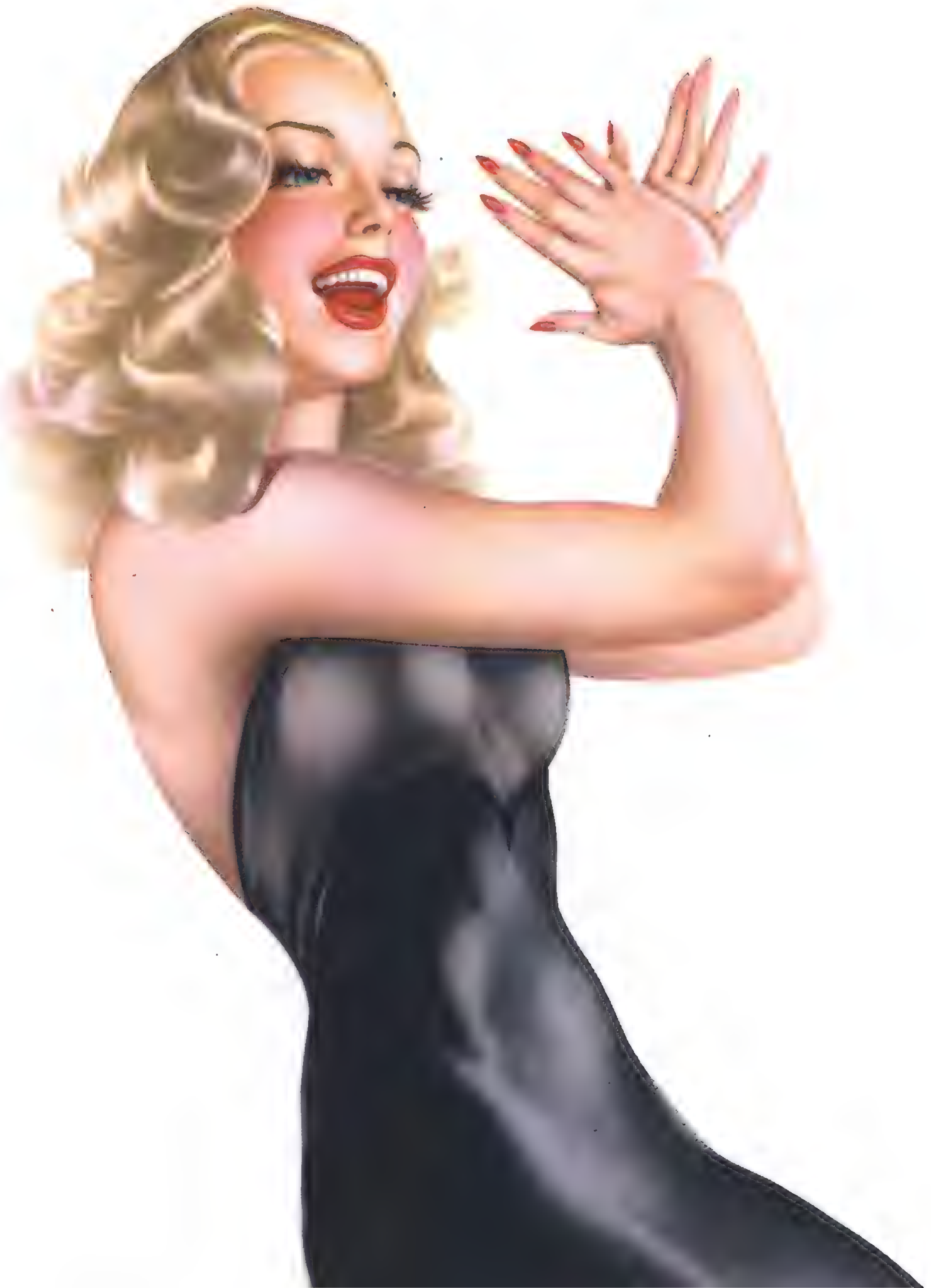

TORCH SINGER

Soft in the night the slender girl goes singing,
Bold in the night the magic torches glow,
Back to a misty past the words go winging,
Back to a world when April mattered so;
Now in the gloom the golden horns are weeping,
Weeping for all the legends that are dust . . .
And as she chants, the old dreams that were sleeping
Stir in the heart as old dreams ever must;

So for a while the mob relives her story . . .
Love and enchantment, heartbreak and defeat . . .
Magic that flamed in wild and sudden glory,
Winds that blew chill down many a crooked street . . .
Now she is done and Broadway's children sigh—
The lights creep up . . . a dream creeps off to die!

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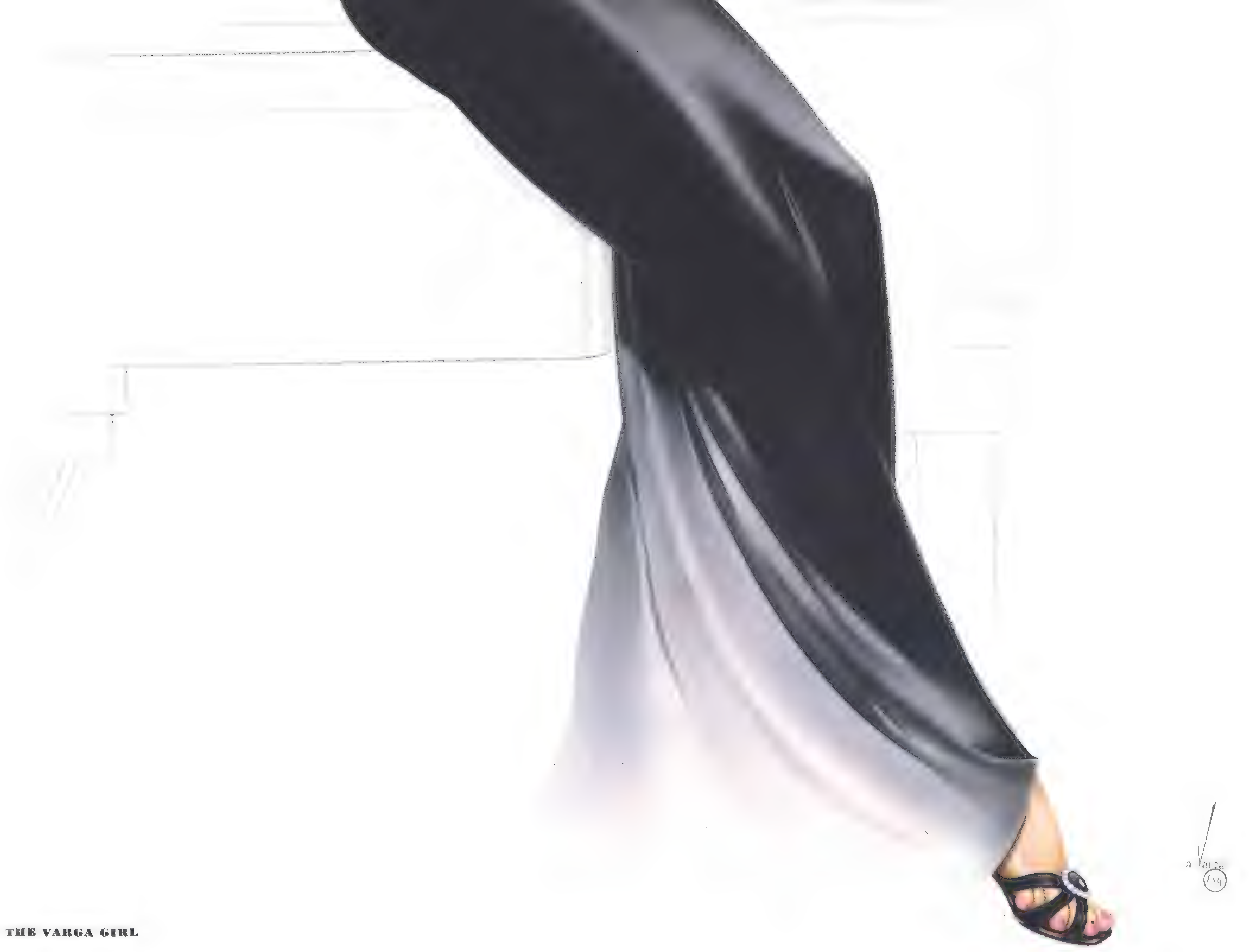


Jazz Is Where You Find It

A survey of ten years in swing music, with answers to some of the questions often asked by the "square" bystander

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

ARTICLE

When did swing begin?

SWING was not born when Benny Goodman decided, just ten years ago, to form a band. Benny's role was that of a transmission belt between the musicians and cognoscenti on one side, the general public on the other. The music he helped to popularize had its roots in the blues that were sung, or strummed on crude banjos and pianos, at the turn of the century; and in the ragtime that hit Broadway when the Original Dixieland Band stampeded Reisenweber's during the last war. It's all the same family and, fundamentally, the same music. The Goodman band was the first to adapt the best hot jazz, in a commercially successful manner, to the style of a big white orchestra.

What is the difference between jazz and swing?

Don't be confused, *mes enfants*. For some reason the term "swing" has been used generally to denote music played by big bands, whereas "jazz," hot or not, seems to have become the label for the small improvising groups. Actually, "swing" was originally used by musicians as a verb. In the early 1930's you would hear that this band swings, or that soloist doesn't swing. From this came the adjectival use—swing solos, swing guitars—and thence the substantive. This was recognized in the popular song, *Now They Call It Swing*.

Despite the partial obsolescence of the word "jazz," the fact remains that *Swingin' the Blues* by Count Basie, or *Clarinet a la King* by Benny Goodman, or any other swing number played by a swing band, can certainly be called good jazz. Similarly the records made by Red Norvo's Swing Septet and Swing Octet, which were small improvising bands, were also good jazz. Polemics aside, the terms are largely interchangeable.

Which are the great swing bands?

Ten years ago this could have been answered in two or three sentences. Improvisation was at a discount in most of the name bands, and the jazz spirit was absent from most big-band orchestrations. Today there are hundreds of bands whose arrangements, even of the most banal popular songs, are written in a more rhythmic idiom, and most arrangers leave a few passages open for one or more of the band's star soloists to play ad lib.

Benny Goodman's first band in 1934-5, propelled by the arrangements of such men as Fletcher Henderson, Deane Kincaide and Spud Murphy and by the inspired solos of Goodman and several others, was the first to catch the public's fancy with this more modern style. Since then so many bands have followed his lead, and so many arrangers have studied this technique and made important advances, that even the second-string bands of today can produce music as enlightened as Goodman's best records of eight years ago.

Another reason for this expansion is the enlargement of most bands from the old formula of four saxes, three trumpets and two trombones, to a new pattern of five or six saxes, four or five trumpets and three or four trombones, plus the traditional rhythm section (piano, guitar, string bass, drums). This gives the arranger room for more variety of instrumental combinations, richer tone colors and more power to fill a crowded dance hall or theatre.

After Goodman, several white notables jumped on the swing bandwagon. The Dorsey Brothers split up in 1935 to become Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, a very popular unit which occasionally plays good jazz, and Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, which acquired a fine jazz style on certain numbers arranged by the talented Cy Oliver.

Also in 1935 the remnants of an old band led by Ben Pollack were taken over by Bing Crosby's younger brother Bob, and became known as the foremost big-band exponents of Dixieland jazz. If you haven't met Dixieland, you will recognize it by its free-and-easy rhythm, emphasis on the first and third beats rather than all four beats of the bar, and an occasional suggestion of the march, atavistically derived from New Orleans street parade music. The Crosby band broke up in 1942, but has its 1944 counterpart under the leadership of a former member, Eddie Miller.

When Goodman and Crosby were established and swing had become a national fad, like crossword puzzles or the yo-yo, it was only to be expected that rivals would contend for the crown of swingdom. Artie Shaw, another great clarinetist, in 1936 had the first swing band to make intelligent use of a string section. Later he reverted to the conventional reeds-and-brass formula, scored a hit with his *Begin the Beguine*, and undertook an ambitious experiment in the shape of a very large band with too many strings.

By 1936 swing bands had begun to spring up by the dozen. Count Basie blew in from Kansas City and started the fashion for "riff" style—a riff being a short, simple rhythmic phrase repeated several times with harmonic variations. Red Norvo, with his xylophone and his wonderful vocalist-wife, Mildred Bailey, had a fine band for a while.

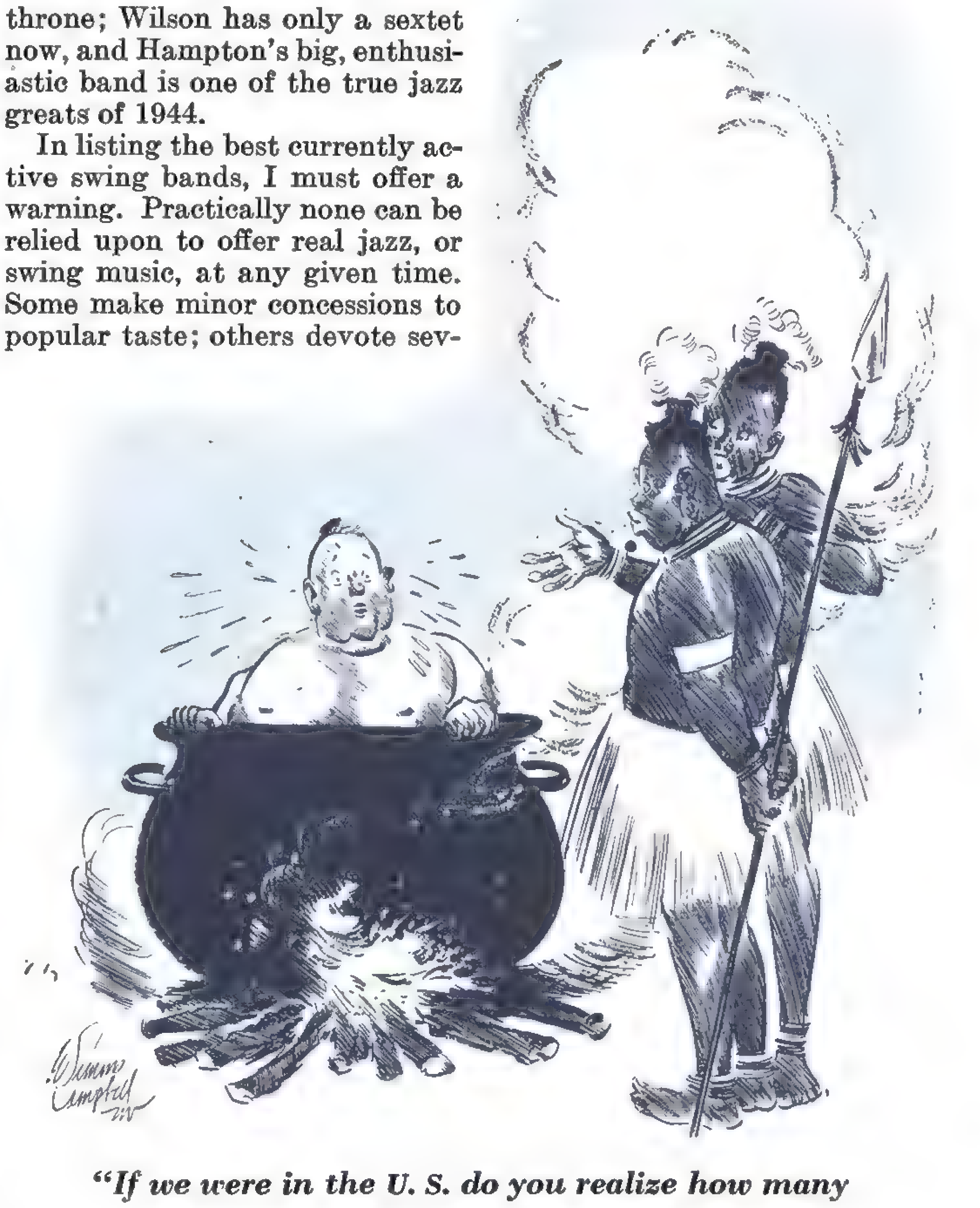
Glenn Miller, leaning toward a more commercial style but with suggestions of swing, hit the top in 1939-40 and supplanted Goodman, financially though not musically, as the No. 1 man. By this time, too, all the Goodman alumni bands had started: Gene Krupa, Harry James, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton all formed big bands of their own. Krupa returned to BG last fall; James is the successor to Miller on the throne; Wilson has only a sextet now, and Hampton's big, enthusiastic band is one of the true jazz greats of 1944.

In listing the best currently active swing bands, I must offer a warning. Practically none can be relied upon to offer real jazz, or swing music, at any given time. Some make minor concessions to popular taste; others devote seventy-five per cent or even ninety per cent of their time to straight melody, conventional crooning, vocal groups, comedy routines and novelty numbers; or, at the other extreme, to drum solos, screeching high-note trumpets and other pseudo-jazz effects. The following list, then, is divided into two sections: first, the bands that play a reasonably large proportion of real jazz; second, those that play excellent jazz from time to time, though in some cases you may grow tired of waiting.

In the first category are, alphabetically, Louis Armstrong, Georgie Auld, Charlie Barnet, Count Basie, Les Brown, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Andy Kirk, Jimmie Lunceford, Hal McIntyre, Jay McShann, Eddie Miller, Lucky Millinder and Cootie Williams.

In the second are Cab Calloway, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Sonny Dunham, Erskine

Continued on page 129



"If we were in the U. S. do you realize how many points this would cost us?"

What Gives Since Memphis?

Blue was strictly with halo when he took his band to Memphis but the dolls wouldn't let him alone

by RICHARD ENGLISH

• FICTION •

WHEN I went into this Mr. Charlie joint the last guy I expect to see is Blue Waters. Blue is but a character. I was shoving my way past the crowded tables trying to look like a soldier yet when the big gate nabbed me. They got a mixed show at the 303 Club and with the jig combo blowing its brains out and so much smoke in the joint it could be a Chemical Warfare stand. I don't make him at first.

"Dig me, Jackson," he said, and I knew it was Blue all right. Blue is the only card I know who makes with that jive talk.

"Hello, Blue," I said. "What gives since Memphis?"

"You kiddin'?" he said. "You want a hole in your head, you dig that Memphis sometime."

I haven't caught many of the boys since I get this G.I. deal so maybe it's a year since I see Blue. He is skinnier, a little washed around the edges, but his blonde hair, sort of straw-colored, is mussed up as always. Likewise, he's still in there with the patter. He dug a thumb in my ribs and jerked up a chair for me. While I'm ordering he looked over the sepia canary, then he grinned at me. "Get that Madame Cadenza. At these figures she should be fancy, huh, Marty?"

"She oughtta be alone with that voice," I agreed. "But what are you doing in Chi, Blue? You mean you ain't had those greetings?"

"Not me. The Army catches my act; I'm out like a light. For them your ulcers got to have zippers."

He bought a package of cigarettes, giving the tomato in the little Frenchie skirt a pinch where it will do her the most good. Let a chick show and Blue's right in there pitching. If he didn't like the dolls so well, Blue Waters and His Hot Waves would have been something besides a collector's item. I know Blue Waters and His Hot Waves sounds corny but in the speak days he was the big Dixieland man of them all.

"What goes?" I asked politely. "You gigging around?"

"Just muggin' lightly," he said. "I got union trouble."

"Didn't I hear you had the Local all squared? Somebody buzzed me you married an Indian dame with a lease on every oil well in Oklahoma. You mean to tell me she didn't pay off?"

"Hell," he said, "we went through her take before I ever got around to squaring the boys. You hear what happened in Memphis?"

You got to remember, now, Blue Waters goes for the dolls like they go for him. He liked them so much he even gave up his Dixieland ride for them. Back in the days when Blue first showed, back when every bass drum had Niagara Falls painted on it. You can't make a dime off jazz. You worked barrel-house joints that paid off in the dark or you turned legitimate long enough to get off the cuff. And with the babes into his pockets, Blue went commercial. Instead of Blue Waters and His Hot Waves, a real jazz combo, you got Blue Waters, His Trombone and His Orchestra.

"You know how they always got to make with the dignity in Memphis. I had any sense, I'd told Hymie off when they booked me into the Parkside. I oughtta known those babes will throw me."

That even the Memphis talent can throw Blue is news to me. He gives them that Gary Cooper look and that Texas slow-talk and what he couldn't put over, his trombone did. His long fingers babying the slide, he gave with his eyes closed. Husky inflections that have the dames swooning. You didn't know him, you would swear he was on the weed. But he never touches it. What he likes is his bourbon and when he has a belt too many he has to make with the vocals. His voice is strictly something to close up places but Blue don't care. When he's hipped he wants to sing, and he talks his way past the high notes. He's got maybe an octave.

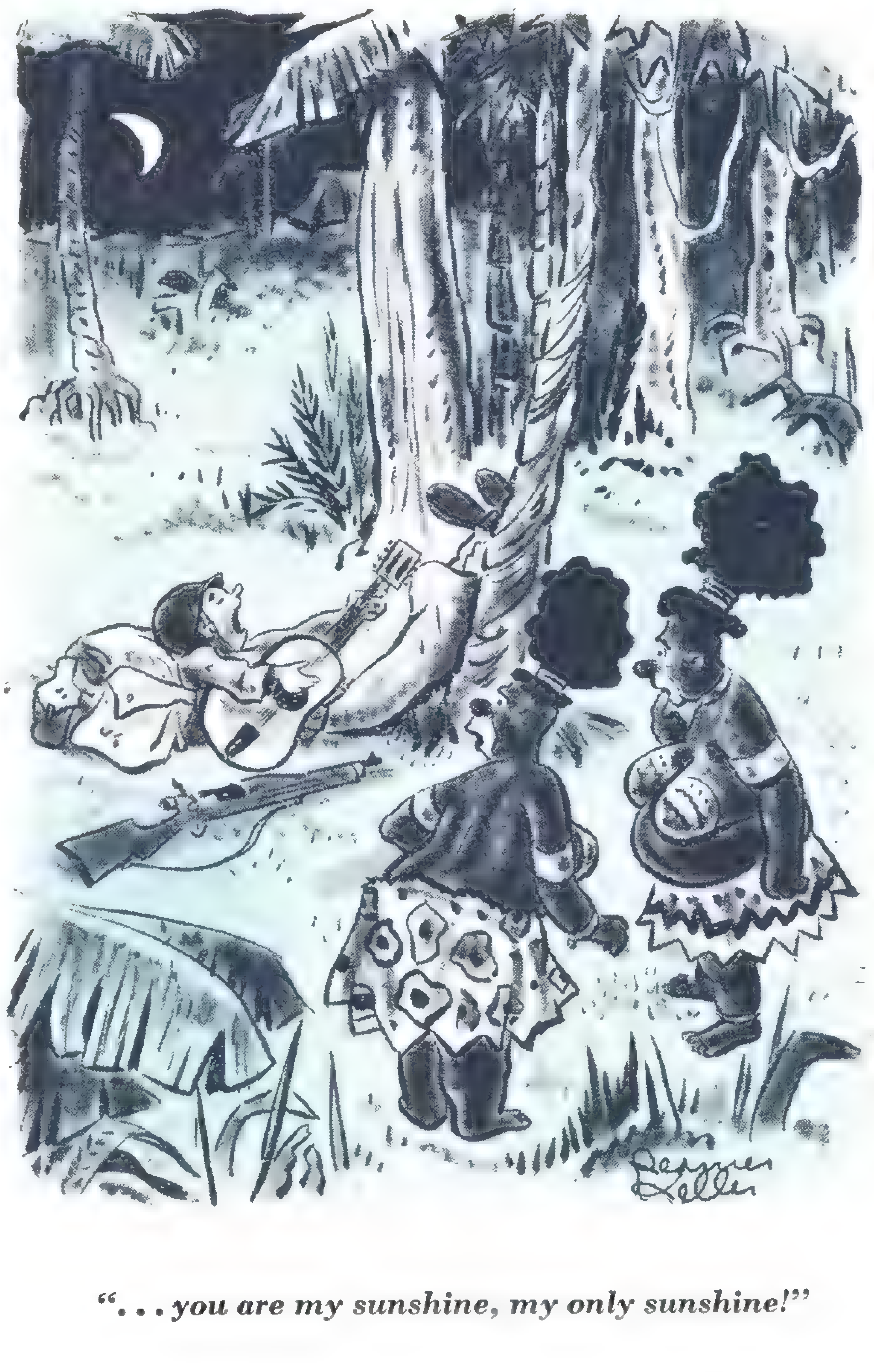
"Well," says Blue, "there I am in Memphis minding my own business. I'm off the babes like a dirty shirt. I had a little grief in St. Louis with a guy wanting me to do right by his Nell and I'm fed. This character had kept haunting the bandstand, wanting a word with me. Well, I step outside with him one night and before I can cool him off, he does it to me. He damned near busted my lip. Remember when the boys gave it to Artie Krieger, right here in the Loop? You want to stay away from these squares, Marty. They hit like crazy.

"After that St. Louis deal even Memphis looks solid. And I get to thinking all the trouble dames cause me. If I'm not in a jam with one of them it's another. If it ain't alimony it's husband trouble. But always it's something. So I'm a reformed character, all right. I'm with halo, see? I even take to going to picture shows afternoons. Lot of good that does me with the way that Rita Hayworth waves herself around. When I find myself wondering if I can get booked on the coast, I know even picture shows are out. Westerns, even, they got dishes who can't get on a horse without giving you that Lana Turner routine.

"First time in years, I get to woodshedding. I'm rehearsing the band until they're gonna join the Marines to get a little rest. And the more I think about what all these chicks do to me, the madder I get. If I wasn't always on the hunt, I wouldn't be playing no second rate hotel dates now. Hasn't that Goodman done all right with his jive? How about that? He's coining it like he printed it in the basement, personally. Ol' Blue Waters just sold out too soon.

"I'm so I can't look at a dame without thinking what they've cost me.

"You think I'm waltzing you? You got no idea. I'm even digging up boys for little clambakes down in a dinge bar. I want to know how much I slipped. You go to Memphis you'll find out, Jackson. They always had a gut-bucket trade. You remember all the party pianos that come out of Memphis? They had damn near as many professors as Storyville. Well, anyhow, I gotta know. Messin' around I find out, brother. I got liver-lips, period. I get up and go but nowhere. I'm a square from nowhere. You lissen to some of my old pressings then hear me smear-



". . . you are my sunshine, my only sunshine!"

ing a chorus in that jig joint, you'd want to cry.

"Naturally, I'm belting that bottle a little. I'm tired changing my luck on marble games and just going out for chow mein every night. And I'm fed with that Mr. Charlie heat, sweating out two shirts every stand. And most of all I'm tired ducking dames on every corner. You think Dallas is good, you oughtta try playing store in Memphis. They got it, Marty. You can give Hollywood back to the relatives. First thing I know I'm so fed I'm really planting the corn, about a quart a night.

"Way they're flipping around the Leopard Room, those tomatoes are driving me crazy. An' when they know I don't flirt back they really go to town on me. It makes them hot stuff with their jerk boy-friends and no danger of having to kick through either. They work on me like I'm a tackling dummy. I got to duck backa the stand after every number I got so many jerks think I'm encouraging their drags. One night a guy even tries to climb up on the stand to sock me.

"That did it, brother. All my keeping it clean, the dames are still lousing me up. First thing I know I grabbed that mike like I was going to take a vocal, at the same time bringing my combo to a full stop. I got to tell the babes off right then. I just take my time looking over every couple on the floor and the next thing I know I hear myself announcing, 'I can steal any lady in this room.'

"Like that, I'm out of a job. In fact, I'm even out of my hotel room, and maybe it wasn't close, chum. I duck over to Little Rock and the boys tell me I just make it. The next morning half the young punks in Memphis are at the desk, inquiring if Mr. Blue Waters was still in residence. Tie that, will you? It ain't enough I am out on my ear, they got to fight me personally. And when the hotel makes a stink to the union I'm through. The Memphis local is screaming I can't play nowhere until I go into a song and dance for the hotel explaining I was just outta my head. When I tell them different, they slap it to me. A thousand fish and my card picked up for a year.

"Lay off a year these days you're a dead pigeon. I had some good boys and the way That Man is snatching them for uniforms, my boys got jobs before I get back to Texas. Sure I go home. I can't lay around New York running my face. I go home and tell my folks I'm with ulcers again and I start loafing it out. Every morning my mother wants me to take a steady job. If it ain't a steady job, it's relatives I got to go see. But from out of this world. You know who they like? Sammy Kaye.

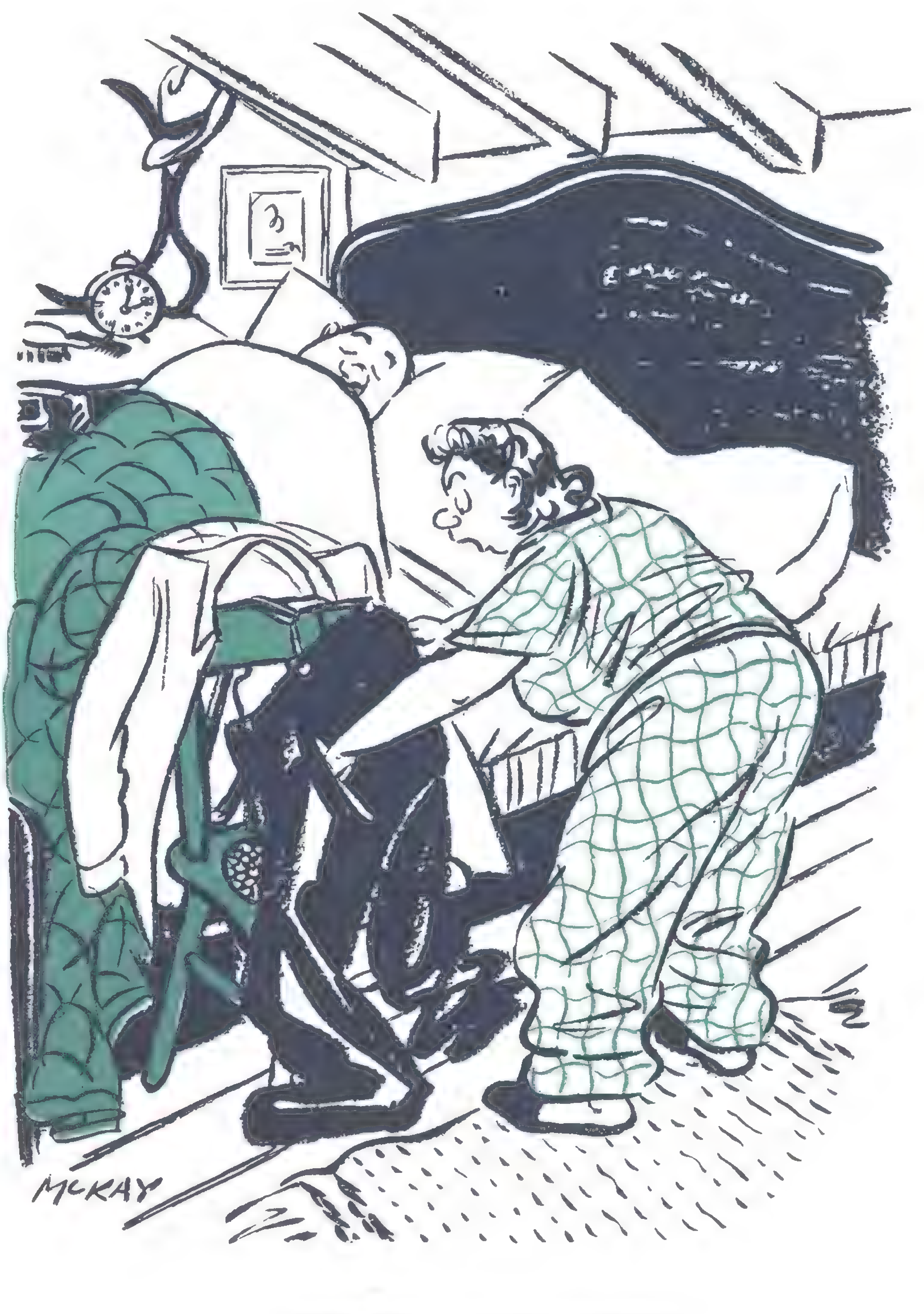
"When I can't hold still no longer I moseyed up to Tulsa. One night when I'm in a bar minding my own business I saw this big Osage girl giving me the eye. You'll think I'm kiddin' but her name's Little Fawn. How they dug that one I'll never know. Her dad never saw no deer in his life. He laid around his old lady's porch until some guys made him move over to drill for oil, and the next thing you know he's laying around Packards. He gets three and he can't drive any of them.

"You can take the lyrics from there, Marty. Little Fawn's nuts about music and while I can't dig her when I'm sober, she's a good kid. You ask me, I got a break when I married her. Took us ten months to spend her dough and we had a cross-country toot for a honeymoon. By then my year's up but the union won't give back my ticket until I get that gee up. But by now I don't care. I'm doin' all right."

You got to hand it to Blue. While I'm still wondering whether it would be polite to ask whatever gave with his wife, I find out. The floor show has worked its way past a tap team, and a lady acrobat, and now, in the next to closing slot, the M.C.'s all over the place, announcing Little Fawn and Her Dance of the Feathers.

All these feathers are in a fan, of course, and while Little Fawn won't have Sally Rand turning in her bubble, I liked the act. Little Fawn's built in all the wrong places but you can give that a skip. She ain't bad at all. Kinda pretty, a broad face that don't need much make-up, having this high brown coloring and heavy cheekbones. Nobody laughed much, once they saw she wasn't kidding and her four-minute turn got a big hand. And all the time she's watching Blue like he's all there is in the house, or the world for that matter. He shook his hands over his head like a fighter when she ended on a big bump and her smile made her look real young. "I got a guy to teach her," he said. And then as she starts to take her encore he looked back at me.

"Funny thing about that Memphis deal," he said. "I *couldda* stolen any dame in the house." #



"Morgenthau beat me to it again"

The Incomparable Bing

Defending Crosby's right to croon a hymn for his charmed listeners and commending his easy, off-hand comedy

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

For some time I've wanted a pretext for a special piece about Bing Crosby. It's like wanting a pretext for talking about the weather; because Crosby is infinitely various, essential to a happy life—and always with us. He goes along in his unruffled way, and wherever he appears, he is the unchallenged top man; his languor is so apparent that at first you wonder what he would be if he ever put any energy into his work. Then you realize that he has worked hard—but hasn't let you know it; and psychologically he is right, because when a performer lets you know how hard he is working, he tires you out, too.

At the end of years of seeing and hearing Crosby, I find myself untired; so is the rest of his radio, motion-picture and record public. It's going on twenty years since Crosby hit the entertainment business; just before the war they were paying him about a million dollars annually—and the Decca people say that no one touches his mark of some five million records in one year.

Speaking of records, a month ago I recommended Crosby's *Adeste Fideles* and *Silent Night* without comment. From a sketch by H. Allen Smith, I learn that Crosby refused to sing these songs—he is a modest person; he was persuaded by an arrangement which gives the royalties to charity.

In a sense Crosby sings these hymns as you and I sing them—because we have known them long, we like the words and music and like to hear ourselves singing. We laymen cannot raise ourselves to a level of reverence when we sing *Adeste Fideles* in the bath, or with the children in the street. There are good human values quite apart from all religious feeling. We are respectful, if not reverential. And that's precisely Crosby's attack. He doesn't go sacred-sentimental; he's like the juggler of Notre Dame, doing his work the best he knows how, confident that it will be well received. Toward the final phrases there is a barely perceptible syncopation. Maybe that's what some purists objected to; they have to learn that no rhythm has yet been banned by God.

Compare this record with his *Ballad for Americans*. It's not noble—and Paul Robeson's is. But there's a passage in which Uncle Sam declares himself—listing his occupations, his nationalities and religions—where Crosby is supreme. He *is* the American who has been a law student, a drummer, a follower of horses, a golfer, a pretty bad vaudevillian and darn fool. He is that amazing product of the Far West—the Cosmopolitan American. He is also that odd American freak, a gifted artist without temperament, with all the normal instincts and the average reactions, the reasonably good citizen, the *homme moyen sensuel.* (For the virtuous I add a translation: the man of normal human instincts—that's our Bing.)

His great gift is that flowing, soothing, agreeable voice, but that isn't all. Crosby "delivers" the meaning of a song perfectly; he gets and gives the most delicate shades of meaning; he is a crooner who never ruins a song. (The great enemy of crooners, the late Ring Lardner, knew this; he made room for two songs by Bing Crosby in his "perfect radio program.") Crosby's taste, his intelligence, his tact, are equal to his native endowment—and that, by the way, is supposed to be only a throat with an odd additional node or two.

Crosby doesn't seem to believe the bunk of the sentimental song—he sings it just this side of kidding it, holding aloof a little. Obviously no man of intelligence could take seriously the kind of parts Crosby has to play on the screen. So he doesn't play them. Wherever the adventure leads, Morocco, Zanzibar or Dixie, one person is sure to pop up from America in 1943—Mr. Crosby. He is as undisguisable as a southern accent. An attractive anachronism, he shines through every effort to make him an actor, having no character to play except his own. In character parts, even his wigs won't fit. That is why I am terrified of his playing a young priest in *Going My Way.* Maybe I'll be reassured.

I've just looked over a list of Crosby pictures, from *The Big Broadcast of 1932* to *Holiday Inn* and *Dixie*—and most of them are bad pictures. I think I liked *She Loves Me Not* (but it wasn't a patch on the stage show) and there's an early Crosby I can't identify by name, in which I first caught that skeptical glint which has captivated me ever since. The pictures you remember best are the three *Roads*—and I am not going to say that Bing Crosby is the chief reason you remember them . . . But I will say that Bob Hope would not have been half so funny without Crosby.

At this moment Hope is the top American comedian, and needs no belittlement from me to prove it. I think his best work also is in the *Roads*—the charm of his presence is needed to make up for the crack of his jokes, and on the air you always feel that the studio audience is liking him better than you. In the picture, his galvanic energy crackling beside the calm surface of Crosby, he is terrific. If there is a better scene than the fight with the gorilla in all film fantasy, I haven't seen it.

On the air Crosby has the advantage of a perfect script writer, Carroll Carroll. Ten years ago, or thereabouts, I heard Crosby discussing Marcel Proust—in a glancing way, and I was doomed to follow from then on. Crosby is never a comedian on the air; he is Crosby in a comic mood. He has developed a tempo so easy that all other radio shows, except daytime drama, seem hurried in comparison. Fred Allen has a different way of making the show seem easy, but you are aware of compression and musical cuts; in the Crosby show everything goes together with no joins showing. The interviews, the build-ups for guests, the introductions to songs all flow along; the atmosphere is singularly agreeable; Crosby seems to have done almost nothing but drone on, kiddingly, about one unimportant thing or another; but you don't want to miss him, ever, if you can help it.

It is reported that Crosby never took a singing lesson; heaven knows where he got his acting technique. In America, we have a habit of liking the amateur and the unschooled artist; and critics of both radio and movies have often said that actors don't need anything except personality to get by. It isn't particularly true; but Crosby is just the kind of person who makes it seem true. For he still goes off the air as the amateur and the dilettante.

And he's somehow a great man. It sounds foolish to say so only because you can't spot "art" anywhere within a mile of him. You can't catch pomposity or prestige. He's just a local boy who's made good. If I wanted to export a single talent and say, this is the kind of thing America can produce, this is the kind of thing America cares for, and this is the best example of it, Mr. Crosby would be my choice. ⧺

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Dinah Shore

Her public is composed of—

Brigades of intellectual swing fans to whom her astonishing vocal technique is something that calls for as much analysis as the higher forms of calculus . . .

Assorted alligators to whom she is the supreme dispenser of harmonies and the nation's No. 1 Jive Diva . . .

Men in khaki and blue in the military camps who hang by their feet on her every note when she makes a personal appearance—as well as millions of men on the fighting fronts to whom her short wave broadcasts are part and parcel of home, sweet, home . . .

Record collectors who buy and save and cherish her every recording with the avidity of misers panning for gold . . .

A hundred million ordinary radio fans who simply like their music soft, and sweet, and low . . .

When asked how she manages to hypnotize so many with one still, small voice, Dinah said solemnly, "I stand up, kick off my shoes, cross my fingers—and sing."

The former Frances Rose Shore out of Winchester, Tennessee, one time cheer leader of the Hume Fogg High School in Nashville, is one more little Suth'n gal who made good in the big city. She had her struggles. She scrimped her way through Radio City until Fate brought a featured spot on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street program. The rest, to coin a metaphrase, is history. Her position in radio is unique. Her records sell up to a half million copies apiece. And now she is succumbing to the inevitable movie offers. You'll see her sing and dance in Warner's *Thank Your Lucky Stars,* and you'll see her play straight in Samuel Goldwyn's *Up in Arms.*

Shore on Men: "I like the outdoor type. I like a man who dresses well without being a dude, approximately my own age, who doesn't criticize, even my driving. I like a man to be thoughtful, to remember I work for a living, to know when he should kiss a girl and when he shouldn't."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′4″; *Weight:* 106; *Hobbies:* photography, golf; *Hair:* auburn; *Eyes:* brown; *Age:* 26.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Samuel Goldwyn Productions'

DINAH SHORE

Hurrell Photograph

Anton Bruehl

Let Louis Meet Conn

Follow Dempsey's proposal for title Boxing for Bonds, but pay champ and challenger for all they risk in ring

by ABE J. GREENE

• SPORTS •

With a deferential bow in the direction of Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey and an especially respectful deference to the mighty right hand of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler, I herewith make serious objection to the recent proposal of the former world's heavyweight champion that Sergeant Joe Louis lay his title on the line so that rich men might buy War Bonds.

Commander Dempsey has been touring the country and bestirring the hinterlands to come across for Uncle Sam with War Bonds. In the course of one of his stopovers, where the champ punched home his message with the same virility which made him one of the great heavyweights of all times, Commander Dempsey proposed that Champion Joe Louis and Billy Conn, his most effectual rival, could pack 'em in at top flight War Bond prices and raise a record-breaking sum to back the attack.

To boxing men who know their fighters and their managerial cuts and slices, the silence of Sergeant Louis and Corporal Conn is a roaring, booming dissent from the former champion's proposals.

There is no more patriotic, American-minded man in these United States than Sergeant Joe Louis, and in varying degree the same might be said for Corporal Conn. But a heavyweight championship is not a baseball game in which today's loser, even though ignominiously defeated, can come back tomorrow and win a world's series and universal acclaim.

When a fighter fights, he fights for keeps. When Joe Louis risks his precious heavyweight bauble in the ring, if he is defeated—boom—the title is gone, and with it his ring fortunes and his fortune-making potentialities.

Likewise for Billy Conn. There is still a substantial sector of the American sports-loving public which still feels, in spite of wartime heavyweight championship armistice, that Billy Conn can carry on where he left off the night he plumb forgot Louis could hit and started to mix with the Sergeant's dynamite in that fateful thirteenth round in New York on June 18, 1941. Under ordinary circumstances, a fighter inactive as long as Conn has been would be a candidate for complete oblivion. But these aren't ordinary times. Conn is still Number 1 on the Heavyweight Champion Hitting Parade. The Savolds, the Mauriellos, Bettinas and the Bivinses are still being rated behind the handsome Pittsburgh corporal in the quarterly pugilistic proclamations of the National Boxing Association.

Dempsey's plan undoubtedly had its genesis in the magnificent showing made in the All-Star baseball game at Yankee Stadium which packed 'em in to the tune of 800,000,000 dollars in War Bonds. If people would buy bonds to that towering extent for a mere ball game, of which there are hundreds during the season, what wouldn't they pay to see Louis and Conn do a repeat on their thirteen-round thriller for the world's heavyweight title?

But the lieutenant commander was letting his patriotic fervor and bond-raising exuberance get the best of his expert knowledge of things fistic. Boxers just don't toss away titles, with their munificent, fortune-making emoluments, merely for the plaudits of patriots and the back-pats of millionaire bond buyers who'd be buying the bonds just the same, Louis and Conn to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Joe Louis has been heavyweight champion since 1937. It took him three years to get up there—*three* bruising years during which he had to batter his way through the Max Baers, the Primo Carneras, the Jack Sharkeys and more or lesser lights, not to mention his gruelling defeat at the hands of the hated Max Schmeling. Since he became kingpin, Louis has earned an estimated 1,504,014 dollars. But since his enlistment in the service, the title hasn't meant a pittance to Louis, and all he has had has been the glory and the acclaim, supported by the hope of a future which daily grows more nebulous as time adds adiposity to the ribs and bulges to the waistline. Boxing commissions by common and respectful consent have salted the heavyweight title away for Sergeant Joe "for the duration," but Old Man Time's inexorable heavy ministrations aren't stayed by any regal commission's dictum.

When you ask Joe Louis to enter the ring against Billy Conn, you're commanding him to lay the world's richest crown on the line for a one-night defense. There's no two-night stand for a heavyweight title. Blow it tonight, and Joe Louis, especially the Joe Louis of today, *29* and 220-ish, is a case for the ring historians. There's no more million-dollar gate, no rich parade through the sucker-brigade again. And history records that in the prize ring you pay off on a stout heart, a pair of dynamite mitts and a winning record. The fellow who wins against that combination has yet to be born.

The same, of course, goes for Conn. The Pittsburgh Adonis was going places when the call to arms ended the call to gloves. His thrilling duel with Louis had established his place in the spotlight. He and Louis would have signalized the return of the million-dollar gate of the days of Dempsey and Tunney. But the fates intervened.

But there is a by-pass to Lieutenant Commander Dempsey's proposal.

Let Louis and Conn box, by all means. But pay them—not in the fabulous prices of the days of sixty per cent—but in nominal figures which in the over-all take which can accrue for some worthwhile fund like an Army or Navy Relief Fund, or a United Service Organizations War Fund or some other such noble purpose, would be insignificant.

Pay Louis 100,000 dollars if you will; pay Conn another 50,000 dollars; spend another 50,000 dollars for the rest of the card and the promotion expenses.

Ballyhooed as only the Louis and Conn fight could be; sponsored by the American government and the profit motif completely and emphatically removed from the promotion, the fight could rival the second Dempsey and Tunney scrap in Chicago when an all-time high of more than two million dollars jarred the cash registers for private promoters. Another million or more could be cashed in on the movie rights, to be carried to every town and hamlet in the country. Another million could be collected from the millions of fans around the country "watching" the fight vicariously at their radio ringsides.

Boxing for Bonds, the Bomber could very easily become a Bum. And millionaires who buy bonds anyway would only be lending their dough to Uncle Sam.

Doing it for do-re-mi, the Bomber would at least have Balm to buy Bonds. And the money would be available for a useful purpose.

Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey is a grand guy. But his idea has laid a dinosaurean egg. ⧻

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Featuring Marga of the Monte Carlo Beach Club

Here's an eye-opener—and an eye-filler—for soldiers, sailors, Marines, co-ordinators of international affairs, and good old Yankee playboys.

Something new has been added to the Good Neighbor policy from Puerto Rico. A hundred and twelve pounds of good neighborliness, name of Marga, croons nightly at the Monte Carlo Beach Club that the Messrs. Webb and Knapp operate for the amazement of Manhattan and its guests. Marga is as torrid as the tropical sunshine and if her throaty singing and maracca-shaking with Ralph Rotgers band don't stir your inter-American consciousness, her rumba will.

Marga was born Marguerita Chiesa twenty-three years ago in Puerto Rico. She is Spanish-Italian, with a dash of Gypsy. Her father died when she was a child and her mother took her first to Mexico and then to Spain to live. There Marga studied singing until Senor Franco's earnest activities uprooted the pair, forcing them to look toward the Statue of Liberty.

By the time Marga arrived in America, two and a half years ago, she developed a yen for show business. Her sultry lyrics were heard over a radio network from New York. She also appeared with Tito Guizar in Spanish musical comedies and now comes big-time night club singing via Monte Carlo Beach. Marga plays the guitar by ear, as she does all her music. She is superstitious, always wears an odd thumb-ring, a charm in the shape of a goggle-eyed frog. She is slight, has sleek black hair and soft black eyes, a twenty-two inch waist, would like to go to Hollywood after she wins her one-woman war against the English language. Marga is not married, and likes men to be "oldish, serious-minded, and *very* hard to get!"

Bil Baird, our accordion man, is the star puppeteer of the *Ziegfeld Follies*. He likes to play the accordion between shows at the Winter Garden theatre, where he and his wife, Cora, bring down the house with a collection of zany puppets. The Bairds have hundreds more puppets stuffed away in camphor in their studio—enough for an entire Follies of their own, including a line of twelve Can-Can girls.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Mysteries of the Fathomless Sea

Skeptics who question these fantastic stories of ships and sailors can only be referred to the captains' logbooks

by ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

• ARTICLE •

Captain Jed Wilkins of the Matthew Andrews, *just in from Port au Prince, is telling a good story these days about a large vessel he saw caught up by a waterspout and deposited some distance inland on a small, uninhabited island near the Bahamas. The sand dunes upon which it was cast, quite undamaged of course, were of such a nature that on passing the island a year later Captain Wilkins found the vessel had worked across the shifting sands towards the sea and was now scarcely a hundred yards from the water's edge. The captain estimated that in another month or so it would have floated itself again. This, we suppose, is what could be termed the call of the wild and we felt it called for another round of drinks. Too bad the captain didn't make a note of the castaway's home port, so he could let it know and thus be prepared when the wandering lady sails herself in and completes the job. Jed was always good for a story, even when he was selling papers on the corner of Main and Taylor, as some of us old-timers will recall.* (Editorial Comment, Local Press.)

Every decade or so a ship limps into port with a shaken crew, a perplexed master, and an account in the logbook of a strange happening that took place on deep water, very conveniently, the listeners think, beyond the horizon and the sight of rational men. There is an interview by the press and the story is printed perhaps, with variations to suit the editor's personal mood and skepticism. And then the story is forgotten, dismissed with amusement as another nightmare conceived by superstitious and illiterate men and born of fo'c'sle liquor. Is it not common knowledge that from time immemorial sailors have been a wild and untrustworthy people, given to bringing home mirages of giant serpents, mermaids, whirlpools and such?

It can be conceded, of course, even if with some reluctance, that the weird-sounding tales of gorillas and pygmies, men with tails, great fires raging on the sea floor, white bears that lived on the ice, natives who bridled and rode great sea turtles as if they were horses, birds that laughed like jackasses and lizards that barked like dogs . . . all these had incredibly turned out to be true, just like that wild yarn about the earth being round, and of a giant who pulled a splinter of steel towards the North Pole. But these coincidences were just coincidences, and happened long and long ago anyway, and now there is really nothing new under the sun. Today's story, at the best a nine-day wonder along the waterfront, can be safely set down as but the latest addition to the chain of utter and ridiculous fantasy that we shall always link with sailors and the sea.

And so the editor, who is a modern and rational man, applies his red pencil and trims the latest tale to fit the obvious needs of common sense. The shipmaster can only point mutely to the logbook, where the simple facts are recorded in brief and orderly maritime language; and in course of time the shipmaster dies; and the logbook grows yellow with age in the office files ashore. And the editor dies too, feeling comfortably justified in his skepticism, if he ever gives it another thought, because the professors have dusted off the textbooks and proved once again that the sailor's mind is a simple though unpredictable thing, and a sailor's eyes grow tricky in the night watches and in the heat haze that broods over a tropic sea by a jungle-hung shore and in the silent fog that drifts over the northerly swells. The loneliness of long voyages perhaps has its effect too, and in any event a great many things just cannot be so.

Still, it is curious, and also a part of the record, that the first steamship to cross the Atlantic carried on board a book just published to prove once and for all that a steamship could never cross the Atlantic. And even while our editors are dying sanely and tranquilly, and the professors are putting the textbooks back on the shelves, another ship limps into port with another shaken crew, a perplexed master, and an account in the logbook of a strange happening that took place on deep water. Ulysses would not have questioned it, nor Magellan. And Columbus really believed that if he sailed west long enough he would make his landfall at the Indies. Peculiar men, with no common sense at all. . . .

On Christmas day, 1912, the full-rigged ship *Batallha*, of Portuguese registry, bound from Brunei to Surabaya in Java, was forced to anchor in the shallow waters of the Strait of Macassar, which divides Borneo and the island of Celebes, because of baffling headwinds and shifting current. While supervising the anchoring, Mr. Huston, the first mate, who was an American, noticed a dark shadow on the water some distance off the port bow; but, assuming it was nothing but a reflection from the overcast sky, he thought little of the matter and returned aft again after setting the watch.

Less than an hour later he was attracted by a terrified cry from one of the men, named Diaz, whom he found writhing on the foredeck, clutching at his bare leg and screaming that he had been attacked by a snake. Mr. Huston, seeing no signs of any reptile, assumed Diaz was suffering either from the after effects of liquor or was the victim of a tropical fever, some varieties of which, he knew, caused violent symptoms. The scratch the man showed him on his leg, although considerably puffed already and rimmed with a curious olive-green shadow, he put down to a fall or some similar minor accident such as frequently happened on board ship. He doctored the man as he thought best and ordered him below, but by this time the victim was unable to stand and was exhibiting such agonizing symptoms Mr. Huston thought it best to call Captain Herrando. The captain, however, was as puzzled as Mr. Huston, and before he could make any extensive examination, the man died.

This sudden and unexpected event had hardly taken place when another seaman, named Ellis, a native of Wales, shouted from the eyes of the ship that there were "snakes all over," and then started to run along the foredeck to where Captain Herrando and the mate stood, but was unable to reach them before falling. The officers noticed his throat and bare chest were scratched and swelling, and now, thoroughly alarmed, they seized belaying pins and together with the rest of the crew proceeded cautiously forward. To their astonishment they found the deck

Frank
BEAVEN

"No more depth charges, please, Herbert!"

as far back as the capstan was literally alive with large black snakes which attacked them immediately and apparently without fear.

Some of the crew dropped their weapons and fled at this sight, but the others, backing up the officers and eluding the lunges of the vicious creatures as ably as they could, killed all in immediate sight, only to discover that an endless stream of the reptiles was crawling up the anchor cables and coming on board through the hawseholes. Mr. Huston now saw that the dark shadow he had noticed on the water to port when he had anchored the ship, had by this time completely surrounded her and was composed of a solid mass of snakes, swimming effortlessly with upraised heads against a strong current. Such as encountered the ship attempted to board without any hesitation, while the others proceeded unchecked upon a steady course.

The situation was a terrifying one for all hands. As fast as one reptile was disposed of another appeared in its place, until finally, protected somewhat by heavy leather sea boots, Mr. Huston fought his way to the hawseholes and, stuffing them with canvas, checked the invasion to an appreciable extent. Many snakes, however, had escaped and were slithering about the ship, and here and there still others managed in various ways to get on board. Manuel, the cabin steward, a native of Bermuda, was attacked on the poop and died soon afterwards, while in the galley a snake struck several times at the Negro cook who became unconscious but later recovered, being the only injured man to do so. Many of the panic-stricken seamen by this time had taken to the rigging but several reptiles followed them even there with unbelievable agility and had to be disposed of in one way or another. The remainder of the men, together with the officers, wrapped their legs, thighs and arms in heavy canvas and patrolled the decks until dark.

Mr. Huston asserted later that although two or three hours had passed since the *Batallha* had first anchored and been attacked, there was no sign of the snake swarm lessening. As far as he could see about the ship, he said, there was a congested mass of upraised swimming heads, and after night fell the bodies of the reptiles churned the sea to a phosphorescent fire while the upraised heads glowed with a weird pale greenish effect, strongly disturbing the more superstitious members of the crew who declared it was a visitation of the devil and that all resistance was futile. This was particularly true of those men already aloft, and they refused to come down and join the others in the main cabin aft, which Captain Herrando had decided was the safest place after shutting all skylights and ports and bolting the scuttle door.

For the rest of the night the *Batallha* rode unattended at anchor with no lights showing, and would have been a serious menace to any other vessel happening in the vicinity, a matter which naturally was of minor concern to the frightened men shut in the cabin or cowering aloft and striking blindly at any movement in the rigging. With the dawn the battle for the ship went on again, and it was found that a considerable number of the reptiles had managed to come on board during the darkness and had to be tracked down in every nook and cranny. From the noises in the ship's holds it seemed the innumerable rats were also being attacked, and several were seen to appear on deck, and, either in agony from injuries or in blind terror, leaped overside and were swallowed in the mass of swimming serpents.

This horrible phenomenon persisted until nearly noon of that day when the wind changed, coming sharply from the northeast and causing a considerable swell to rise. As if this was a signal, Mr. Huston declared, the whole area of the sea was abruptly deserted, the snakes diving from sight as if each had been pulled down by a string. Singularly also, as if a message had reached them, the remaining living reptiles on board slithered up out of the holds and from all manner of unlikely places, and, plunging overside, at once disappeared. Nor were any of them seen again; and, but for the dead men and the crushed snakes lying about, it all might have been an ugly dream. Captain Herrando ordered sail made and services were held for the unfortunate victims, whose bodies had swollen to putrescent masses of greenish flesh that gave off such an odor it sickened all hands.

Mr. Huston had preserved one of the reptiles in a jar of alcohol and he described the creature as being "about three feet long and thick as a belaying pin, a glossy, velvet black in color, with two small fins or flippers set near the head, and the tail a little flattened with a sort of brown, jelly-like fringe running for a few inches

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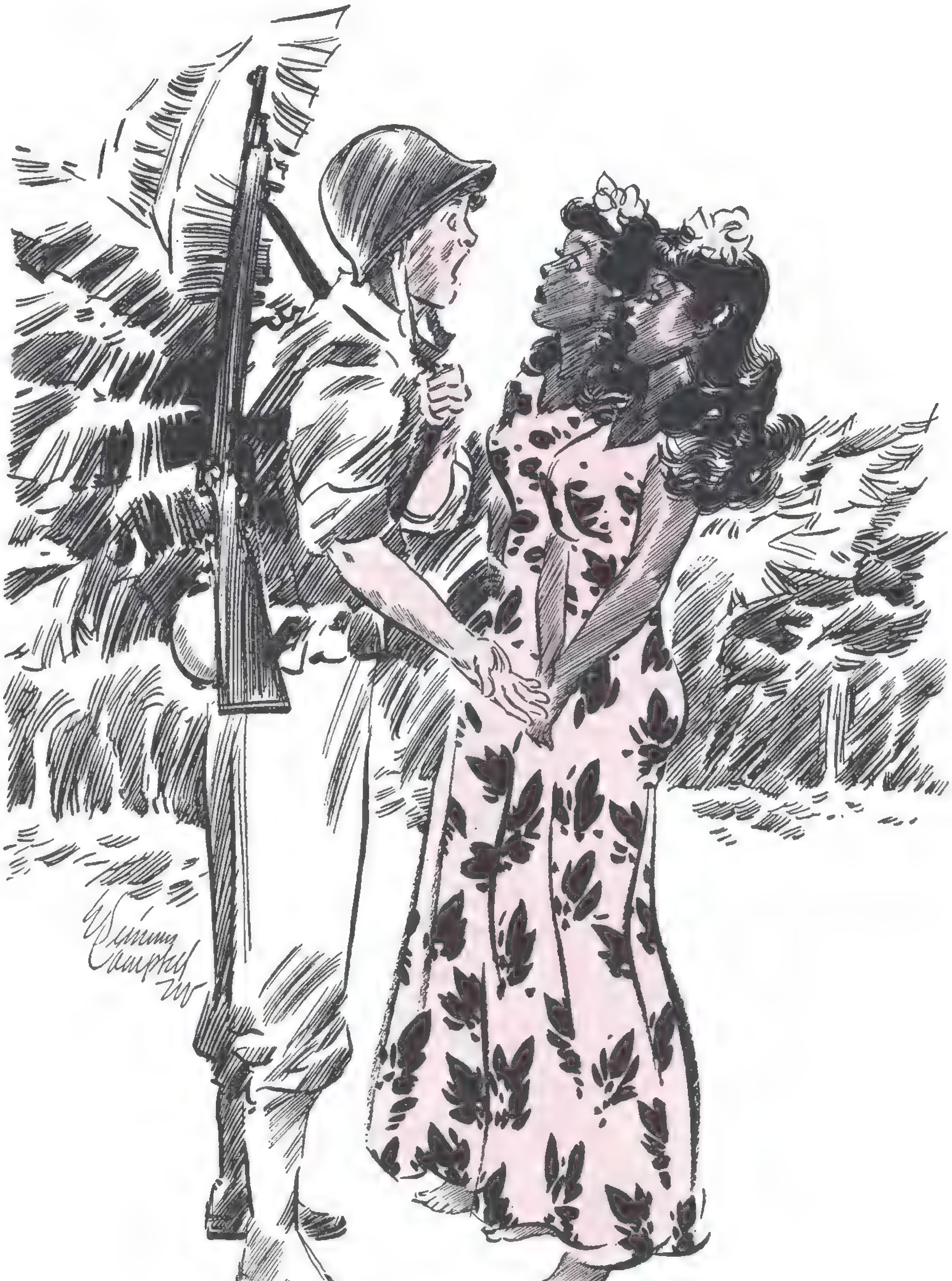


"Sarong! S-A-R-O-N-G! My gosh, don't you understand your own language?"

Hath Charms to Soothe

It was while playing his hot variations to *St. Louis Blues* that Dmitri hit the G-sharp which took him out of this world

by BRYAN MARVIN

FICTION

DMITRI STANAKOUS was playing the clarinet and was quite unhappy about it. He looked just that, too, a fat unhappy Greek playing the clarinet. He hated these summer country club affairs. Always the same, he thought. There is always a row of French windows leading to the terrace, there are always sorrowful decorations in bad taste, there is always the heat, there are always lovely young people who drink too much or make fools of themselves in other ways. The pretty girls never look at a fat middle-aged Greek who plays the hot clarinet. They complain if the music is fast and hot, they complain if it is too slow. They never show their appreciation by clapping at the end of a solo. Well, I shall perhaps make music the love of my life and so be happy.

The band played on with the usual number of rests until midnight when a very strange thing happened. Dmitri was playing his hot variations to the *St. Louis Blues* when he slipped in a G-sharp with the little finger of his left hand. He felt a thrill run through him which resembled the shock he had once given himself with a broken electric toaster. He tried it again, slipping quickly over the note as he passed down a chord. Yes, there was something tangible to the G-sharp key which gave him a sensuous thrill. He passed over the note on the way back up and then came down to hold it in a long wail. The sensation had grown and was getting stronger. But there was no pain associated with it as there had been in the case of the toaster. There was a warm feeling in the solar plexus, a tingling of the fingertips, and Dmitri's face had a cool feeling as though it had recently been bathed in alcohol. He realized that they were coming to the end of the chorus and he wound up with a curious little yelp way up the register. He heard applause and saw with surprise that some of the dancers had stopped in order to crowd around the bandstand. The fact that they were applauding him did not sink in for a good while. He still felt the electrical tingle. As the piece ended, the guitar player turned and spoke. He was a quiet elderly man but when he was young he had once played with the greats and the whole orchestra looked to him for classical decisions on the true jazz. It was a surprise to all when he turned to Dmitri and said, "Say, Stan, you were better than Tesch on those three."

Never before had he condescended to even compare a contemporary player with the oldtimers. "Three?" said Dmitri in a puzzled voice.

"Choruses," added the guitar player.

The rest of the band began to sense what had happened. Once in a long time, usually during their practice sessions, it had happened to them. A long swing out into the space where there is nothing. But Dmitri was playing the melody which the others had merely dreamed. The leader, who was a hail-fellow-well-met sort of chap, missed the point and asked Dmitri what he wanted to play next, inferring by his tone that he did not think much of a musician who couldn't stop his solo at the appointed place in the arrangement. But Dmitri was still befuddled and took him seriously, answering *Honeysuckle Rose*. Those around the stand began to clap and the leader had to play it whether he wanted to or not. His was not a big-name band that could tell its patrons what they would hear; it had to please. That was what it was hired for.

The tune went all right until they came to Dmitri's solo. The same thing was happening. Whenever he touched the key with the little finger of his left hand, the tingle would run through his frame. It had grown even stronger. So much so that it would last while he played a whole phrase. He played on and on. The other members of the orchestra came to the conclusion that the background was useless. Everyone was listening to Dmitri. So they stopped. The piano, bass, guitar and drums kept up the fast swinging beat but even that was unnecessary. Everyone's eyes were glued on Dmitri. He played faultlessly, easily, swinging way out through the vacuum that separates the stars and then back to earth in a gentle glide borne on the wings of indescribably beautiful passages of music. He had even surpassed the ordinary reaches of hot jazz. He was composing a rhythmic symphony as he played. All the dancers had stopped to listen now, and all those who had been walking around outside came in to listen. The noises from the bar were stilled as soon as word of what was happening had been spread in there. Dmitri, or rather his music, was the focus of everyone's attention. They even stopped whispering to each other. No one seemed surprised when he stepped off the platform, walked once around the room and out through the French windows onto the veranda. They followed quietly on tiptoe, the girls holding their taffeta dresses to keep them from rustling. He was still playing that unearthly melody. It had the harmonic background of *Honeysuckle Rose*, but the tune had disappeared a long time ago.

The first hole at the club is a long straight one running away from the clubhouse. The tee rises some six feet from the level of the surrounding ground and is screened on three sides by thick evergreens. Dmitri climbed the mound and turned to face the throng which collected at his feet. They stood there silently packed together. Some of their mouths were open and all of their eyes were fastened on Dmitri's, not on his hands or clarinet but on his eyes. He stopped playing, sat on the ground and took off his shoes. This was one of his secret vices. He hated shoes and always felt better without them. He had once lost a pair, for which he had paid eight ninety-eight, in a movie house and had had to walk out in his stocking feet. The dancers rustled, spread apart and sat on the grass to take off their own shoes, and still they did not speak. It was as though no one dared to break the silence while the memory of that celestial music lasted. The members of the band took the opportunity to rush the drums and their instruments up onto the tee behind Dmitri, and they were all ready when he started to play again. He did not speak, he merely started the *Tiger Rag*. They fell in behind him, the trumpet carrying the tune. The onlookers began to talk and finally to dance again. A few went off by themselves, but the rest were dancing barefoot on the grass and enjoying it immensely. The regular ballroom steps were out of order because of the entangling grass, and in any case, the resiliency of the earth called for something a bit more violent. So they quickly evolved a prancing bounce to suit the occasion. It spread through the group like wildfire and soon they were all doing it, laughing and joking. Now and again a phrase from the clarinet would come through clearly and cuttingly, and the dancers would

Continued on page 112

STAGE-DOOR ESQUIRE

The Duke and Three Duchesses of Swing

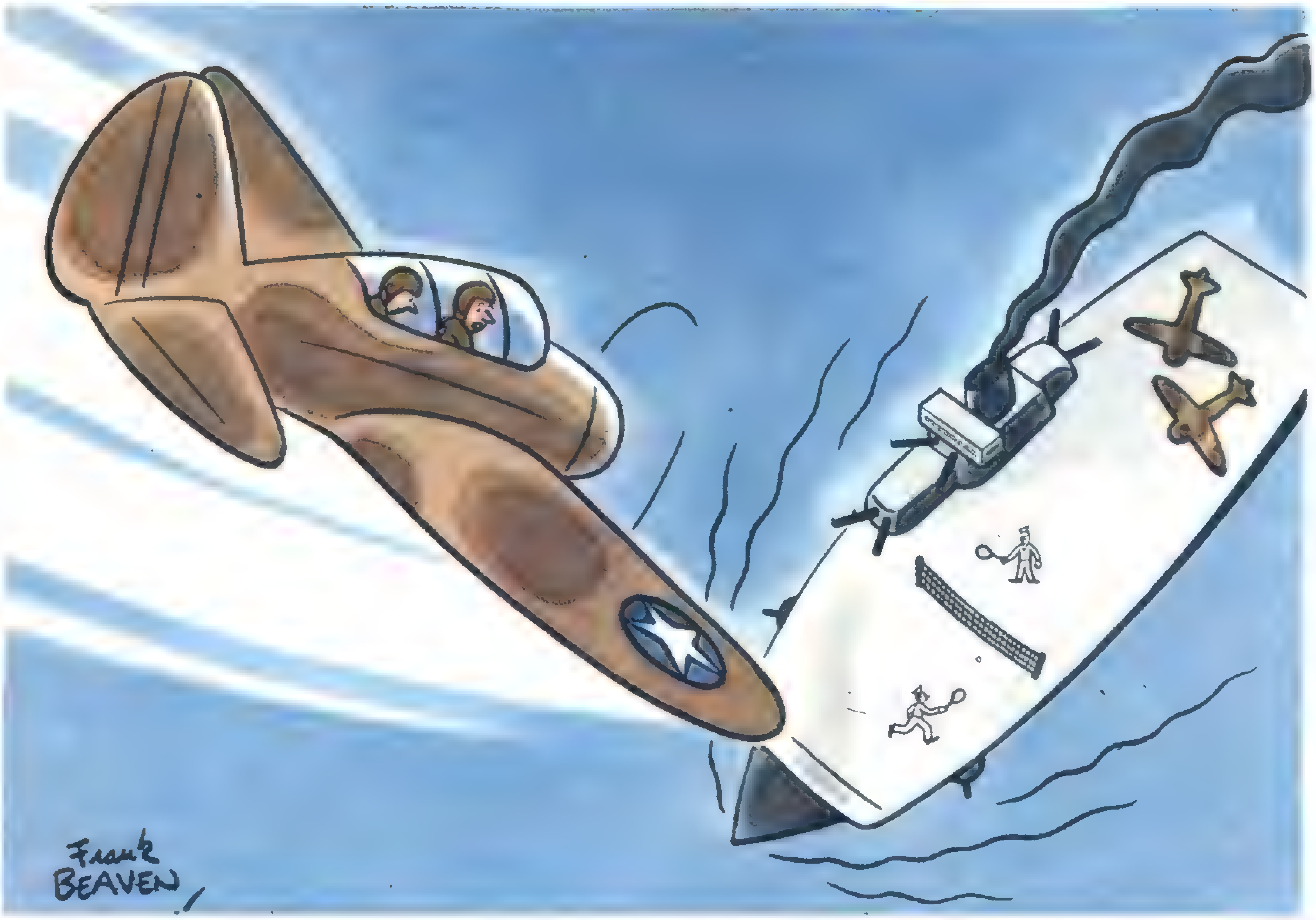
SWING-CONSCIOUS Esky would be missing a beat if he failed to sound a fanfare on behalf of swing's own high priest, Duke Ellington. *The Immortal Duke of Hot* is the title awarded him in a recent estimate of his life and works; actually Ellington first received this apt title from the then Prince of Wales during the Duke's London engagement in 1933. Other great ones enchanted by the Duke's especial magic are Orson Welles and Leopold Stokowski. The latter expressed to Ellington a wish that he could number in his orchestra musicians who could "play those little cadenzas during a rest like your men."

Here George Serebrykoff has caught the Duke in a reflective mood during a show at Broadway's Hurricane Night Club. Dave Wolper, owner of the hot spot, is cheerful witness to the fact that the Duke breaks night club records as well as those of theaters.

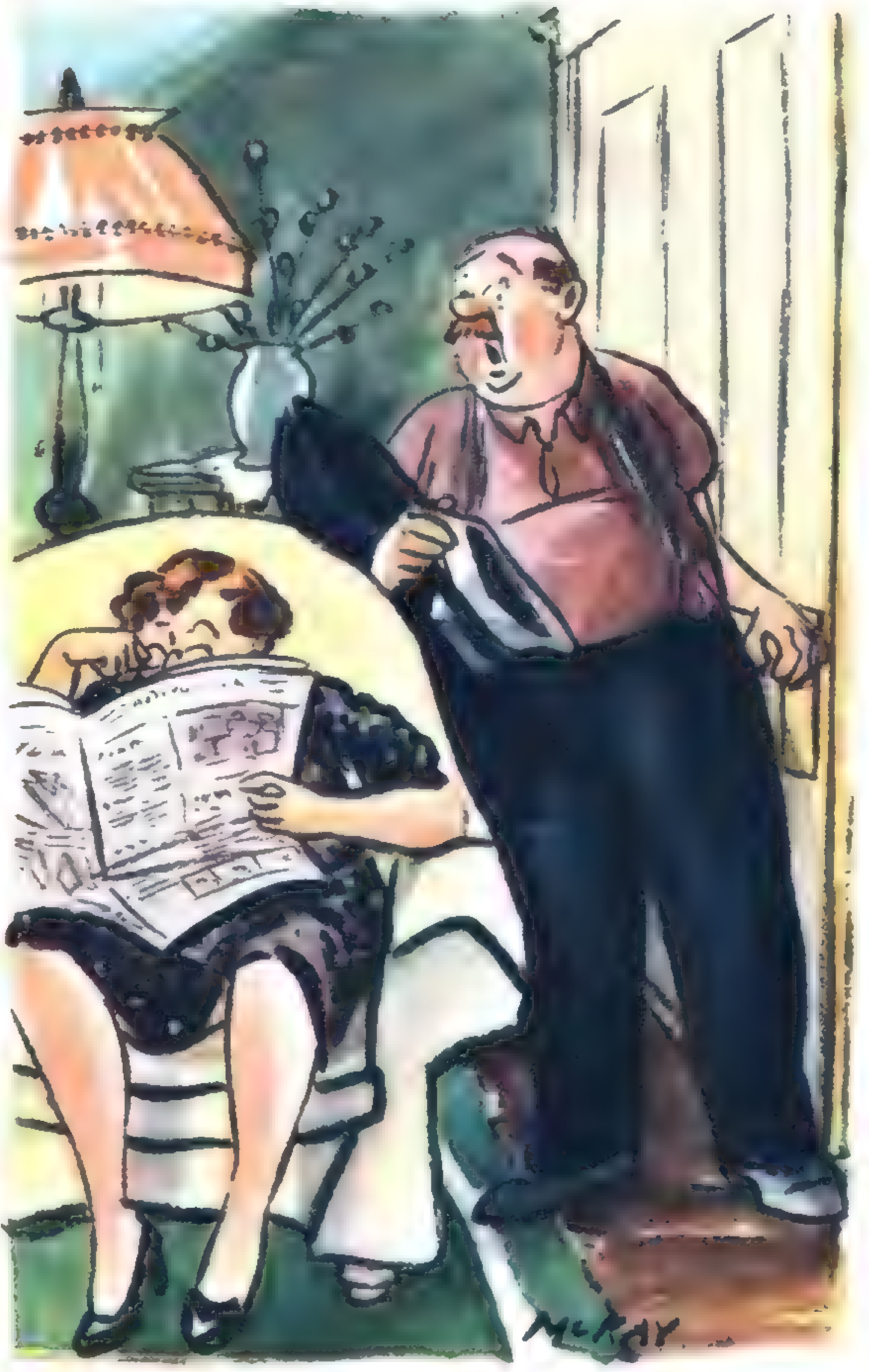
It would take more space than allowed these days to tell of the Duke's place in the annals of jazz. Two of his most famous hit songs are *Mood Indigo* and *Sophisticated Lady*, and the most recent is the wistful *Don't Get Around Much Any More*. The elements of the simple, the native, and the unique combine to make the Duke's contribution *great*. Everyone remembers his first high point concert at Carnegie Hall, after which musikers broke down in a body and admitted that here was jazz music which had to be judged by the standards of art. On the personal side, the Duke is soft-spoken, has an easy, casual manner, laughs often, likes to listen, admires other people's music.

Betty Roche, the throaty-voiced songstress standing behind the piano, likes to sing with Ellington's band because "there's always extra excitement wherever the Duke shows up." Sally Marshall, on the piano, is one of the dancing show girls with the Hurricane, models during the day, paints well enough to have aspirations for a one-woman show. Sitting on the floor is Letitia, danseuse exotic who has quite a reputation, what with her performances at the Hurricane and in the *Star & Garter* musical extravaganza.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF



"The skipper says not to come in until they finish their game of tennis!"



"I said I'm going back to the Happy Hour Tavern where I'm appreciated"

◀LENA HORNE, ONE-WOMAN JAM SESSION

READ on if you want to know more about Lena Horne than you picked up when she was adding throaty fuel to the flame at the smoky supper clubs, or quickening the Hollywood celluloids.

One critic explains it this way: "She has just about everything that is artless and foolish and warm-hearted in a woman." Others, leaving Lena's mellow singing late at night, came up with one word—*effortless*. But words don't come very close to describing the unique quality of this young screen find who has thrown her weight into eight Hollywood musical productions since *Panama Hattie*.

Lena Horne likes her work. Her success was a foregone conclusion to anyone who took stock of her assets. She starts out with a rich contralto voice with an unforgettable haunting lilt. Nor does the physical inventory hold her back. She is slim, graceful, languorous-eyed. Then there's the unpredictable element to her singing: sweet music goes easily into swing-time, and jive tempos go sweet. She adapts each number to her own special artless style, which might explain why she has become, in just one year, a marquee "draw."

Lena Horne was born in Brooklyn, where she went to Girls' High School. Her mother, still a very pretty woman, had been a stock actress and encouraged her daughter to make a career on the stage. Lena, however, has had very little training. She just began to sing, loved it, wasn't self-conscious. She began singing in obscure places, but people remembered her, asked for her songs over and over again. Her first important break came when she was signed to appear with Noble Sissle's orchestra. Out of this came other cabaret, orchestra and radio work. She married, retired, then returned in 1941 via Charlie Barnet's orchestra, a spell at Café Society Downtown, and NBC's *Strictly from Dixie* series.

Came the hour of decision. Lena turned down a good Broadway offer and headed for the West Coast to sing at Hollywood's Little Troc. M-G-M was smart enough to sign her up and the rest is cinema history. Lena's picture success has not gone to her head. In Hollywood her modesty sets her apart. She tells people that there are many more talented hopefuls than she in the unheralded ranks of her race, and that she was just lucky.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM STONE

The Fourth Reich Casts a Shadow

Top-ranking Nazis now plot to survive Hitler in a defeated Germany and each has an alibi to disprove his war guilt

by CURT RIESS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

About a year ago Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, banking wizard of the Third Reich, moved to Switzerland and rented a home on one of the upper-bracket lakefronts in Zurich. He told reporters that his doctors had ordered a change of climate. "For reasons of health," he explained.

Rumor told a different story about why Dr. Schacht left Germany. According to reports which were widely circulated and eventually just as widely accepted, he had broken with Hitler. The man whose genius put Nazi Germany on a paying basis had renounced Nazism and fled. It is now pretty generally believed that Schacht's career is finished.

But look more closely. In the first place, if Schacht's break with Hitler were as sharp as rumors claim, isn't it strange that such a well known German leader should have been allowed to leave the Reich peacefully, with his papers all in order? And if—as the same reports have it—Dr. Schacht considers his career through, why does he keep up contacts in Swiss banking circles, where he is especially prominent as a member of the board of directors of the International Bank of Settlements in Basel? We assume that Schacht's ambitions are dead and buried. Actually, he is keeping them in good shape for a timely resurrection.

Schacht's first post-war job, in fact, the first post-war job of all so-called reformed Nazis, is to convince the Allied governments that they were never sincere Hitlerites and never had much to do with Nazi politics, anyway. They are just good bankers, or good economists, or good something or other, and might as well be allowed to continue peacefully in business in whatever sort of country Germany is after the war. Dr. Schacht's present statements are typical.

Only a few weeks ago a man I know had a long talk with Schacht in Zurich. The banker seemed pretty optimistic about his own future. "Germany will certainly be defeated," he said. "But what then? They will need economic experts to get the country into shape again." Asked whether he didn't believe his position in the Hitler regime might cancel any such hope for the future, Schacht just laughed. "I am a banker," he replied. "I am also an economist. I am *not* a politician and I never was."

After the war the Allies are going to hear this story often. The truth is that like many another ex-Nazi, Dr. Schacht's career has *always* been advanced by playing politics. Under the Kaiser and during World War I, he was violently nationalistic. Under the Republic, he moved towards the left and became one of the cofounders of the "Democratic Party." In the late twenties, when democracy was going out of style in Germany, he resigned from his post as president of the Reichsbank and joined Hitler's party. Der Fuehrer was grateful; Schacht was soon reinstated as chief of the Reichsbank under the Third Reich and later appointed Minister of Economics.

Now, under cover of his present "retirement," Schacht is working hard to talk himself and other prominent German leaders into the good graces of the Allies. Through connections in Switzerland and in Spain, he has presented several peace plans; these plans have been forwarded to Washington and London. They all contain offers of collaboration with the Allies, indicating that many leading Germans are willing to do away with Hitler, more or less to show their good will.

These men are leaders in German industry and banking, officials in the Foreign Office and other government departments; some are prominent army generals. It may seem fantastic that such top-ranking Nazis should be negotiating with the Allies behind Hitler's back, but look at their records.

Forty years ago they were all supporters of the Kaiser. They all went over to the Republic when the Empire fell and they all betrayed the Republic for Nazism. Their system is to denounce the has-beens and bed down with the powers-that-be. Perhaps the most typical of all is Dr. Otto Meissner.

If you've followed international politics for the last twenty-five years, you know the name. During World War I, Meissner was a German intelligence officer in Kiev and a strong-conservative. After the Revolution, he became Chief of the "Praesidialkanzlei"—a glorified private secretary in charge of all matters connected with the job of the President except those of actual government. Since the first president of the German Republic was a Social Democrat, Meissner became a Socialist. When Hindenburg followed Ebert, Meissner remained at his post. Needless to say, he was no longer a Social Democrat.

Meissner served Hindenburg until the latter's death. Several days after Hindenburg died, his testament was "found"—by nobody else but Meissner. When it was made public, almost all those familiar with Hindenburg's style declared that it was a falsification. Is it possible that Meissner had something to do with a forgery which demanded that the Germans recognize Hitler as their Fuehrer? In any case, under Hitler, Meissner held the same job he had held under Presidents Ebert and Hindenburg. . . .

Today Meissner is not content to entrust his business to Schacht. He has started negotiations of his own. During the summer of 1943 he sent at least two personal emissaries to Madrid.

These men, who are determined to play important roles in the Germany-to-be, can be separated into different categories.

The first, and by far the largest, is the one composed of men who don't care what kind of regime takes over as long as they are in. They are loyal only to the prejudices of their own particular caste. Though they have apparently changed radically three or four times during their lifetime, they have actually never changed at all.

Besides Dr. Schacht and Meissner, this category includes several members of the Hohenzollern family. The Hohenzollerns have by no means given up hope of regaining the throne and there are many people both inside and outside Germany who would welcome such a restoration. The ambitious Hohenzollerns hope to convince the world that if the Kaiser had not been chased out, Hitler would never have come in.

The man who has the biggest chance of so persuading us is Prince Louis Ferdinand, one of the Kaiser's grandsons. He is still a young man and, for a Hohenzollern, astonishingly intelligent and suave. Americans know him. He worked for some years in the Ford plants near Detroit.

A subdivision of the category of men who are all out for themselves is comprised of the eternal runners-up, the men who *almost* made it in politics. Such men, for instance, as the German Ambassador to Turkey, Franz von Papen, or Dr. Erwin Planck, son of the world famous physicist.

Most everyone knows about von Papen's adventures in America where he was a German military

Continued on page 131

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Betty Grable, Modern Merry Widow, in *Pin-Up Girl*

There are two good reasons why Betty Grable crowds the competition as number one pin-up girl. One, the left one, is legging at you in this shot from the likely-labeled 20th Century-Fox pic *Pin-Up Girl*. The other is immortalized in cement outside Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood; but it, too, appears in the new musical. Miss Grable does more than parade her pins in *Pin-Up Girl*. She dances and sings, for instance, *The Story of the Very Merry Widow* by James Monaco and Mack Gordon, played by Charlie Spivak's orchestra. The routine: the history of the Merry Widow from gay, slightly antiquated beginnings up to now. Betty Grable, wearing something this side of a hoop-skirt, dances something this side of a samba. Then, before the patrons of Joe E. Brown's Diplomacy Club in Washington, D.C., know what hit, she bangs into a military drill number as the Merry Widow of 1944.

All this fits, in the manner of musicals, into a pleasantly preposterous plot. Grable as the life of the party at the Missoula, Missouri, U.S.O.; Grable as a tall-tale-telling steno in the Navy Department; Grable as a night club singer and a nuisance in the love life of Martha Raye. It comes out even—even when gorgeous Miss G. dons horn-rimmed glasses, and pretends to be the mousie type.

Sweetheart of seven million servicemen (and, incidentally, husband Harry James), Betty Grable comes from Missouri. Literally. From St. Louis, specifically. She made her professional debut at the retarded age of 7, but has made up for lost time in the twenty or so years since, as a movie chorine, a band singer, a Broadway musicaler and now a star. Big break came when Alice Faye was sick and *Down Argentine Way* was out one leading lady. Blonde for blonde substitution put Miss Grable on the perch she has decorated ever since. You've been seeing her in things like bathing suits, *Coney Island*, *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, and on things like barrack walls.

For the records: She's five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 113 pounds, and will soon add "mother" to her list of real roles.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK POWOLNI

The Wheel of the Law

The Indian Prayer Wheel signified to Kathleen a part of her husband's past she wanted buried deep and forgotten

by W. G. MAYNE

•FICTION•

After a short time of blitzing, London settled down to the new conditions and "took it." So did the Cliffords along with millions of their fellow citizens. However, they did not go into a public shelter during the nights but slept in the basement of their little Golders Green house. They could take the risk, for bombs very seldom fell in this area and houses hit in this remote section of London were the casual targets of lone bombs dropped at random. Nevertheless, the nearness of Hendon's airdrome necessitated certain precautions. Geoffrey and Kathleen used to lie down in slacks and pullovers. Each of them had a pouch with some money, valuables and documents tied around the neck. At the head of their couch stood two small suitcases with some underwear, clothes and shoes to be grasped in case of emergency.

One evening they made their usual preparations for the night after dinner and then sat down by the fireplace, since it was too early to go to bed. They had not exchanged many words since James Hay had left the house. Some attempts on Geoffrey's part to start a conversation had met with Kathleen's obstinate taciturnity. Finally he had stopped talking and waited now for Kathleen to begin while he was skimming the evening paper. He knew that she would return once more to the present that the postman had brought with the last delivery tonight.

Kathleen stared into the fire. Fluffy sat on her lap and enjoyed her mistress's gentle scratches with a purr.

"Geoffrey," Kathleen broke the silence at last. "I want that thing thrown out."

She was referring to the little object now standing on the mantlepiece just in front of the old-fashioned clock. It had the appearance of an ordinary chariot wheel. Its nave, in which the eight plain spokes were inserted, was shaped like a lotus leaf. On either side of the leaf an oddly flourished column covered with fancifully carved figures was attached. Both columns joined below and formed a broad foot on which the whole thing rested. The dark brown surface of the felly was strewn over and over with the black signs of a mysterious scripture.

Her husband lowered the paper. "Why?" he asked in his usual calm manner.

"Because it stands between you and me," she replied with vehemence. She looked beautiful in her anger. Her blue eyes sparkled with passion and her excitement made the blonde curls that framed her oval face tremble. Geoffrey leaned forward in his chair and took hold of her hands.

"Kathleen," he said with a soft voice. "How can the wheel stand between you and me? Nothing stands between you and me. I love you."

"The past stands between you and me," she persisted, withdrawing her hands from his grip. "The Indian object is a remembrance of the past. I won't suffer it in our house. How can that woman dare to send you presents?"

"That woman was a dear friend of mine," he said with emphasis. "You know that for I didn't conceal anything from you. But she belongs to the past, and the past is dead."

"Then why revive it with this fetish?"

"I don't revive it at all. This symbol is the token of a friendship that I wouldn't like to miss in my life." He spoke on a firm note.

"So you admit that you are still thinking of her!" Kathleen cried near to tears.

"But Kathleen! Be reasonable!" he urged her. "I think of her as a valuable companion of many years. It would be unfair to deny this."

"You still love her!"

"Don't talk nonsense!"

"It's easy work, kid—just hold the cloth to the window and tremble"

He was really angry now. This jealousy was ridiculous. He had maintained a friendship of eight years with Ellen, with whom he had felt connected through many common interests while he was serving his government in India. But Ellen was a married woman and mother of two children and when at the outbreak of the war Geoffrey was commissioned to a post in the Indian Department of the War Office, he considered the new assignment as the best solution of his precarious situation.

When he met Kathleen through James Hay, an old friend of his and her parents, he became aware that youth had not yet deserted him. Past forty and with graying temples, he had believed that passionate love was gone forever, but Kathleen's brisk youthfulness had soon dispersed his somewhat austere melancholy, the mark which his Indian years had left on his mind. And Kathleen was an attentive listener to his tales of mysterious beauties and willingly allowed herself to be guided by his spiritual superiority.

Four months after their first meeting they had celebrated a quiet wedding. Kathleen was thoroughly acquainted with the details of her husband's life. She had absolutely understood his love affair but she couldn't forget the tenderness with which he at times recalled Ellen. The arrival of the parcel today had kindled her jealousy anew.

"This is a prayer-wheel," Geoffrey had explained to her and James, who had come out to tea. "When Buddha first preached at Benares to lead others on the road to Nirvana, he 'turned the wheel of the law' as the consecrated phrase goes, and from a too literal understanding of this metaphor have arisen these little wheels for meditation. The doctrines of the Buddha you see inscribed on the felly."

Geoffrey had spoken earnestly. The little wheel had revived his zest for Indian mysteries.

"To many believers this wheel represents Buddha himself," he had continued. "He rests on the lotus leaf as the universal ground and turns the wheel of the law, in the middle space of which simply the whole of our existence is comprised: good and evil, joy and sorrow, light and shade, birth and death. In some parts of India where Buddhism still has millions of adherents, it is believed that whenever the wheel gets into motion without human interference or without application of the means devised for its turning, some peril is impending. However, if it moves regularly, that is to the right, the evil thing will pass and the end will turn out to the good. If, however, the unintended movement goes to the left side, a good ending is denied."

James Hay had laughed off this explanation as pure superstition, but to Kathleen it was more than that. It seemed to her as if the wheel turned her husband's mind back to India, back to Ellen. Therefore, her request to throw the present away.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Geoffrey repeated after a pause. "You know that I don't love her any more, but you can't request me to blot out a fifth of my life. This is beyond human will. Those eight years exist and cannot be cancelled."

"You wouldn't even wish to cancel them!" she flung at him, deaf to reasonable arguments.

"No," he said. "Why should I? They were beautiful. I wouldn't be myself without them."

"They are dearer to you than your wife."

"Nothing in the world is as dear to me as you."

"Prove it! Throw that ugly thing away!"

She jumped to her feet reaching out to seize the object of their quarrel. But Geoffrey intercepted her hand and held her wrist firmly clasped. Fluffy, frightened by the sudden move, had leapt to the floor, from there taking a bound on to the mantelpiece. It was a favorite of hers and she loved walking around the clock and the two silver candlesticks. So she did now but, to her visible astonishment, she found her way barred by a strange piece which she had never noticed before. The cat cautiously approached that unknown obstacle, made a hump and sniffed at its surface. She eventually withdrew when she understood that the new knick-knack prevented her from pursuing her customary way. On turning round, her bushy tail touched the wooden circle and set it in motion. The wheel moved in the right direction.

Both Geoffrey and Kathleen had intently followed Fluffy's walk on the mantelpiece. When the cat had started stealing around on the narrow ledge, Kathleen had stopped wrestling against Geoffrey's firm grip. As if under a magic spell, she couldn't detach her eyes from the cat's soft movements. Now, when the wheel began to rotate, Geoffrey dropped her hand and murmured:

"A misfortune will happen but it will turn out all right."

This was too much for Kathleen's nerves. There he was definitely back to superstition and Indian mystery, which meant Ellen. With flaming eyes she exclaimed:

"A misfortune will happen but it will NOT turn out all right!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, his eyes still on the rotating wheel as it slowly came to a standstill.

"Either you are going to destroy that thing at once or I'll leave the house!"

He startled round. "Kathleen! Are you mad?"

"I am not mad at all. But I don't want you to become mad under the influence of that foreign nonsense. Throw it away!"

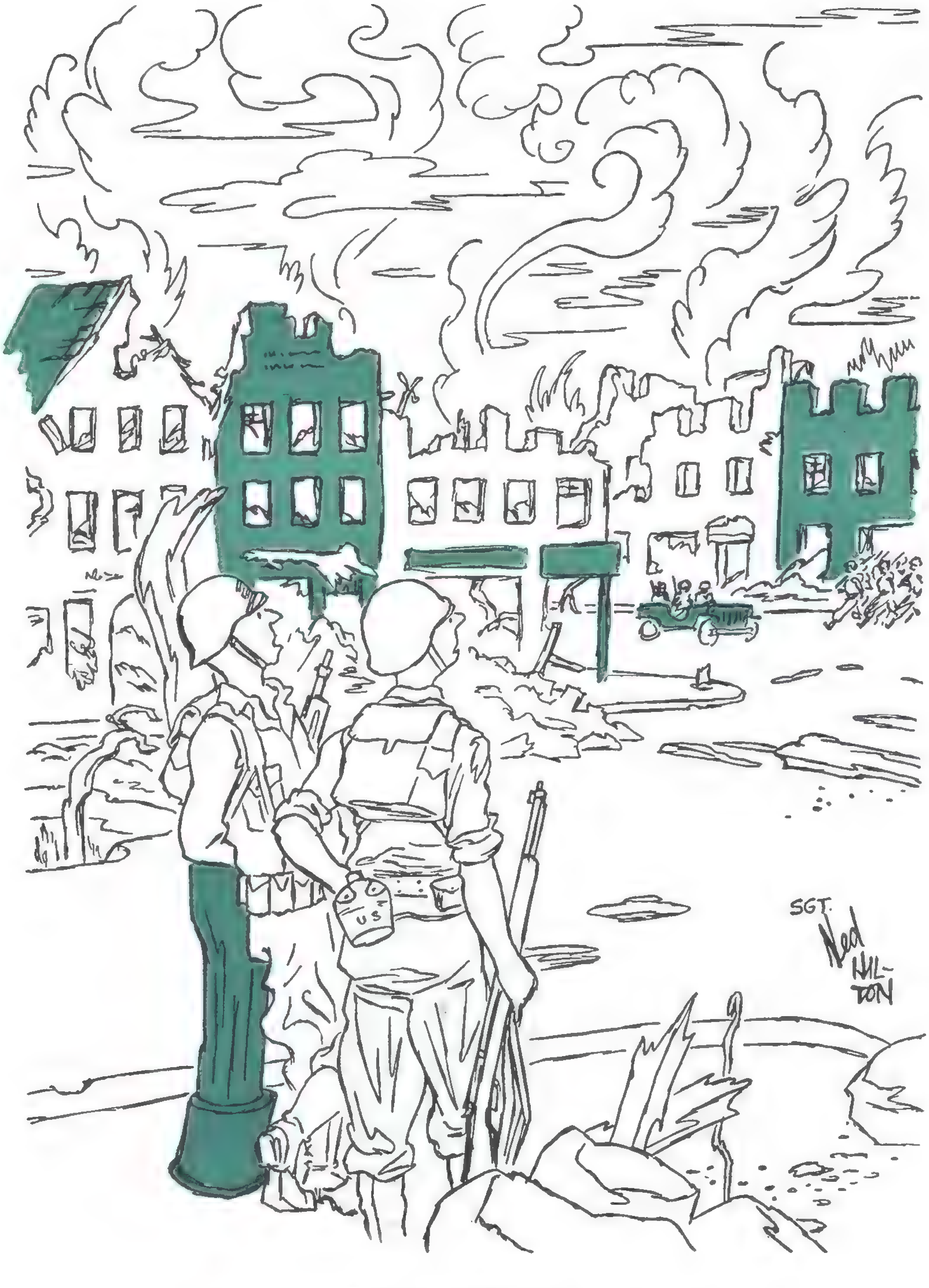
"No!"

For a moment they looked straight at each other with determined miens. Geoffrey would not submit to what he believed to be a silly request. Kathleen, on her part, wanted to root out everything that might remind her husband of his Indian years. Her cheeks flushed with wrath when she twirled round and stormed out of the room. Her impulsive nature would not allow her to retreat from her threat.

Without taking anything with her, she rushed out into the street. The houses were completely blacked out, but a bright moonlight flooded the street and made it appear like a fairy-tale stage scene. A few people walked hurriedly home. It is quiet out here, Kathleen thought, but when she reached the corner of Finchley Road which connects Golders Green with the city, the wailing sound of the sirens cut the air. She hastened her steps, not knowing where to go. A patrolling policeman passed by. "Hurry up, lady!" he called after her. "They'll be here in a few minutes!" She nodded back.

Why had she left her home? My God! How silly to quarrel about that stupid wheel! But it was an old dispute between her and Geoffrey, that Indian affair. Today it had come to a head, that was all. One day it had to be fought out, after all. Why did he cling so stubbornly like this to by gone times? She felt herself neglected. She knew well that Geoffrey had concealed nothing from her, but why wouldn't he close for good that chapter of his life? He couldn't free himself from India and, to her, India and Ellen were one and the same thing. The arrival of the parcel

Continued on page 122



"So this is Berlin! Frankly, I'm disappointed"

The Compleat Eater

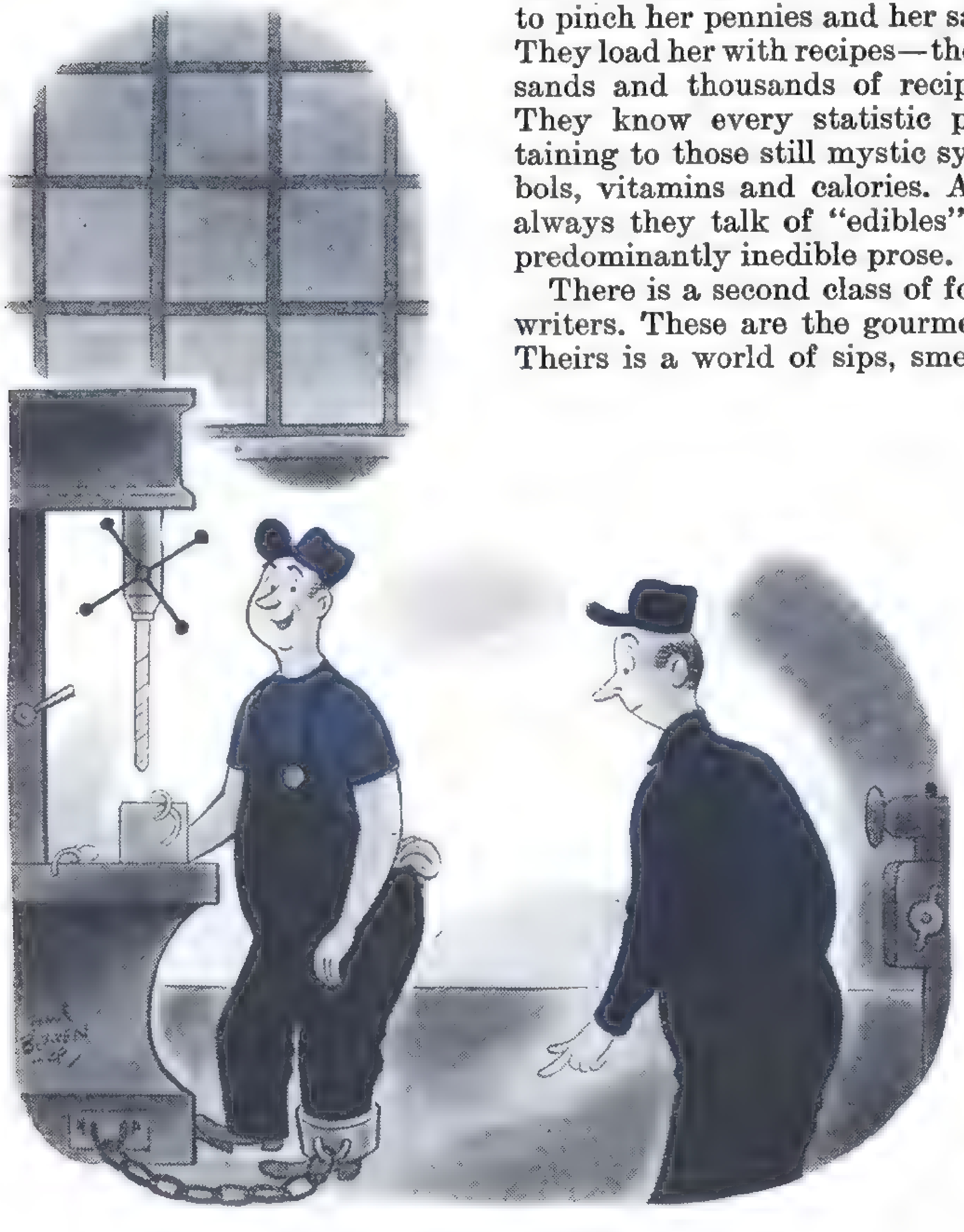
M. F. K. Fisher writes about eating as a sensuous experience, to be enjoyed freely and without concern over rules

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

If you want a true symbol of America's strength, look at the American stomach. Observe how it, infinitely more than any other organ of our Department of the Interior, is under constant surveillance. Its care and feeding is our great national pastime. We abuse it; we repent and fortify it against our abuse with bitumens, unguents, scraped apple and forms of chalk. Yet, by some autonomous alchemy which must be a clue to the secret of our strength as a nation, the stomach manages to function in spite of all this.

It is the object of organized solicitude from various sources. There is the medical profession, which keeps it constantly under the fluoroscopes. There are the pill factories, which insist that we keep it constantly coddled with belch-preventatives. And there is, not last, not least, the legions of writers on food whose passion and profession it is to tell us about the alimentary canal. These are perhaps the most solicitous of all. They are, at any rate, the most interesting.



"I put it on myself—I couldn't stand to have the boss fretting about my leaving for another job"

Food writing is a subject which can be boiled down and dehydrated into a very few words. Food writing is writing that tells you what, how, when, and occasionally where, to eat. It is a vast topic, as vast as any dreamt of in your philosophy, and it has a vast number of practitioners.

There are, first of all, the Friends of the Frying Pan. These are the ladies (and, now and then, the gentlemen) who write the food columns for the newspapers, the ladies' magazines, and for the advertisements of the food manufacturing companies. They are graduates of the Home Economics schools, they are dieticians with degrees. Their job is to tell the American housewife how to feed her family. They talk to her of Balanced Diets. They tell her how to start off with the most salubrious of soups and wind up with the most nutritious of nuts. They teach her how to butter the batter, how to baste the roast, how to pinch her pennies and her salt. They load her with recipes—thousands and thousands of recipes. They know every statistic pertaining to those still mystic symbols, vitamins and calories. And always they talk of "edibles" in predominantly inedible prose.

There is a second class of food writers. These are the gourmets. Theirs is a world of sips, smells, subtleties. It is an elegant and exclusive world. Its vocabulary is elegant and exclusive. Gem-like words like "palate" and "bouquet" are its very common nouns. Word necklaces like "Sainte-Croix-de-Chateau-Pinardino-'08" are its everyday catch phrases. If you read the gourmets you are not interested in Home Economics or the art of swindling the corner Greek on the price of cabbage. The thing you detest most in the world is plain home cooking, and a roast without wine is unthinkable. If you write for gourmets, your knowledge of light and heavy alcohols is large indeed and you gossip easily about the most ramshackle *boîtes* in the most inaccessible corners of New Orleans or pre-war Paris. Your prose is caviar to the general. Half your world is liquid, half solid, and you don't give a damn about the price of either.

Then there is a third class of food writer, and one of these is M.F.K. Fisher.

Now M.F.K. Fisher may not represent the mathematically exact mean between the two extremes. But if the profession of food writing is bounded on one side by the Friends of the Frying Pan and on the other by the gourmets, then M.F.K. Fisher definitely belongs somewhere towards the middle. Fisher is, in a manner of speaking, a compromise between Prudence Penny and Lucius Beebe, and if that portrait conjures up a peculiar vision in your mind, it is not meant that way. I am speaking figuratively.

M.F.K. Fisher is unique for several reasons. One, for being neither esoteric (a gourmet) nor dull (a Home Economics expert). Two, for possessing one of the most fluent and readable writing styles in the business. Three, for never forgetting, in spite of an overwhelming amount of erudition on the subject, that food is something to eat. Four, for being a woman. Five, for being a very handsome woman. I submit that most writers are not beautiful. Beautiful people go to Hollywood or to hell.

Now there is also an irreverence about this young woman who has wide eyes, a soft voice, and a mailed fist. In a calm and quiet and always well-mannered tone she says things that make the gourmets and the skillet swingers sore as hell. She is, at heart, a heretic on her chosen subject. She has dared to say, in no uncertain terms, that this business of a universally balanced diet is just so much nonsense. Her creed is that every man's stomach has a personality all its own; that each one of us must seek and find the diet that suits us best; and that it matters not if the diet you settle on bears no resemblance at all to what the best newspaper columns say. She has questioned the feasibility of that sacred American habit of eating three meals a day, and she wonders if some of us do not need four or five a day—or two. She goes further, this heretic with three initials who never bothers to preface them with a "Miss."

Her manners are prim and her voice almost too soft, but she packs a Rabelaisian wallop. In *Consider the Oyster*, a book she devoted exclusively to the popular crustacean, she gave a chapter to the most burning question about oysters—the one the well-behaved experts leave strictly alone. Miss Fisher not only wrestled the subject around with the finesse and efficiency of a Judo expert; she came up with the conclusion that the most succulent of bivalves does *not* stimulate the vital organs. Heresy again, in a different sort of way. When it comes to food, Miss Fisher has little respect for Mrs. Grundy, or for folklore.

She is sacrilegious too in her dicta on drinking. She says, for example, that a dry martini can produce "boredom, morbidity and indigestion." Considering the millions of martini drinkers in this country, that statement mounts to high courage. When she sizes up the liquor question as a whole, she comes up with another brave remark. Drink, she says, what you like to drink. If it's a red wine you like with the fish, make it red. And if it's three-eye hooch that whets your appetite for oysters best, and you have the intestinal fortitude to take it—why, disregard all the warnings about how your gastric juices turn to carbolic if you drown your oysters in hard liquor, and make it three-eye hooch. That is a preachment you will not find in the works of the masters. And where today is the food writer who advises you that, depending on your own private constitution, you may discover that *any* liquid goes well with oysters—ale, wine, vodka, gin, fermented buttermilk, hard whiskey?

Consider for a moment not only

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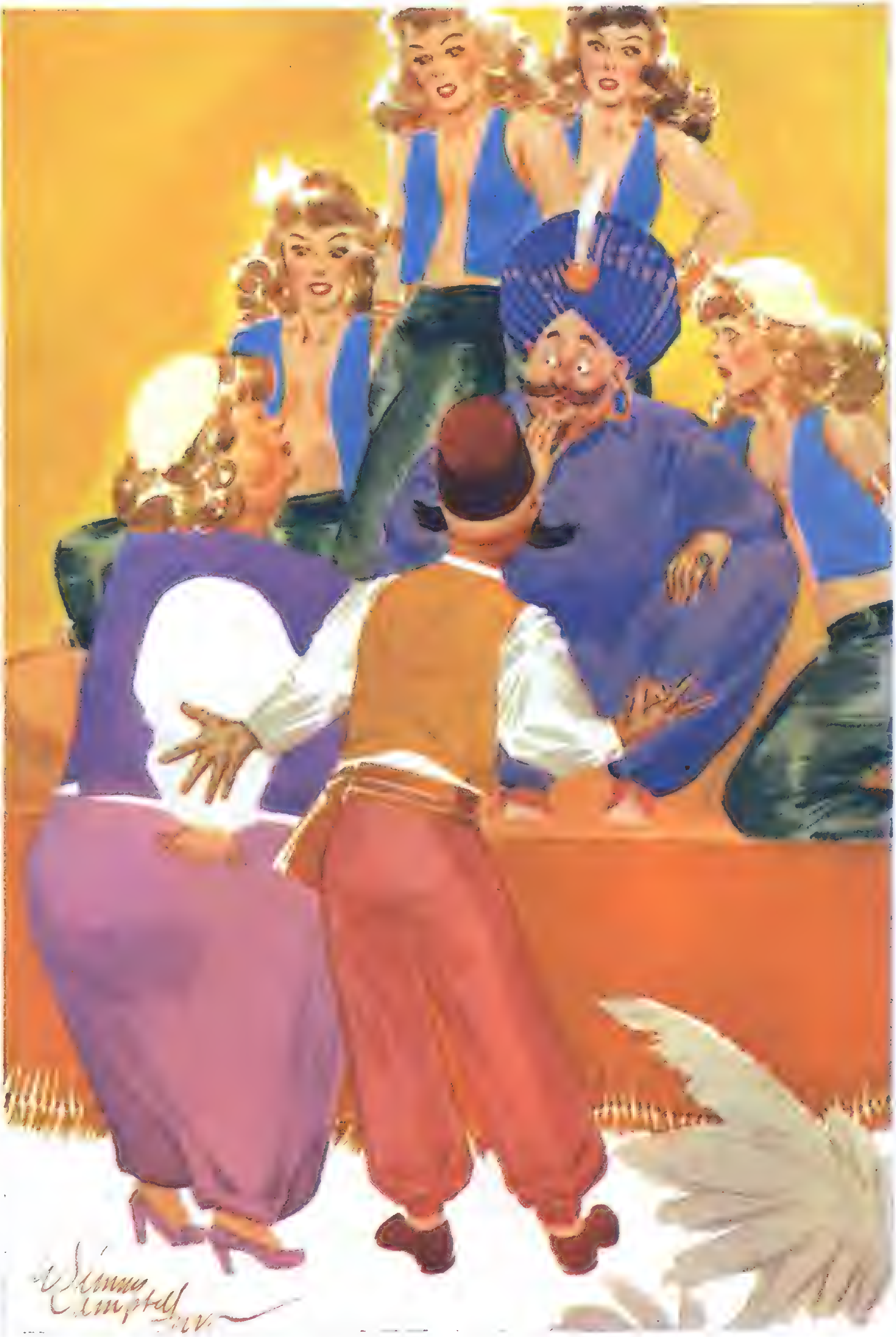
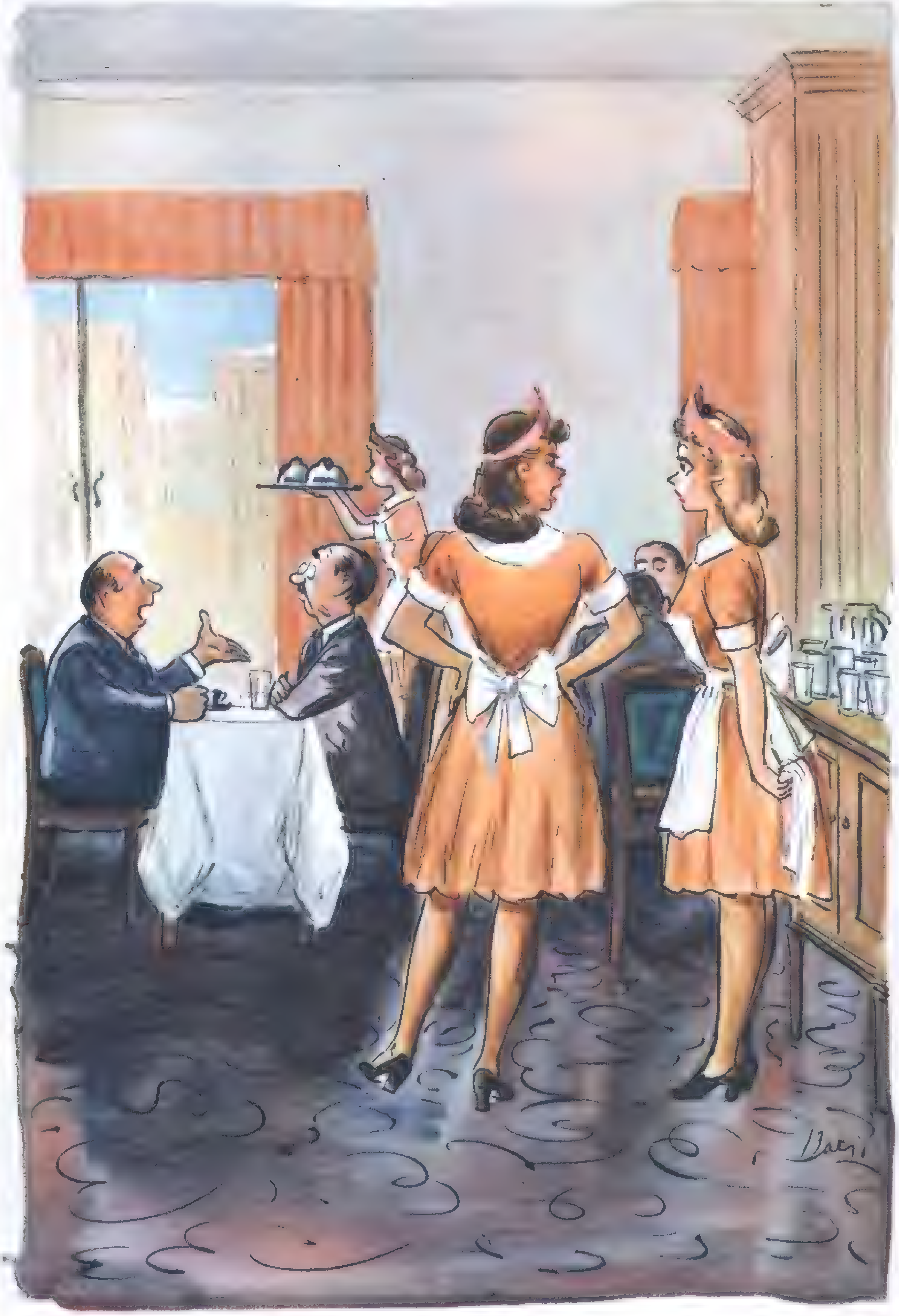
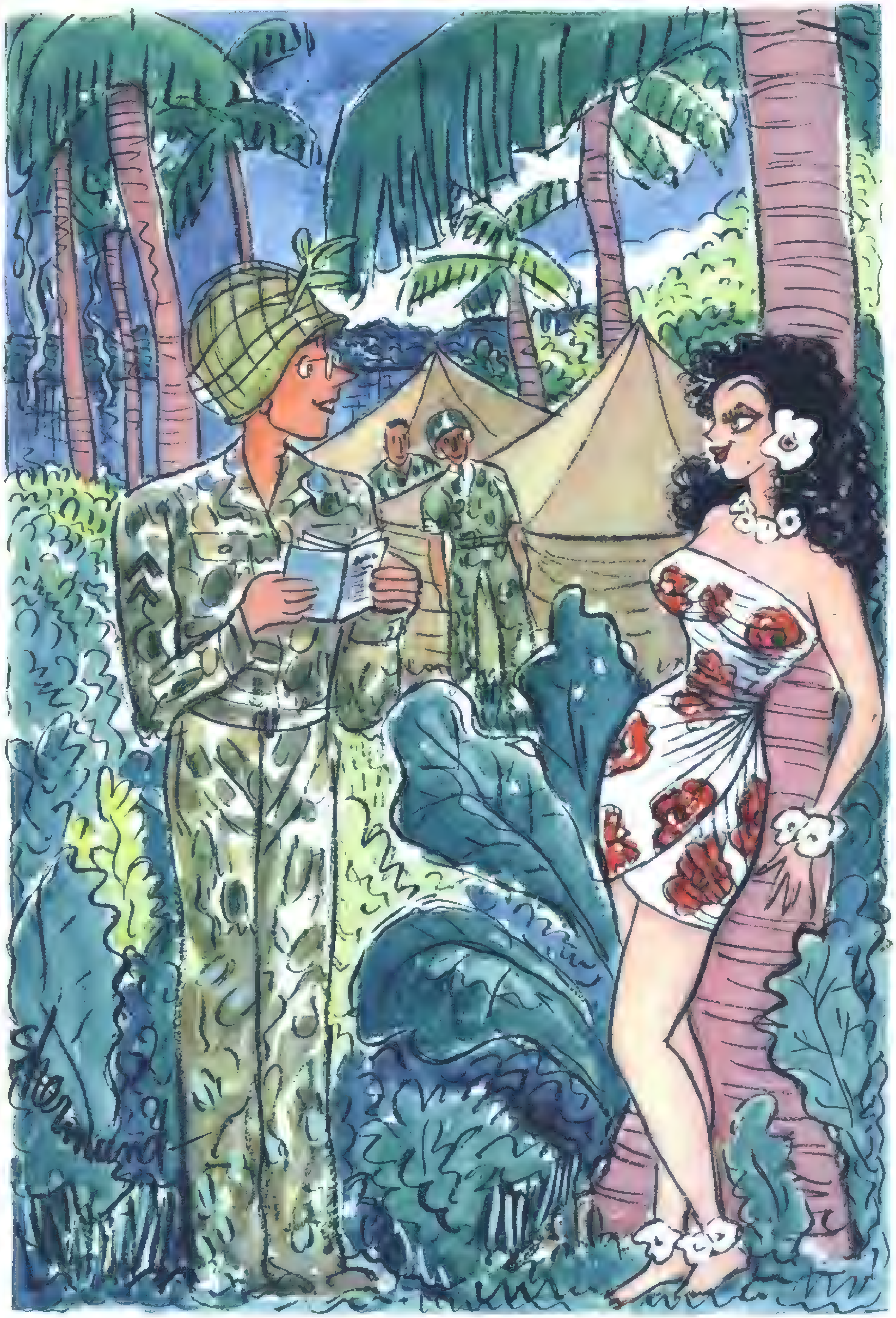


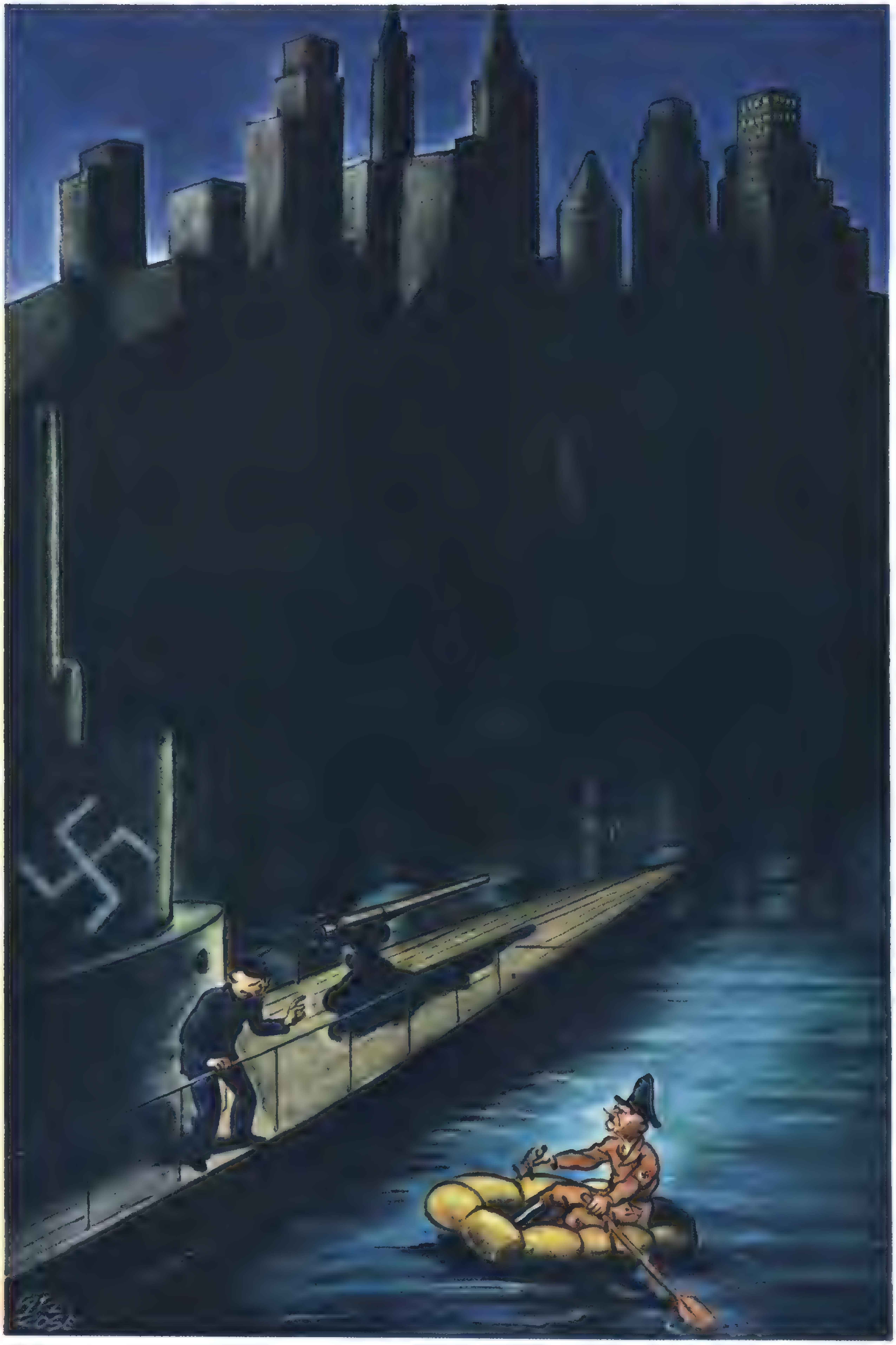
"I want to get two twenties for a forty"



"The way they keep talking about billions I can't tell whether they are lunatics or politicians"



"Will you excuse me while I brush up on my manual, Miss—I'm not quite sure what we're supposed to do about you!"



"Now don't forget, Mein Führer—the name is Mr. Anthony
—Mr. John J. Anthony"

Skiing in Time of War

Even with all the current hazards of transportation and hostelries, skiers, like love, will find a way

by OTTO LANG

SPORTS

In the pursuit of recreational sports, the ski *aficionado* was undoubtedly one of the hardest hit on the American sporting scene.

Greatly responsible for the rapid rise and popularity of skiing in the United States were the strictly American innovations of the "snow train," the automobile and an assortment of various hauling contraptions, from the lofty funicular and streamlined chairlift down to the lowly rope tow. All these, however, relied upon materials vital to the war effort; railroad equipment, gasoline, rubber and above all—manpower.

Only a few of the better known resorts managed to carry on. Most of them folded up, or wisely decided to close their hospitable doors for the duration and not swim against the stream. Some are serving patriotically, as is Sun Valley which has been commandeered by the Navy as a recuperation center.

Many a skier will wonder about the prospects for this coming winter. They are certainly not better. In fact, they are even less promising than last winter. Add to transportation difficulties the problems of the innkeepers in regard to fuel and food supplies in these days of rationing and you have your prospects in a nutshell.

Nevertheless, skiers always have and always will find a way to reach snow and the mountains if they are given half a chance. Their bodies and needs are most adaptable, their will is tenacious and their spirit indomitable.

More than ever before, though, a skiing trip has become a matter of careful planning and meticulous financial calculations, for it is improbable that the average wage earner could afford repeating it under the present circumstances. It is not only a question of where to go but also how and when to go.

The week-end skier, once so typical of the larger metropolitan centers, is practically extinct. That threatening army at Grand Central Station on a Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning, loaded with packsacks and suitcases, swinging skis and poles menacingly at the unwary bystander, is an aspect of the past.

Nowadays, embarking on a skiing vacation is a highly clandestine procedure. The skis are usually shipped by express a week ahead (very sensible and advisable in any case) and the culprit appears at the station in a dark business suit or smartly tailored costume, as though he was on a routine business trip to Philadelphia, Pa., or Portland, Me. To carry one's skis in public has definitely become a stigma.

As sorry as I was when Sun Valley closed, I welcomed an opportunity to spend a winter in the East. I was looking forward to seeing New England again. There I began my professional career as a ski instructor when I arrived in the United States in the fall of 1935, with Peckett's on Sugar Hill as my destination.

In my memory Peckett's remains one of the most attractive New England hostelries with a singularly charming atmosphere. Besides it was the ultra-chic place for skiers to go. It well deserved its reputation. The skiing, of course, could not measure up to the sport which could be had in the Alps. Logically, there was no point in comparing two countries of such radically different topography. It was the best the East had to offer then.

The winter of 1935-36 was acclaimed one of the heaviest in the annals of eastern skiing. We had a great deal of snow, some of it crisp and powdery. We also had a considerable amount of rain and the ice that goes with it. I learned diligently that skiing in the East was different, that it was a venture based on perennial hope. Somewhat of a hardship. I also learned to respect and to admire the eastern skier, for he was red-blooded, hardy and content with whatever he got, as long as he could strap his skis on . . . and slide. At that time a chairlift was nonexistent in America and still a technical scheme. There were a few scattered rope tows, merely considered better than nothing. The trails were narrow and skiing was a walking and climbing proposition. It was fun, for it was the golden age of American skiing. One knew every skier by his first name.

Last winter again was marked as one of the best for snow conditions in the East. There was an unusual amount of snow, with the usual flexibility in the texture of its surface. Were it not for the war, skiing undoubtedly would have broken all previous attendance records and toppled all statistical figures per capita.

Alas, Peckett's on Sugar Hill has ceased to operate during the winter months. Mr. and Mrs. Peckett have done their share of pioneering and prefer the pastoral quietness of a country squire's life to the pulsating excitement of a skiing crowd. The steps of hobnailed ski boots are damaging to hooked rugs and Early American antiques.

The village of Franconia still remains one of the centers of the New England skiing territories. It boasts an up-to-date funicular, a varied net of ski trails of which the Taft trail is best known and famous. Franconia also developed one of the finest ski patrols in the country before the war broke out.

Of course, Franconia, like so many other resorts, has its problems. It is easy enough to get there by train and to find good lodging and food, but how to commute between the villages and the tramway is left up to one's ingenuity. According to the latest word received from Roland Peabody, managing director of the Cannon Mt. Tramway and general factotum of Franconia, plans are to operate the funicular on a limited schedule as long as it is possible. His problem more than anything else is the lack of manpower. It takes competent and experienced help to service an aerial tramway.

Extremely fortunate in many respects is North Conway, where Hannes Schneider holds the reins and leads the ski activities, while Harvey Gibson, President of Manufacturers Trust Co., (the home town boy who really made good) stood by to cover any eventual deficit. Well North Conway turned out to be a mint and there never was a deficit to take care of. Last winter it had one of its most prosperous seasons, and I would not be surprised if skiers had a limited choice in reservations at the Eastern Slopes Inn this winter. Strategically, North Conway is most favorably situated. The two railroad depots (from Boston and New York) are at the threshold of the village and the skimobile is within easy walking distance from most of the inns and tourist homes. It is an odd looking vehicle, that skimobile. Conceived and built as an experiment by the village mechanic, it remained to stay, lugging the skiers up to the top of Cranmore Mt. with the continuity of a *perpetuum mobile*.

Hannes Schneider has done

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"We saved thirteen points sending Junior to bed without his supper"

The Absent-Minded Marine

The Gawgi engagement revealed three ways to accent a password: the right way, the Harvard way and the Jap way

by FRANK X. TOLBERT

• FICTION •

Camp Pendleton, Calif.
November 1, 1943
To Gunnery Sgt. Henry Stamps,
Instructor, Marine Corps Scout
and Snipers School,
Camp Elliott, Calif.
Dear Gunny:

I guess you remember me. You should, because I gave you so much grief being absent-minded while I was a student at the Scout and Sniper School last year.

I am still a Pfc., though I have been a Browning automatic rifleman with Colonel Grew's Raiders for the last some months and all during the Gawgi Island campaign. Platoon Sgt. Arnett is still on Gawgi, and he told me to give you his regards. He is O.K. and has not got shot up or got the mu-mu or the malaria, or nothing.

My absent-mindedness got me in a whole mess of trouble out in the islands. When we made the landing on Gawgi, I forgot my shelter half and poncho, and I had to sleep on banana leaves with nothing over me but a mosquito netting. However, I remembered to bring my B.A.R. so I got along pretty good until the afternoon when I was detailed to go out on a patrol with Lieutenant Goldman's people.

While we were on Gawgi, our outfit always used passwords with the letter "l" in them. As you know, Gunny, most Nips who speak English pronounce "l" as if it were "r." The very first time I heard a Jap say anything was one night in the battle on the Kamo River mouth. Someone up ahead yelled: "Cease firing, friendry troops." Well, I just blazed away and, later, we found I'd killed a nice, frying-sized Jap non-com.

It became a game thinking up words with the most "l's" in them. Captain Renfro of our company wouldn't approve any hard words, no matter how many "l's" there were in them. The captain usually would suggest a password that had a sort of story behind it, so that all hands could keep it in mind. I guess the hardest one to pronounce was "Lola's Thigh and Lila's Thistle," but the time we used it nobody corked off and forgot it, not even me.

I felt pretty mad when Captain Renfro detailed me to go on this patrol, for it was on the day we were getting ready to shove off for the big raid on Taramboco Island. I didn't want to miss the Taramboco job just to take this bunch of replacements on a hike, and I told Captain Renfro so.

The captain said: "We're not leaving for Taramboco until after dark tonight. You should be back in time to go with us. Lieutenant Goldman's people are new men and most of them do not know a Jap from a Gook. I don't want any friendly natives hurt. You stay on the point all of the time and see that the boys shoot nothing but Shambos. If any native is harmed, I'll secure you in the brig for the rest of your cruise."

"Yes, Sir," I said, but there was reproach in my voice. About this time, Lieutenant Goldman came up and told me the password for the day. This Lieutenant Goldman was a tall, earnest guy, only a few years older than me, and the scuttlebutt was that he was fresh out of Harvard College.

"Sir, I don't think this password of yours is worth a hoot in hell," I said to Lieutenant Goldman. "It's hard to say and harder to remember, and I don't know what it means, though I went to North Panhandle Teachers' College for three years and majored in public speaking."

The lieutenant looked at me kind of coldly. Finally he said: "Did you play football at North Panhandle Teachers' College?"

"Why, yes, Sir, I did. All-conference halfback—on some selections," I answered, though I did not see what my playing football had to do with Lieutenant Goldman's goofy choice for a password.

One of the boys in my platoon came up and kindly tried to explain to me what the password meant. "It means tiny, little or very small," said this Raider, "and you had better not forget it if you're going out with Lieut. Goldman's trigger-happy people."

SGT Ned HILTON

"They laughed at me when I shot this, but now it's exceedingly rare"

Well, we finally got started on this patrol. Lieut. Goldman's people were supposed to patrol five miles of a wide plain south of the airfield. This plain was covered with shoulder-high grass. We had to walk in a crouch to keep our heads out of sight while the Japs, if they were in the grass, could walk erect. I was setting the pace on the point, and I double-timed most of the way on account of I wanted to get back before the battalion left for Taramboco.

We beat out all of the brush and we didn't see anything except an old native man and a few string-bean cattle. When we got near the place where the plains go off into a banyan forest, I whispered to Lieutenant Goldman:

"Sir, there might be some Shambos waiting for us over in those first trees. How's about letting the kids stay out here in the grass while I snake up ahead?"

"O.K.," said the lieutenant and he motioned his people down. They were glad to hit the deck after all that walking in a crouch.

I crawled about twenty yards to the nearest banyan tree and studied the terrain. The forest smelled of Japs. Up ahead about fifteen yards, looking like shadows among the low-hanging branches and the vines, were five little guys around a heavy machine gun. They were staring out toward the plain, and they hadn't seen me yet.

I put the B.A.R. on full automatic and I let them have it. They fell around the machine gun like so many tackling dummies. A Shambo machine gun began jabbering off to my right. Rifles talked from the banyans in the Nips' .25 caliber talk. Lieutenant Goldman's people replied with .30 mm. and .45 caliber. Bullets cut the roots and grass around me. I figured this was a good time to slide back through the grass.

I started to back out of the banyan roots. Then I stopped. I lay there with my nose almost on the ground and thought as hard as I could, but I couldn't remember the password. I never thought harder in my life except, maybe, when our football coach at North Panhandle Teachers' College, Coach Buston, used to ride me about forgetting the signals. A Nip explosive bullet smacked into the trunk of the banyan. But still I couldn't remember the password.

I remembered the guy in my

platoon telling me the password meant "little" or "tiny" or "small," but that was all I could remember. I knew that if I crawled up on Lieut. Goldman's people without giving them the word they would give me fifty rounds of lead before I could start explaining.

So I stomach-cruised over to the dead Japs around the machine gun, and I field-stripped every one of those scoundrels, looking for an English dictionary. Sometimes these Nips carry English books. I've seen hundreds of dictionaries on them. I figured I could look up "little" and "tiny" and "small" in a dictionary and maybe find the password. However, these machine gunners were not a very studious bunch of Shambos. They didn't have any reading matter on them at all except some little flags with Jap writing on them.

From the sound of their fire, I knew Lieut. Goldman's people were beginning to move in slowly. I crawled up a little wash until I was only ten yards or so from the other Jap machine gun. The wash was deep enough to hide me from the crew, but I was praying there weren't any snipers in the trees above. I could hear a Nambu gun being fired from a tree just to my left. I couldn't see the heavy machine-gun crew from the wash, but I could see the gun's muzzle sticking out of the bushes.

I heaved a grenade just over the muzzle. It blew hell out of things and almost rolled me out of the wash. Just to make sure of things, I sprayed the bushes with the B.A.R. The jungle got very quiet.

I lay in the wash for a few minutes before I crawled up where the second machine gun had been. There were four dead Nips. One of these joes had a little English dictionary in his blouse pocket, but the book was beat up from shrapnel. I couldn't find the pages with "little" or "tiny" or "small" on them.

Then, Gunny, I looked up from that dictionary and there, standing right over me, was the biggest Jap I have ever seen. He was waving a big Samurai saber. He was an officer, a lieutenant in the Shambo Imperial Marines, I believe. He was too close for me to swing around the B.A.R. and fire.

He yelled in English that same old thing that most of the Nips yell in battle: "American Marine, you die." Only he said it with an accent very like Lieut. Goldman's. I couldn't swing the B.A.R. around, but I threw it, hard, into his face and he dropped the saber and staggered. I grabbed his knees and pitched him to the ground. He was strong. He kicked loose from my hold and he grabbed for my throat with both hands and started working on my windpipe. I guess he thought he had me, for he said:

"American Marine, you die. Every Japanese not a Rirriputian."

I was about to pass out, or I would have laughed. For he had tried to say Lieutenant Goldman's very goofy password: Lilliputian.

I could not see any more, but I was feeling around on the ground with my hands. I found a big rock and hit him on the burr of the ear. He toppled over in a V-shape, out cold.

I tied his hands with my toggle rope and I dragged him along through the banyans. The forest was still quiet. I started saying, "Lilliputian," every few seconds as soon as I hit the grass. Pretty soon, I ran into one of Lieut. Goldman's people and this trigger-happy kid nearly shot me because I didn't pronounce Lilliputian with a Harvard accent.

Lieutenant Goldman and I lay on our bellies and had a conference. The boys secured the Shambo lieutenant's legs with another toggle rope and gave him a light rap on the head with a pistol butt to keep him good. Then all of us crawled back into the banyans. We didn't find a thing except dead machine gunners. We'd run into an outpost and those that were left had hit it for the Kamo Hills.

Well we started back to camp and nothing else happened. We ran into the old Gook again, but none of Lieutenant Goldman's people tried to take a shot at him. I got back in camp just in time to go on the Taramboco raid, and it was really all right.

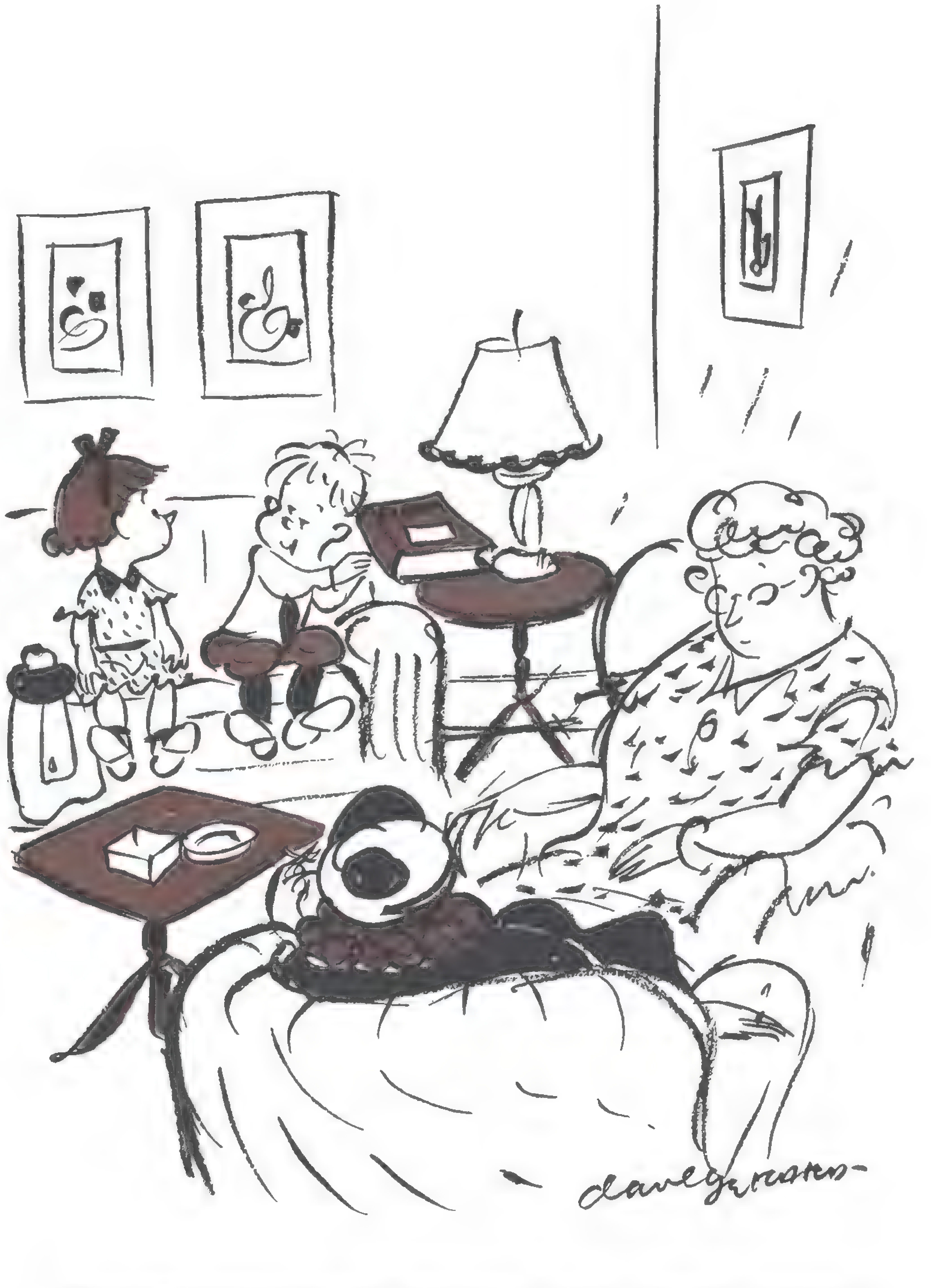
Lieut. Goldman turned out to be a pretty good joe. He recommended me for the Silver Star or something, and he gave me a book on how to improve my memory.

Gunny, you might read this letter to some of your recruits. Maybe it will warn them not to turn out forgetful, absent-minded, knuckleheaded eightballs, like me.

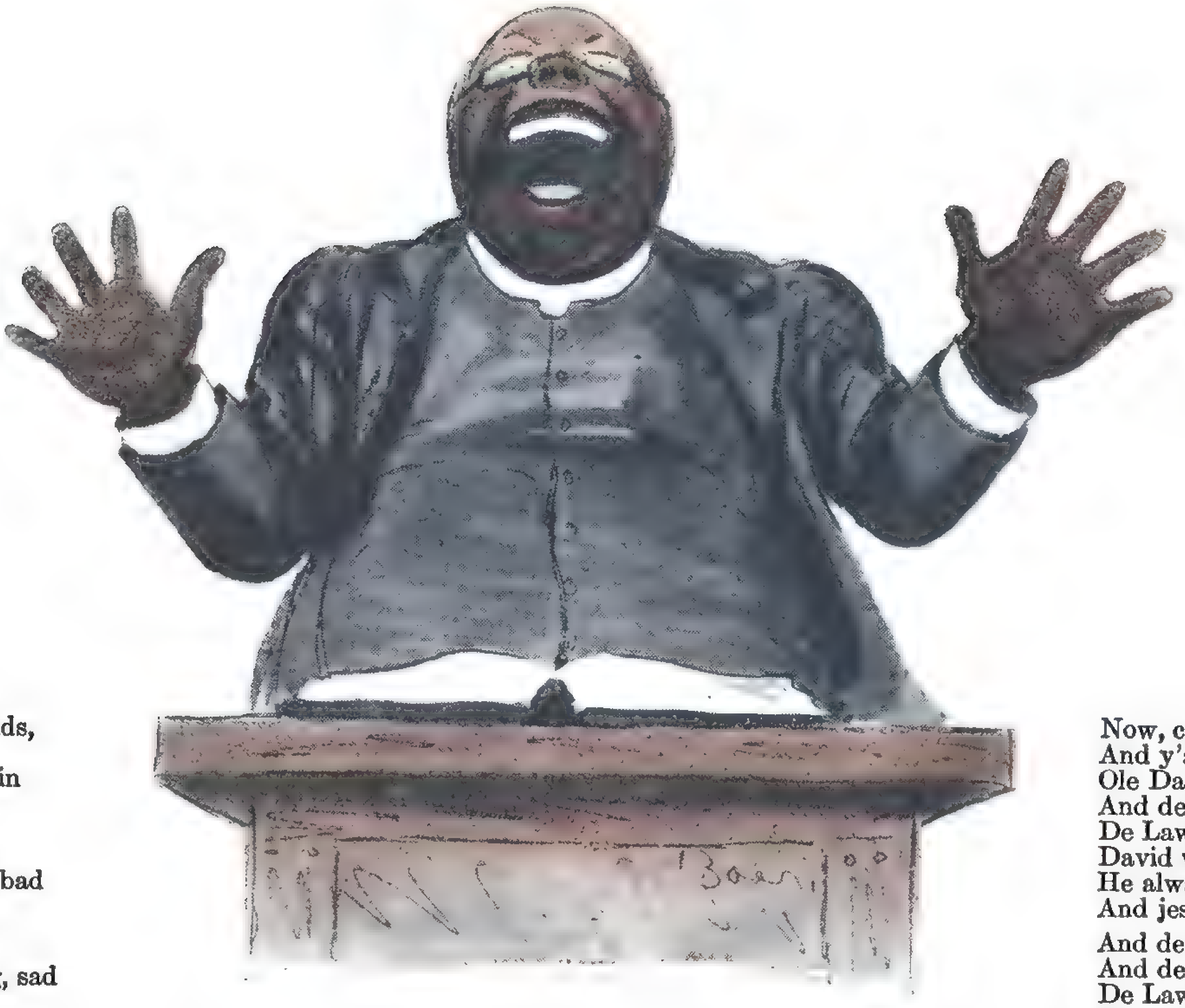
Well, Gunny, the next time I come down around San Diego on liberty, I will look you up.

Your friend,
Pfc. Pee Wee Hunt

P.S. I probably will not be down to Dago on liberty soon, as I am now confined in the brig. I went on a furlough and got absent-minded and forgot to come back until ten days too late. ⵌ



"Here's something that will hand you a laugh—my baby pictures"



I Jest Stand Hyar, Laughin'!

by ROARK BRADFORD

Sunlight souls, and visitin' friends,
Hit's time to do some talkin'.
I been preachin' to y'all 'bout sin
And evil and ole Satan;
I been chunkin' up de fire
And broomstone for de sinners.
And dat's all right, cause sin is bad
And I'm daid sot agin hit.

Amen! But wait—

Y'all come to church wid a long, sad face
And set hyar droolin' Glory
And righteousness and all dat stuff,
Twell hit looks like y'all is mourners.
You ack like yo' best friend is daid
And y'all is at de funeral.

So Holy you stink!

Now look, my friends, remember me?
My name is Elder Johnson,
Pastor and prop. of ole Sunlight
Christian Sperritual Mission.
I'm jest as holy as de nex' one
And I jest stand hyar, laughin'!

Oh, yas!

Laughin' cause I'm happy in my heart
And I'm tickled in my sperrit.
Dat's de kind er Glory in my soul,
Hit's de onliest kind wuth havin'.
Cause my salvation come f'm de Lawd
And not f'm de undertaker.
I didn't git saved by Geddis & Moss—
I sets at de Welcome Table!

Pass de Glory!

Now, Sis' Weathers, show dem teeth!
Chillun, git to grinnin'!
I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout—
I'll give you tex' and Scripture.

I knows hits war and strife around—
A hund'ed armies fightin'.
Soldiers gittin' shot and kilt,
And us got ration troubles.
My A-card otto won't git 'round
Amongst de sick and 'cropit.

Misery!

But I don't bring my face to church
And frown in de Holy Presence.
I'm got a subjeck and a tex'
Straight f'm de Book er David.
Dat's what I'm talkin' 'bout!

I will lif' up my heart and make
Laughter unto de mountains!

Dat's hit, souls!
Great God A'mighty!
Dat's ole Kaing David speakin'!

You know 'bout David? He was de kaing
And de Lawd's own high-partic'lar.
He drunk some wine and sung some reels
And jollied de widder womens.
He done some sin and sin is bad
But he also served de Master.
He whupped de enemies er de Lawd,
And built de mighty temple!

And den he laughed!
And de Lawd laughed, too!
Amen!

I kin see 'em now, some Saddy night,
Settin' 'round de table.
David's crown hangin' on de wall
And Jehoovah's halo restin'
'Ginst de golden mantlepiece
All shiny wid de Subster!
Mighty homelike,
Mighty satisfied, too!

And Jehoovah say,
"Dat put Me in mind of a little joke
Dat Gabe tole Me dis mawnin'.
Hit seem like hit was a travelin' man
And a lonesome married lady.
Dis travelin' man, he lit in town
Late one Saddy evenin'
And seed dis lady take a bath
Right out on de housetop.

"De travelin' man, he wunk one eye
And say, 'How 'bout hit, baby?'
And de lady say, 'O.K. wid me
But my husband might git jealous.
He's big and bad and six foot tall
And fightin' in de Army.
He might come home and find you hyar
And den hit would be trouble!'

"So dey talked and argyed for a while
Twell soon dis lonesome lady
Axed him to come on in de house
And have a cup er cawfee.
'My husband won't git home tonight,
He's busy wid de fightin'.'

"And she was right!

"Cause about dat time I stepped in—
'Cordin' to Gab'iel's story—
And got dat lady's husband kilt,
And dat made her a widder!"

And Jehoovah laughed and David laughed,
And said, "Lawd, pull de stopper
And pour Yo'se'f a glass er wine,
And I b'lieve I'll pour me likewise."
Dey poured and sipped and sipped and poured
And laughed about dat drummer
Thinkin' he had real pig meat
Instid of a widder woman.

Got fooled!

Den David, he got solemn-like
And say, "Was dat a pa'able?
Cause I been bouncin' 'round de town
Wid a lonesome married lady."

Den Jehoovah say,
"You speakin' 'bout Miz' Uriah?
Well, David, she's a widder, now.
I seed you knockin' on her door.
Jest git about yo' business, son.
You build a church and write a psa'm
Den haul off and whup My enemy."

De Lawd knows!
Amen!

So de Lawd, He laughed at David
And David say, "Jehoovah,
I swear, You sho's a case
De way You runs Yo' business!"
And Jehoovah say, "I gits about
And knows My chilluns' doins'.
When you sins I finds hit out—
Nobody ain't yit fooled Me.
I don't like sin, but I likes a joke
When hit don't do no damage."

You git de motion, souls?

So de Lawd lef' out, and David sot
And studied 'bout his business.
"Well, I be dog! De Lawd is smart,
Hit's no use tryin' to fool Him.
Hmm. So Miz' Uriah's a widder, now.
De enemies kilt her husband.
Dat makes me mad! Hey, come hyar, boy!
Go find ole General Joab.
Tell him to take ole Samson along,
And Gideon and ole Joshua,
And all my yuther fightin' mens,
And raley whup dem scound'els!
Now, scoot!"

Ah, yas!
But David wan't done, no.

Bricklayers, carpenters called he nex',
And den he yelled for plumbers.
"Build me a temple high and wide
Wid fawty cubits measure.
Wid live-oak beams and hard pine floors
And stud de door wid di'monds.
Set 'em all in solid gold—
And I don't mean in copper!
And efn y'all boys runs shawt er help
Den call in all de fiel' hands!"

David meant business!

When all dat business got strung out
Wid all de mens a-workin'
De kaing was feelin' sorter tired
So he sot back down and rested.
"Boy, bring my jug and bring some cake
—Oh, yas, and bring my pencil.
I b'lieves I craves to write a psa'm
About a joke de Lawd tole me."

And he did!

I will lif' up my heart and make
Laughter unto de mountains!

Kaing David wrote dat, church!
Great God A'mighty!

Now, church, hit's a lot er p'int to dat,
And y'all must git de motion.
Ole David sinned a lick er two
And de Lawd sho' hates a sinner.
De Lawd knows dat de flesh is weak—
David was sort er fleshy—
He always done a heap er good
And jest a little bitty evil.

And den he jest laughed!
And de Lawd laughed, too.
De Lawd's all right! Amen!
He ain't no policeman!

Amen? Amen! You gits de motion!

Now, members, de Lawd ain't 'scusin' sin,
Nor easin' up on Satan.
But David, he done so much good
He was God's own high-partic'lar.

And dat's de way hit goes wid us,
Members, and likewise preachers.
Can't fool de Lawd, cause He made man
And He knows all about us.

Amen.

For six days in ev'y week
Y'all gits amongst de flesh pots.
Hit's troubles, too, about de town—
I knows 'bout ration tickets,
And shoe coo-pawns and sugar tabs
And what's two pounds er sawsidge?
I done spunt my shoe coo-pawn
And still I'm might' nigh barefoot!

Oh, yas, yo' Elder got troubles, too!

I hyars de news on de radio
About de soldiers fightin'.
And, members, fightin' wars is hard—
My name was Corp'l Johnson
In de yuther war us had
When we whupped de Germans—
Shootin', killin', gittin' shot,
Naw, members, hit wan't pleasant.

But we laughed,
And de Lawd laughed, too.
Us was doin' a heap er good
Wid a little bitty evil!
Amen!

Yas, Jennie, I know Rucker's gone
And ain't sont home a nickel
Since he jined de Public Works
Away out west in Beaumont.
And, Bessie, I know Albert joined
De draft and went to It'ly.
He shoots at dem, dey shoots at him
And somebody *might* git wounded!

Courage, souls!

De road is rough, de goin's tight,
De world is full er trouble.
Hit's evil days wid plenty sin
And downright 'bomination.
But hit ain't no worse today den when
Kaing David was a-kaingin'.
Old David laughed, and de Lawd, He laughed
And bofe kept right on goin'.

Amen?

So bring a pleasant face to church—
De Lawd ain't no undertaker.
Git happy in yo' mind and heart
And let yo' soul be tickled.
And laugh! Members, laugh out loud!
Be joyful in salvation!
Hit ain't so bad dat hit can't git worse,
So lif' up and laugh wid David!

You know dat's Amen talk!

Plastics on the Fighting Front

Army buglers toot a new kind of trumpet and the new buttons, canteens and razors are innocent of steel, aluminum or brass

by W. L. BURTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When the new soldier enters the Army, practically the first item of general issue he gets is a set of identification tags with a plastic ribbon to hold them around his neck. And when the time comes to hang Tojo and Hitler, the Army probably will do it with nylon rope, thus winding up with a plastic a war that began with one.

There are plastic enthusiasts who declare that if the industry had been twenty years older when the war began in 1941 it would today be the largest single industry in America. This is a moot question, but there is no doubt that the Army took an incipient plastic industry and molded it into one whose products fight in every battle.

One of the largest users of plastics in the world today is the United States Army Quartermaster Corps which literally applies plastic to the soldier from head to toe. By literally, the Quartermaster Corps means *literally*, for it supplies a plastic helmet liner to protect the top of the soldier's head and a plastic insole to protect the bottoms of his feet.

Plastics permeate the more than 70,000 different items the Quartermaster Corps supplies to the Army. Some are large, most are small, but all are important. More important, probably, is the fact that two years ago there were hardly any, showing that the Army can move fast when it wants to.

The original plastic unit in the Quartermaster Corps was set up by Major General E. B. Gregory, the Quartermaster General, many months before the attack on Pearl Harbor. At the beginning it consisted of two men and a stenographer, headed up by Lieutenant Edwin L. Hobson, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and an enthusiastic believer in the boundless future of plastics. It's a more sizable department today, still headed by Hobson who has the rank of major.

From the outset the Plastics Section had carte blanche from General Gregory to get out and develop things in plastics that would do the job better than other products or would do it just as well and release a valuable commodity for some other task where a substitute would not be satisfactory.

Starting at a period when the American people were learning for the first time that our resources were not limitless and that we didn't have a superabundance of everything after all, Hobson's crew naturally bent their first efforts toward conservation measures. The primary aim was to toss plastics into jobs formerly performed by aluminum, brass and rubber.

Aluminum got first call because the country was beginning to build airplanes on a huge scale, and the Quartermaster Corps scanned the myriad items it handled to see where aluminum could move out and plastics move in. One of the first switches involved mess kit knives, proverbially aluminum handled. A mess kit knife doesn't use much aluminum for its handle but ten million knives do absorb quite a tidy amount. General Gregory gave orders to eliminate it and it's out. In its place is a plastic that will stand boiling, burning, stamping, kicking, beating and the whole gamut of indignities that any Army item is likely to be subjected to in the throes of warfare.

Replacing the aluminum in the millions of canteens required for our projected Army was a little tougher. Simple as they look, canteens have to be just so or they get the thumbs-down signal from troops. They've got what they want now in a plastic affair the size and shape of the regulation aluminum article but so light it feels like a toy balloon in the hand. Its weight is misleading, however. A 200-pound man can jump on it with both feet and get nothing for his pains except possibly fallen arches. The canteen won't give an inch. It has some other advantages, too. For example, it is a non-conductor of heat and cold. It can be filled to the brim with boiling hot coffee and then grasped in bare hands without even the risk of lukewarm fingertips. Handling aluminum or steel that way would put a soldier's hand in bandages for a week. Then, too, it doesn't bend or dent or cave in. Some enthusiasts see it as the forerunner of a plastic polo ball and, indeed, the canteen can be bounced about from pillar to post without damage to itself and very little to anyone whose shins it might hit. In a pinch, an empty plastic canteen with the top screwed down tight is a good substitute for a soccer ball or even for a softball, if the worst comes to the worst. In other words, as the Army boys like to say, "It can really take it."

It was not long before the Quartermaster Corps went on an anti-brass crusade to take that critical metal out of clothing and equipment, thereby making more of it available for arms and ordnance. Among the first casualties were the shiny brass buttons that are proverbial in Army uniforms. They may look handsome but their brass would do more good in cartridges and shells, and that's where it is going today. In their place is a dull plastic button that costs less and wears longer. They could be shiny if the Army wanted them to be, but shiny buttons have a bad habit of attracting the attention of Nazis and Japs. A dull, olive drab plastic button has never cost the life of a soldier yet.

Aside from the lives it may be saving, it is estimated that the plastic button this year will replace about 365,000 pounds of metal. It takes the place of twelve buttons of two different sizes on the overcoat and ten of two sizes on the blouse.

Because millions of men already were in uniform by the time the new buttons began to run off on a mass production scale, the new items were first put into use overseas and worked their way back to this country. Soldiers were issued the new buttons and required to turn in the old brass ones. Meanwhile, all new uniforms came out with the regulation plastic button. By this process a hold-up in uniform issue was avoided.

The new plastic button is made of a non-strategic material known as urea formaldehyde and has the same design as the familiar brass. Since it is dark, it relieves the soldier of the time-honored task of keeping his buttons shiny. Should plans ever change, it can be made in a shiny gloss that compares favorably with brass and other metals.

Another plastic button with a more formidable title to its credit—melamine formaldehyde, to be specific—is used by the Quartermaster Corps in shirts and underclothing as a substitute for both the Tagua nut, better known as vegetable ivory, and fresh water pearls.

This button actually is made of salt water, air and electricity and is so cheap it's almost laughable. The Tagua nut is cheap too but

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"Why don't they have a chapter in these nursing books on how to doctor a sick child—aided and abetted by two 'whooping Indians'!"

A Sudden Gust of Wind

None of the half-starved tobacco hands ever ventured to answer don Gumersindo when he told them the land was theirs

by CARLOS MONTENEGRO

FICTION

The brightness of dawn glowed like a halo behind the mountains and reached upward and outward, gilding the edges of the shadows of the valley, casting in hazy outlines the row of houses, the larger trees and the neighboring hillocks.

Then the light, like a distant reflector that cast its beam toward the earth, began to shimmer over the flat surfaces, eliminating the sharpness of the shadows, crossed a field of new pasture, threw itself on the ripples of the river and into the street of the still quiet village, until it brought into relief the harsh profile of Bernabe's face—Bernabe, the tobacco hand, who was standing behind the half-opened door of his shack.

Bernabe looked around a few moments until he assured himself that the street was entirely deserted, and then he went out, furtively hugging the walls to avoid the brightness of the light, bent over like a fugitive.

He hastened along the edge of the road which ran behind the houses, and took a hardly discernible path that opened from the side of the road. Quickly he got into the weeds that were heavy with brightly shining dew which dampened his shoes and showed up the old reddish border of earth on the cuff of his trousers.

As he increased the distance between himself and the village, his step grew slower, and he even straightened up his body in the blossoming light of early morning. Now the varying greens of the countryside were distinguishable, from the light color of the sod to the darker one of the pastures. Finally he stopped, and then went on slowly, stretching to shake off the last vestiges of drowsiness.

He continued walking for a moment, rising up to his full stature, taking care to look ahead for a distance, over the shrubs of the highway, as if afraid of meeting someone. Several times he also looked back hesitatingly, to listen to the early morning calm of the countryside awakening with the faraway barking of dogs.

"Nobody there," he murmured under his breath.

Sometimes the barks grew louder and made him look back again and again toward the village, but everything remained as deserted as if he were the only inhabitant of the valley.

"When one is alone, the road seems so long," he thought aloud. "If they didn't get up so early, even on Sundays, I could have gone by Anton's path . . ."

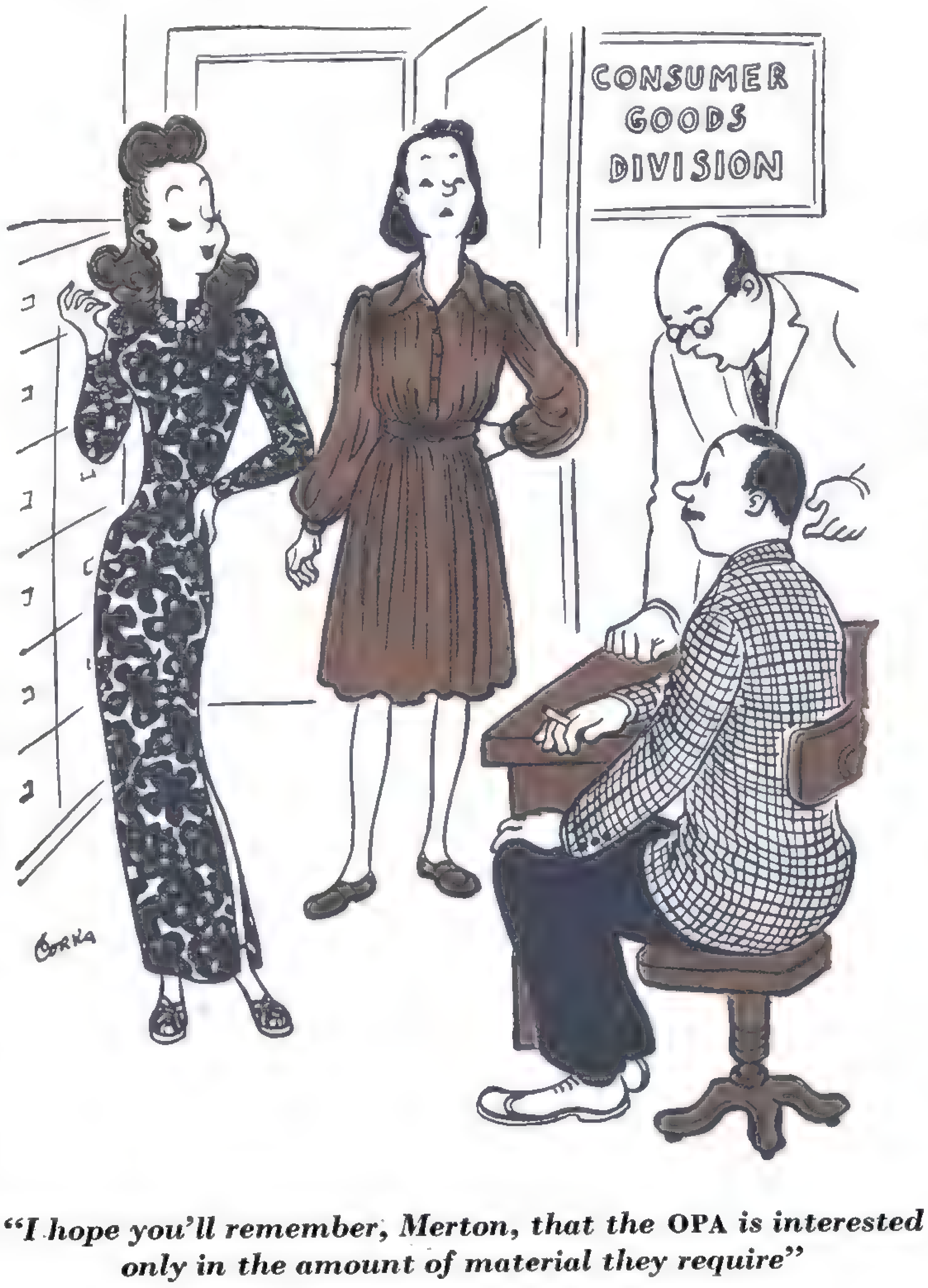
The valley was full of light when a bird passed, flying low overhead in a straight line toward a fixed spot on the horizon. He followed it with his gaze until it was lost in the distance, swallowed up in the shadowy greens.

"Where is it going at such speed?" he asked himself, startled, and he shook his head as if he envied the ability of the bird to move so quickly.

The bird's sharp speed reminded him of his own need for haste, and this in turn reminded him of the image of don Gumersindo, the plantation boss, mounted on his filly with the long plaited tail.

Don Gumersindo frequently crossed the fields upon his beautiful filly. So as not to damage the sown field, he would ride along the narrow footpath between the ploughed areas; the tobacco worker would be as a rule at a distance, between the furrows, and the "patron" would raise his hands to his mouth in the manner of a trumpet shouting: "Eh, Bernabe! . . ." or "Eh, Servando! . . ." or "Eh, Nicanor!" . . . "How are you coming? . . . Don't ruin me before time! . . . Don't let a single beetle get away! . . . Is everything going all right? . . . Take good care of this land. It's the best in the world, and it's all yours!"

It was always the same. The tobacco hand would get up from the furrow and look toward the boss without understanding these statements. Actually, the earth was good, but it was certainly not his, nor did it produce anything, except tobacco and hunger . . . He had to care for it night and day, spending his life out on the field watching for prowling animals in the cold air, by the light of the moon, wasting the hours that others spent with their children.



"I hope you'll remember, Merton, that the OPA *is interested only in the amount of material they require"*

Still, the boss used to shout:

"It is yours, Bernabe! . . . your land! . . ."

But year after year the boss divided up the profits into parts, for taxes and the like. Then he had to replace implements, buy fertilizer, pay the sales agent, and transportation . . . and all that was left for Bernabe, as truly don Gumersindo said, was the land.

"The earth is yours, Bernabe! See how it belongs to you! The best land in the world! It almost makes me jealous to see you out there at night, taking care of it!"

That was the situation, the land was the best in the world, the men were the best in the world.

"The earth is yours, my friend!"

If Bernabe had dared, he would have replied that if the land were his, he would have sown it with food at least sufficient for his children. But no one in the valley was able to talk that way to the "patron;" neither Nicanor, nor Anton, nor Servando, nor . . . Well, whoever it was he'd have to be pretty desperate to feel that free. It was always best to avoid such entanglements. Bernabe was one of those who said nothing; he maintained a mask over his face and feelings, until don Gumersindo would become so impatient with him that he'd ride off somewhere else on his horse.

Bernabe followed the trail across the field, his gaze held high, his eyes on the watch for the brim of a palm-straw hat. He kept stubbornly in his mind the image of don Gumersindo. Bernabe, glancing apprehensively around, mocked the way he raised his voice, contriving to imitate his boss's tone:

"The best land in the world, Bernabe! It's all yours! . . . It almost makes me feel jealous when I see you out there at night standing watch over it!"

And as if he were actually in front of the "patron," he answered himself:

"Exhausted, everything is exhausted; would you have me eat my children?"

Thus it was the night before. Bernabe's reply had been given in a low voice, and the sound of it did not pass his lips, but don Gumersindo, who was in the path, dismounted and began to walk toward him, lashing forward with a cat o' nine tails.

Bernabe's face fell, the more because he did not know what would happen, thinking that maybe the master had seen his lips moving or was reading his thoughts. He caught his breath, watching the boss lean over one of the plants, saying:

"Look at this poor thing—gone!"

The boss broke off a bud and threw it behind him, satisfied, regarding the plant:

"What do you think, my friend? . . . these will be smoked by kings! Doesn't that make you proud?"

As far as Bernabe was concerned, it made him whatever the boss wanted; he just did not want him to continue to come any closer and see the wild boar that he had hidden in the sprouts, its skull crushed by a blow with a cudgel, because then anything could happen.

The boars, wild though they were, like all animals of the mountains, like the mountain itself, like all the land in the valley, belonged to don Gumersindo.

"To all thieves, I announce right now," don Gumersindo had once shouted, "that anyone who kills one of my boars, I will treat like a horse thief!"

Don Gumersindo shrieked:

"Any thief who plants food in this golden earth will be given a beating and thrown to the dogs. The best land in the world and to plant garbage in it! Swine!"

He had given examples: the family of Venancio, one of his tobacco hands, who had once planted a few small things secretly, had to leave the valley and beg on the highway, while Venancio himself was condemned as a thief by don Justo Paz, the judge of the district.

Bernabe had felt his legs shake beneath him as he remembered this, with the wild boar he had poached over his shoulders. Already he could see himself beaten or before don Justo Paz, and his family on the highway, driven out of the valley, starving, not knowing where to go.

Food and meat had to be bought from don Gumersindo who in turn got his supply from don Justo.

"There you have it," the judge would say, "it would seem as if the owner of some of the best land in the world does not want others to live. What punishment is not too good for this thief? Killing wild boars when don Gumersindo gives him as much credit as he wants!"

Don Justo's own farmers would be seated on the benches of the public house with their long darkened faces, like those of the tobacco growers of the valley, with the same uncombed hair plastered on their temples; they wouldn't say anything, but . . . At best don Justo was right because even they could not plant a cornfield because the tobacco had to be bought by don Gumersindo.

Everything would seem as if Bernabe were guilty of a heinous crime.

"What punishment is not too good for him? Today it is a boar from the valley . . . tomorrow it will be one of our cattle." Don Justo would be standing up, his lower lip twisted with excitement, and his bony fingers pointing at his hired hands, "One of *your* cattle! He ought to be jailed for six months!"

If don Gumersindo had taken one more step, he would have seen under the green leaves the head of the wild boar mashed by a blow of the cudgel. But don Gumersindo didn't have the instinct of the red ant that now was walking over Bernabe's shoes. Bernabe saw one and then another come along the furrow lines. The voracious creatures were running so fast now that they were trampling each other.

One of them, larger than the others, was gaining ground on his companions and went around the edge of the furrow to the sole of Bernabe's shoe. He crushed it against the ground. The ant was pushed down into the rough dirt until it freed itself and again ran around to join the line of the others that were pushing it to one side.

Don Gumersindo for the last time caressed the back of the leaves crossed with long fine veins, and remounted his horse, taking leave, his arm raised with his inseparable whip.

That was the way it was last night. Now Bernabe followed the trail without being able to get his mind off that scene. His eyeballs were like a depth of green through which passed in single file don Gumersindo with his horse and his cat o' nine tails, the courtroom of the judge, the crushed head of the boar, and the rows and rows of great red ants, marching toward fresh blood. In an extremity of his thoughts was the little group of his family on the highway, driven out, and be-

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"Calling Doctor Dentifrice"

Let us picture him in x-ray and write his story in gutta-percha, that hero of romance and derring-do, the dentist

by HOVEY WRIGHT

ARTICLE

SOMETHING ought to be done, and soon, about that forgotten man-in-white, the D.M.D. Sporting one more initial than the M.D., possessing, even as he, an x-ray machine, a sterilizer steaming with shiny little instruments, and with an electric light bulb on his forehead, the D.M.D. is nevertheless ignored by the arts, while the M.D. aids largely in keeping them going.

Take literature: A few years back when everybody was telling all, the M.D.'s out-published everybody. Thoughtful readers were puzzled at the silence of the dental men. There was scraping of cavities, but not of pens; tapping of nerves, but not of typewriters. And think of the tasty titles to bite into: *The Country 'Cuspid*, *In the Days of the Rubber Dam*, *At Home in 5,000 Mouths*, *Crossing My First Bridge*, *Mulling over Molars*, or *After Many a Drilling, Dies the Nerve.*

Take the theatre: Sometimes there's an entire cast of doctors, all being professional and charming and heroic. It does seem as if the D.M.D. might have just one teensy-weensy part. If he does, though, it'll be some thankless role, one in which the poor oaf will be there merely to be laughed at. Why, even between the acts nobody wants him. Did anyone ever see a stage manager, looking properly funereal, step forward and ask the hushed auditorium, "Is there a dentist in the house?" No. Not even if there was a man in the front row with a jaw so swollen it interfered with the ballet routine. That's how strong the discrimination against the D.M.D. is!

Take the radio: All day long we've been hearing some cello-toned contralto croon, "Doctor So-and-so . . . call surgery . . . Doctor So-and-so . . . call surgery." All day long this siren has been trying to get in touch with Young Doctor Suture, or Old Doctor Trepan to tell them that little Gloria Dewdrop, the heiress, is dying of pneumonia; that Max Wildoats (in love with Doctor Suture's wife, or Doctor Trepan's daughter) has been in an automobile accident; that Ma Justus, a quaint old neighborhood character, who has her nose in everybody's business, is threatened with lockjaw.

These radio doctors are kept busy night and day. They're so overworked that it does seem as if here, at last, the D.M.D.'s might step in and take over. And surely the great radio audience, sated with pneumonia, blindness, and cracked tibia and fibia, ought to welcome the tense and dramatic extraction of an impacted wisdom tooth.

We vision, for example, a leading mouthwash company sponsoring a program called *Open Wider*. The hero is Young Doctor Rinsewell Dentifrice, D. M. D.—known to his friends in the little New England town in which he practices, as Rinse. He is single, in the middle thirties, and because of an uneven bite is disbarred from military service. He is adored by the youngsters of the village who come in to have their loose teeth pulled out just so they can have squirtings of pink mouthwash (the commercial comes in here—about the kiddies loving the taste of Swish-swush Mouthwash).

Older people swear by him. Some, of course, swear *at* him, like Josh Porcelain, the banker's son, who's always griping about his galloping pivot tooth. Rinse made his false teeth for Old Deacon Forbush, and the Deacon never goes anywhere without 'em, all snug in his vest pocket. Sundays he wedges 'em in his jaws when he passes the collection plate.

Don't think for a minute that it's all small town stuff and homey touches. There's a love interest that throbs and pounds. Linda Crown, a city girl, is Doctor Dentifrice's dental hygienist. She's beautiful and clever, with a voice that sounds as if she had a blob of peanut butter stuck on the roof of her mouth. Sally Inlay is an old childhood sweetheart, an attractive young widow to boot. She chirps and twitters like a canary. Her only handicap is young Harper Inlay, a lad of five repulsive years.

The two gals are rivals for Rinse, who merely keeps his mind on his work. Things come to a crisis when the widow seeks an appointment. Linda tells her the doctor is all booked up. Of course, the widow bumps into Rinse down the street and tells him she's sorry she can't get an appointment. Rinse is puzzled and hurt (besides, he needs the business). He gives Linda a dignified bawling-out and Sally an appointment for two-thirty the next day.

The announcer then comes in to say we'll have to listen tomorrow to find out what happens, so we keep ourselves under sedatives until the big scene the following day.

The widow comes in promptly at two-thirty, dolled up fit to kill, and dragging young Harper along for luck.

"How fortunate I was able to make an appointment," she says ritzily to Linda.

Linda meekly bides her time.

"Now tell me which one's been bothering you," says Rinse solicitously, gently snapping the sanitary white bib under the widow's chin, turning on the water in the fountain, and tilting back the chair. To his combined joy and consternation he notices that he feels all jittery and jelly-fingered.

Instead of saying intelligently and intelligibly that she thinks it's the right lower lateral bicuspid, the widow does it with gestures. The result is:

"I ink it's at un ower air!"

Of course, she's graceful and dainty about it and puts in only one charming, well-bred finger, but just the same it's enough to bring Rinse to his senses and make Linda's spirits soar.

"Well, we'll see," says Rinse, very professional now. "My instruments, Miss Crown, please."

So Linda brings over the little do-flickers, and Rinse picks one out, and tells the widow to open wider (the theme song, *Ope, Ye Portals*, comes in here).

Scrape, scrape, tap, tap . . . then an ear piercing "Yeow!" from the widow!

"What has happened?" says the announcer portentously. "Has Rinse Dentifrice, probing beneath the enamel of Sally Inlay's bicuspid, discovered something dangerous? Has young Harper Inlay, acting upon a childlike impulse, stepped on the starter of the chair in which his mother sits, and hurtled her to the ceiling? Has Linda Crown, jealous at seeing Rinse's white-coated sleeves crooked over her rival's head, jabbed the latter with a vicious little mounted fish hook from the sterilizer? Has Josh Porcelain, suddenly standing in the doorway, sneering with his pivot tooth, anything to do with the sorry mess? Listen tomorrow!"

The heck we'll listen tomorrow! Who cares what happens! It just goes to show that the muses knew their stuff. You can't mix art and dentistry. There's no oomph to a D.M.D.—it's all ouch. That reminds us: we have an appointment for next Monday at ten. Let's cancel it, shall we?

RHAPSODY IN MIDNIGHT BLUE

Emily Smith, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

BESIDES being the site of Boulder Dam, Las Vegas, Nevada, is notable for its gold, silver, lime, borax, gypsum and Emily Smith.

Emily's middle name is Nevada and this red-haired green-eyed glamorzon, who was born and bred on a ranch, can outride the most horse-going cow puncher who ever headed for a round-up. She can also roll her own.

In high school she showed a flair for drawing and received a state medal for highest achievement in art during the four years. After a year on the University of Nevada campus, she planned to pursue a commercial art career in Los Angeles. Before shaking her skirts of the sagebrush altogether, however, our heroine stopped over in Reno for a brief whirl. In the city of broken hearts and blazing lights, she pinched-hit as a show girl in one of the nighteries. There she drank so many glasses of orange juice with dazzled and generous customers that she was threatened with alkaline poisoning.

In Los Angeles, persuaded that life is short and art is long, she allowed her obvious attributes to shunt her into show business. At the Florentine Gardens and the Club Louisiana, she was a featured show girl. The talent scouts who wandered in were not blind, and so now, at twenty, Emily Smith is doing a bit for Warner Brothers in *Rhapsody in Blue*.

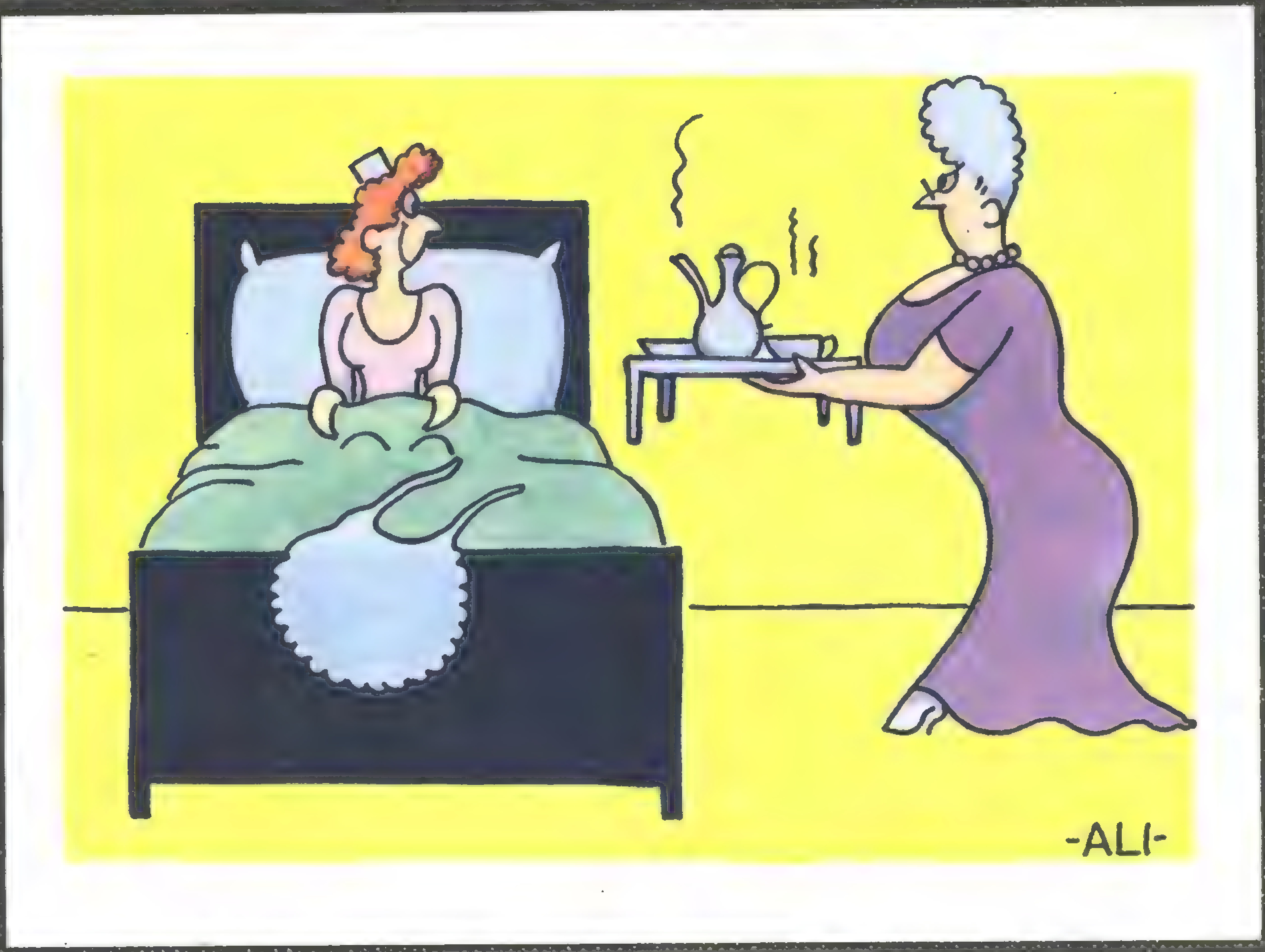
This musical, as you undoubtedly know, is the story of the composer, George Gershwin's, life. It stars Al Jolson, Joan Leslie and a lot of glittering personalities who are entrusted with the arduous task of imitating themselves. Ah, fame!

Emily misses the ranch and bronc-busting, but finds an outlet for her youthful energy in ice skating. She is unmarried and, at this writing, fancy-free.

Nobody knows what a red-headed lady will do, but Emily thinks she will go back to night clubbing. She says she feels more comfortable in a G-string. At any rate, she'd better hurry out from behind that artificial palm tree—if she remembers the dangers cited by a certain ex-governor.

Vital statistics: *Bust:* 36"; *Waist:* 24"; *Hips:* 35"; *Height:* 5'7"; *Weight:* 130 *pounds.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



◆ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Jackie Copeland

The life and works of Jackie—née Jacqueline—Copeland read like a dream sequence in a Hollywood script: Blonde, beauteous, southern-accented, she arrives in New York from Newport News, Virginia, because her mother and father want to see the shops and spend the Christmas holidays in the Big Town. Massah and Missy, the Copelands, just neva do get back to ole Virginny. They take New York like Grant took Richmond, open their hearts—and their duplex—to those Damyankees and dig in.

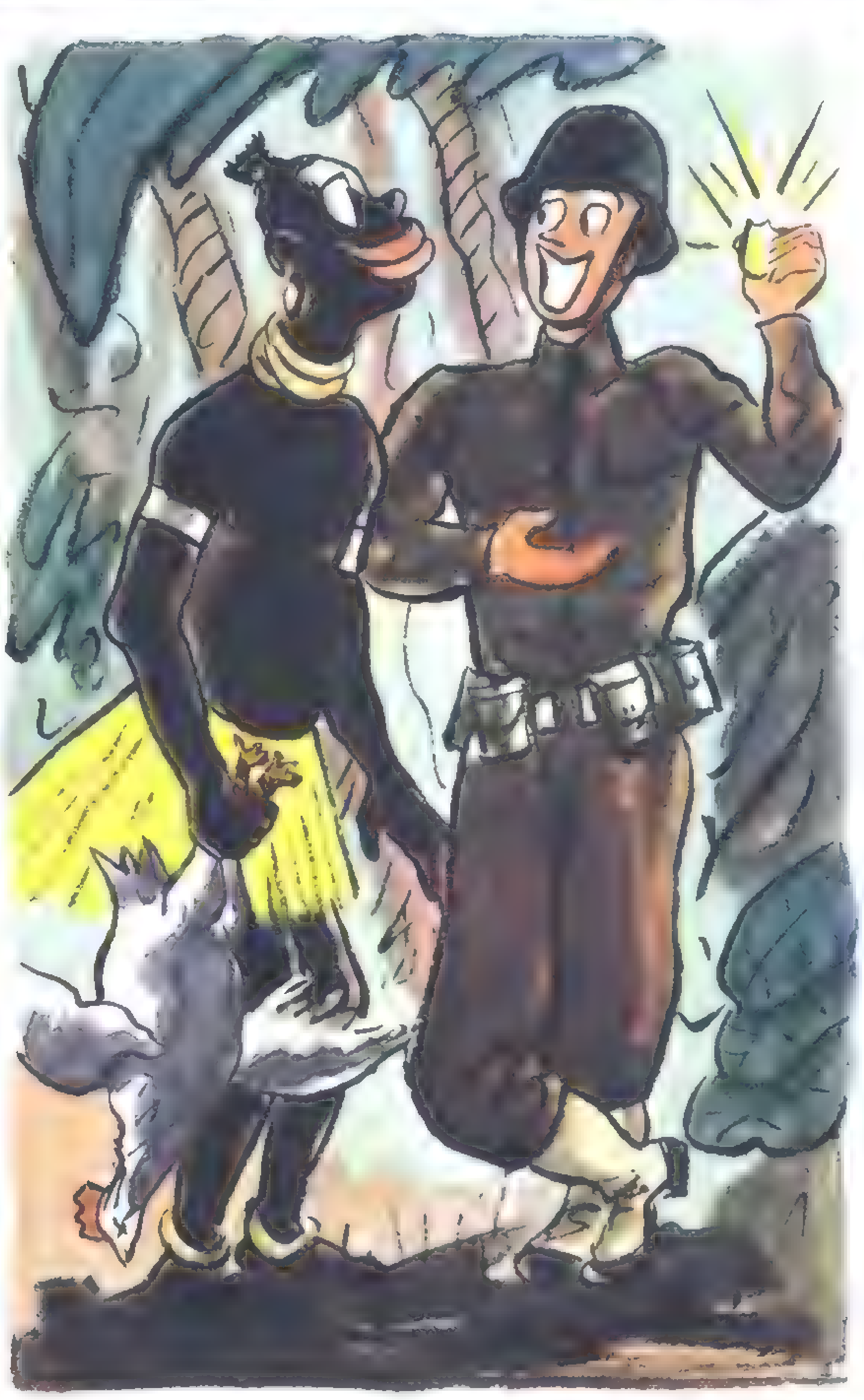
That was three years ago. As for Miss Jackie, she got off to a fine start in the modeling profession by appearing in a bathing suit in Gimbel's window. The street suddenly became extremely cluttered and remained that way until a harassed traffic cop stopped the show. The current season finds Jackie knee-deep in officers' insignia, carrying a big black bag literally covered with gold and silver emblems.

Jackie's calendar is all marked up during the business day as well as the social evening. And—here's the news angle—she is not interested in the theatre. As a model, Jackie is all things to all advertisers. Her legs are constantly in demand for hosiery ads, her hands for lotions and nail polish, her figure for bathing suits, and her face for cigarettes, soft drinks and chewing gum. Jackie is not engaged, she loves Chinese food, reading is her favorite pastime, *So Little Time* her favorite book, and the newspaper business her favorite atmosphere.

Miss Copeland on Men: "A man who really wants to get places with a girl's heart should try the privacy treatment. He needn't prove he knows a lot of people. Presumably he's been looking for you all his life, so when he finds you, if he's clever (and really interested), it shouldn't be too much to expect him to concentrate on the one and only. If he gives a good enough imitation, he's apt to fall for his own act—and what girl could ask for anything more?"

Vital statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5′ 9½″ with heels; *Weight:* 120; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 35″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIDNEY RAVITZ



"For one chicken you can be the only Junior G-Man in New Guinea"

The Sporting Scene

Shedding a casual tear over those junior misses who skunk all others in earnestness, the figure skaters

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

If a fellow, at the callow age of six or seven, began devoting several hours a day to Ranger training or schooling in the fire-walking and spike-bedding performances of an East Indian fakir, the neighbors probably would shake their heads sadly and whisper, "Poor little Orpheus has crevices in his conk."

But let a little girl do the same thing and the neighbors would gaze at the tot in awe. They would tell each other that the infant looked a cinch to develop into a second Sonja Henie. The brat's old man might even let his insurance lapse, confident that his offspring would become a figure skating champion and would support him in a style to which he was not accustomed even in his most delightful dreams.

There is not much chance of a maiden who lets herself go until she becomes a has-been of eight winters ever becoming a National, Olympic or World figure skating champion. It could happen, but the lass would be as unique in her field as Walter J. Travis was in golf. Travis took up golf in his forties and, according to surviving veterans, never smiled again, although he won the U.S. and British National Amateur championships. The intense application of the sports champion who must develop by assiduous practice is not something that addicts the potential champion to giggling.

The great achievement of the girl skating champions is their capacity for a laugh, considering that the majority of them worked on their art as juveniles about as hard as an orphan newsboy has to toil in making his living. But even the bewitching smiles that warm the audiences and cause the judges to pause with pencils upheld may be one of the school figures in which the ice damozels are tutored. They are well schooled in ballet and theatrics, for the fancy technique of glissade employs all the arts and guiles. Probably that's why a lassie has to begin so early and work so hard.

It is thought by some who waste thought on this sort of thing, that Papa Lenglen, supervising the arduous practice of daughter Suzanne, was a very mean old martinet in nurturing a champion. But those hours that Papa Lenglen spent in teaching Suzanne to whack a tennis ball into any designated small square marked on the court across the net were as fleeting seconds compared with the time the skating talent consecrates to practice.

Sonja Henie got her first skates when she was six. Since Sonja's triumphs have inspired American female infants and their parents—mostly their parents—to emulating the careers of the Henies, there are tots who are launched as potential ice idols when they're about four.

Fortunately for the children, they're too young to take the affair seriously. They toddle and sprawl on the ice and play their cute parts in the ice carnivals, but, barring aberrations of their parents, are not compelled to begin training. After they grow out of the pollywog stage, then starts a routine appalling to those who lack the urge or pressure to become figure skating championship candidates.

When they're beginning to show championship promise, girls of pre-teen age will spend from three to five hours a day on the various school figures. There are more than seventy of these figures and approximately half of them are written on slips, tossed into a hat, and from those, eight to sixteen figures are drawn out to constitute the title examination program for the contestant. There also is time spent on free-style skating.

What time this allows for the maiden's social life, except with other figure skaters, you can estimate for yourself. A champion of the tender years of Miss Gretchen Merrill of the Skating Club of Boston continues her study the year around. During the past summer she studied at Kitchener, Ontario, her mentor being Otto Gold, famed tutor of the Minto Skating Club of Ottawa. Four hours daily, Sundays included, of instruction and practice was the minimum for the seventeen-year-old miss. Gretchen began skating when she was six. In 1939, when she was making her debut in her teens, she won the United States junior ladies' championship. Megan Taylor and Cecilia College, both former World champions, were members of the British 1932 Olympic team when they were eleven. At that time Megan was British champion and Cecilia runner-up.

La Henie was champion of Norway when she was eleven years old, and World champion when she was thirteen.

But the schedule that the Henie girl had to follow is not one that any but the most exceptional male aspirants to sports honors would undergo. The probability is that the truant officers would keep an eye on such kids, as the sort of regimen Sonja had to stick to necessitated private tutoring at periods fitting in with the skating curriculum. Wilhelm Henie, a wholesale fur dealer, could pay the tariffs demanded by Oscar Holte, Oslo's foremost skating instructor, Love Krohn, Oslo ballet master, and Madame Karsavina, a ballet teacher in London to whom Mama Henie took Sonja for lessons. Few papas could.

The names of Sonja's instructors in reading, writing and arithmetic are unknown to international fame, although in the time allotted them they did obviously excellent jobs in scholastically educating the child wonder. The mathematics tutor was especially brilliant, so it is reasoned from the practical results of the lessons.

Considering the intensive and comprehensive character of Sonja Henie's figure skating education, it is no particular mystery, except that of superhuman concentration, that she became the Ice Queen whose reign possibly will remain in memory's records as the most glamorous in this superlatively artistic field of sport.

Maribel Vinson (now Mrs. G. R. Owen) whose reign over American women's figure skating extended from 1928 to 1937 inclusive, barring the interregnum of 1934, was one of the rink's infant prodigies, but by no means was Maribel subjected to strenuous and restricted figure skating instruction of the sort that made the scope of Henie family life the width of Sonja's skate blades. Maribel only put in training sessions of length and intensity that would be regarded as cruelty to a varsity crew, football club, or track team, or which would be far beyond the capabilities of a professional pugilist. Skating tots laugh off that kind of punishment as merely part of the game.

It's a good thing they do, too. How they can go through the grind that precedes their championship appearances, then present themselves in winsome smiles and charming costumes to public and press, is something to mystify the male mortal. It is no more natural to expect an infant to begin a rigorous athletic career about the age when diapers are discarded for skating tights than it is for the career kid to reflect the normal sunshine of childhood. But the

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BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

A Constellation from *Stars on Ice*

These glittering quadruplets, suspended for your pleasure in the midst of their turn on the ice at Manhattan's Center Theatre, help explain why the current *Stars on Ice* has been hailed as one of the best musical buys ever. Even you folk who crave the theatre of plot and dialogue, will find your prejudices melting when you behold the fluent imagery that Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz have put on ice. If you don't go overboard for the beauty and symmetry in various well-assorted manners, forms and shapes, you'll at least applaud the agility and virtuosity of these fleet-limbed skaters. It all comes off with the subtlety of a hurricane. Yet some of the numbers, notably the Jack Frost Reverie that Jon Abbot selected for the opposite page, have an Alice-in-Wonderland quality that takes you back to the frozen pond in the moonlight.

Your nostalgia may include old Vienna as you watch Hertha Grossman. She's the cute little centerpiece poised on the sled. A native of the Austrian capital, she won her country's national championship in 1937 and captured the grand prize at St. Moritz the following year. Hertha's history has largely been written on ice since she made her professional skating debut in Vienna at the age of eleven. She has toured Europe and the United States many times since then, is as well accustomed to ice under her feet as most Americans are to it in their highballs.

The skating chorus girls are called icettes. In the left foreground is Michel Winters and behind her is Ruth Buhl. Nona MacDonald is at the right. Every member of the cast of this rosy regatta lives up to her billing as a star on ice, having been winnowed from hundreds of figure skaters by Catherine Littlefield, who staged the show, and William H. Burke, working producer.

When the first ice extravaganza, *It Happens on Ice*, opened in the Center Theatre in 1940, Broadway's smart money gave it a month. The boys neglected to reckon on the nostalgic appeal of the presentation, its brilliant color and brisk pace, the excellent musical score, and, oh yes, that $1.65 top.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT

Adventures of the Intruder

Through a series of miracles this young Czech journeyed to Poland, France, North Africa and England to fly with the R. A. F.

by ALAN HYND

ARTICLE

HIS name is Kuttelwascher—Flight Lieutenant Karel Kuttelwascher of the Royal Air Force, D. F. C. and Bar—but American and British fighter pilots in England call him The Intruder for short, and for a very good reason. He's a shy, medium-sized Czech of twenty-seven with chocolate-colored eyes set in a broad face. As the saying goes, he could write a book, and probably will one day. His is certainly one of the singular stories of the war; about the only thing he hasn't done is get killed.

Young Karel Kuttelwascher developed a sudden and violent disinterest in a career in international business in 1934 when, at the age of eighteen, he chucked his studies at the Commercial Academy in Kolin, Czechoslovakia, and checked in as a student at a Czech Air Force training school. Karel figured a business career could come later; he knew, as did every Czech, that war would come first.

When the Man with the Umbrella and the Man with the Moustache concluded their Munich negotiations and the Nazis got a green light to go into Czechoslovakia in March of 1939, the youth who was one day to be known as The Intruder went into a huddle with two buddies from the Air Force—Beda C., a tall, devil-may-care fellow who liked to play the guitar, and Frank F., a thoughtful, brooding type of boy who was already wondering what the coming mortal storm was all about.

These three, whose destinies were to be strangely entwined, got on the beam of the Czech underground in Prague with the idea of fleeing the country. They got out on a coal train going from Prague to Cracow over in Poland. Young Karel Kuttelwascher and his pals, Frank and Beda, huddled underneath the coal with seven other Czech aviators on the run to Cracow. All told, several hundred members of the Czech Air Force went out on the coal train.

The actual outbreak of the war was still almost six months away and Karel and the rest of the Czech fliers found that they were hot potatoes in Poland. The Polish Air Force didn't want to handle them, and neither did the French nor British Air Forces. An undercover maneuver involving several hundred young aces on the loose might have provoked an incident that everybody wanted to avoid.

France finally made a deal. She said she would accept the boys for her Foreign Legion—that fabulous organization that even Hollywood hasn't overdone—with the unwritten understanding that if and when war came the Czechs would be released from the Legion and allowed to fly for France. So Karel Kuttelwascher, Frank, Beda and the others went up to Gdynia and secretly boarded a freighter for Calais in the dead of the night.

The Heinies had been fooled but they were still suspicious. Two U-boats followed the freighter every knot of the way. But the boys made it all right and disembarked at Calais one sable morning before dawn. They fanned out and hit Paris, posing as travelling salesmen. Gradually they were infiltrated into the French Foreign Legion, and in May of 1939 Karel, Frank and Beda found themselves at Legion headquarters in Sidi-Bel-Abbes, a steaming cesspool of a town in French North Africa at the edge of the desert, forty miles south of Oran.

Karel Kuttelwascher had seen movies about the Foreign Legion and had read what seemed to be fantastic stories about it. Now he saw that truth outstripped fiction. There were perhaps five thousand men from every nation under the sun at the Sidi-Bel-Abbes headquarters, almost every one of them with a past that was under blankets. One of the first Legionnaires that Karel came upon was a cheerful young Italian from Genoa who had been a lieutenant in Mussolini's bashful navy until he had come home unexpectedly to discover that his wife was a two-timer. He had thereupon carved his initials on her with a salami knife and then dealt similarly with her lover and her father and mother. With four murders to his credit and the Genoese constabulary showing signs of interest in his whereabouts, the unsmiling lieutenant had found asylum in the Legion.

Karel met two Americans in the Legion. One of them had been a bank clerk who had inaugurated a systematic program of taking home samples. He had checked out several hours before the bank examiners had checked in and, with the bank's dough, engaged the bridal suite of a luxury liner for passage to Marseille, from which point he had gone on to join the men who want to be forgotten. The Legion never asks questions. The second American whose acquaintance Karel made was a young man of wealth whose father had planned such an attractive life for him that the kid had become bored and pulled up stakes.

The Czechs discovered to their dismay that about one-third of the personnel of the Legion at headquarters was German and that practically every non-commissioned officer was a Hun. Knowing that war was coming and that the non-com kraut-eaters had access to arms and ammunition stores, the Czechs began to worry for fear the Germans might pull a *coup de main*.

There was approximately as much love between the German and Czech Legionnaires as there was between Cain and Abel. The Czechs were privates and their corporals were Heinies. The corporal that Karel, Frank and Beda had saw to it that they got the dirtiest jobs when jobs were dished out. The boys were able to stand it only so long and one night they ganged up on the Hun and beat him within a whisper of his life. Headquarters became a citadel of internal strife after that. The Genoese multi-murderer was all for knifing every German in the Legion.

The heat and the filth and the smouldering evil among the Legionnaires began to get the Czechs down. Beda had his guitar with him and he began to sing a little ditty of his own composition that posed the question: Are we in the Legion or on Devil's Island? There were robberies while the men slept at nights, and many a knife fight, some of them fatal, in the dark. Karel and Frank and Beda could hardly wait for the war to begin.

As September the first and the war drew nearer, the Czechs noticed that the Germans were getting tense. There may have been a German plot afoot to stage a *coup*, and again there may not have been. But the Czechs were taking no chances. They warned the French officers of any unusual behavior on the part of a German, and when the war broke the French had their own Legion well under control.

The Czech fliers were immediately transferred to the French Colonial Air Force and stationed at Blida, near Algiers. They did mostly police duty, keeping an eye out for Italians, from the beginning of September until the middle of December. Around Christmas time they were transferred to the French Air Force. They didn't, however, see much action until May of 1940 when the Germans invaded the Low Countries. Then they got plenty. Karel was flying a Morand fighter and one day, over the Belgian-French border, he came out of a cloud to find himself face to face with two Dorniers. "I just shot them down," he explains, mildly. "There was nothing else to do."

A few minutes later he ran into a Heinkel. "I shot him down, too," he says. Before he got back to his drome he knocked off two Messerschmitts. In June of 1940, when the French were being pushed back to the south, the squadron Karel was in, which numbered eighteen Czechs, was tickled to get Curtiss P-36's, at that time just about the last crow in fighters. But one day after the P-36's had come in from a mission over the Belgian frontier, six Dorniers came down on the drome when the boys were refueling and sent incendiary machine-gun bullets into the American planes. Thirteen of the eighteen ships caught fire. The pilots saved themselves by getting in the trenches.

After Paris had been taken, Karel and his two friends were driven down toward Vichy. Chaos reigned. The ships the boys were flying were so patched up that it was a mystery that they held together. In fact, some of them didn't. There were no maintenance crews for many of the squadrons and when a radio in a plane went on the blink it stayed that way. There were no organized forays. When a man or a group of men could get off the ground they went out hunting for anything they could find.

One day Karel, Frank, Beda and two others were looking for trouble when they saw about fifty Stuka dive bombers, escorted by an equal number of Messerschmitts, giving the works to a rural travel artery jammed with refugees. "It was so bad," Karel says, "that the five of us decided to go after those hundred Germans. It was a mad thing to do but we went almost out of our minds when we saw those Stukas going down on the women and the children and the old men, out there in the dusty road with their belongings over their shoulders."

The Stukas and the Messerschmitts were so busy with civilian business that they didn't notice the five Czech warriors until fifteen of them had been knocked to hell. "Then it was time to take what you Americans call a powder," says Karel. "So the five of us split up. I saw a big cloud and went into it. Five Messerschmitts were after me. It was a very funny experience I had in that cloud. Every time I would stick my nose out of it a Messerschmitt would be waiting for me. It was like a man being trapped in a building that is surrounded by police. I bet I was in that cloud half an hour. I couldn't decide what to do and then my engine decided for me. It started to give me trouble and I went into a spin. When I dropped out of the bottom of the cloud in this spin I made sure to do nothing to try to get out of it because I knew the Germans would see me and maybe decide that some flier on their side had finally shot me.

"Well, I kept on in the spin, hoping the Germans in the Messerschmitts would think I was done for. It was dangerous because I didn't know whether I would be able to pull myself out of it when I tried to and I didn't want to try to until I was pretty close to the ground and could make a landing and run for cover. Frank and Beda both saw me. They were off in the distance running away from a big gang of Germans. Their petrol was nearly gone and they couldn't help me.

"How I ever came out of that spin I don't know to this day, but I did come out of it. I damaged the plane when I landed, but I was all right. I headed for some woods. The Germans were pretty sore at the trick I had played on them I guess, for they were coming down after me. Some of their machine-gun bullets started to take the leather off my heels just as I got into the woods.

"I stayed in the woods all night,

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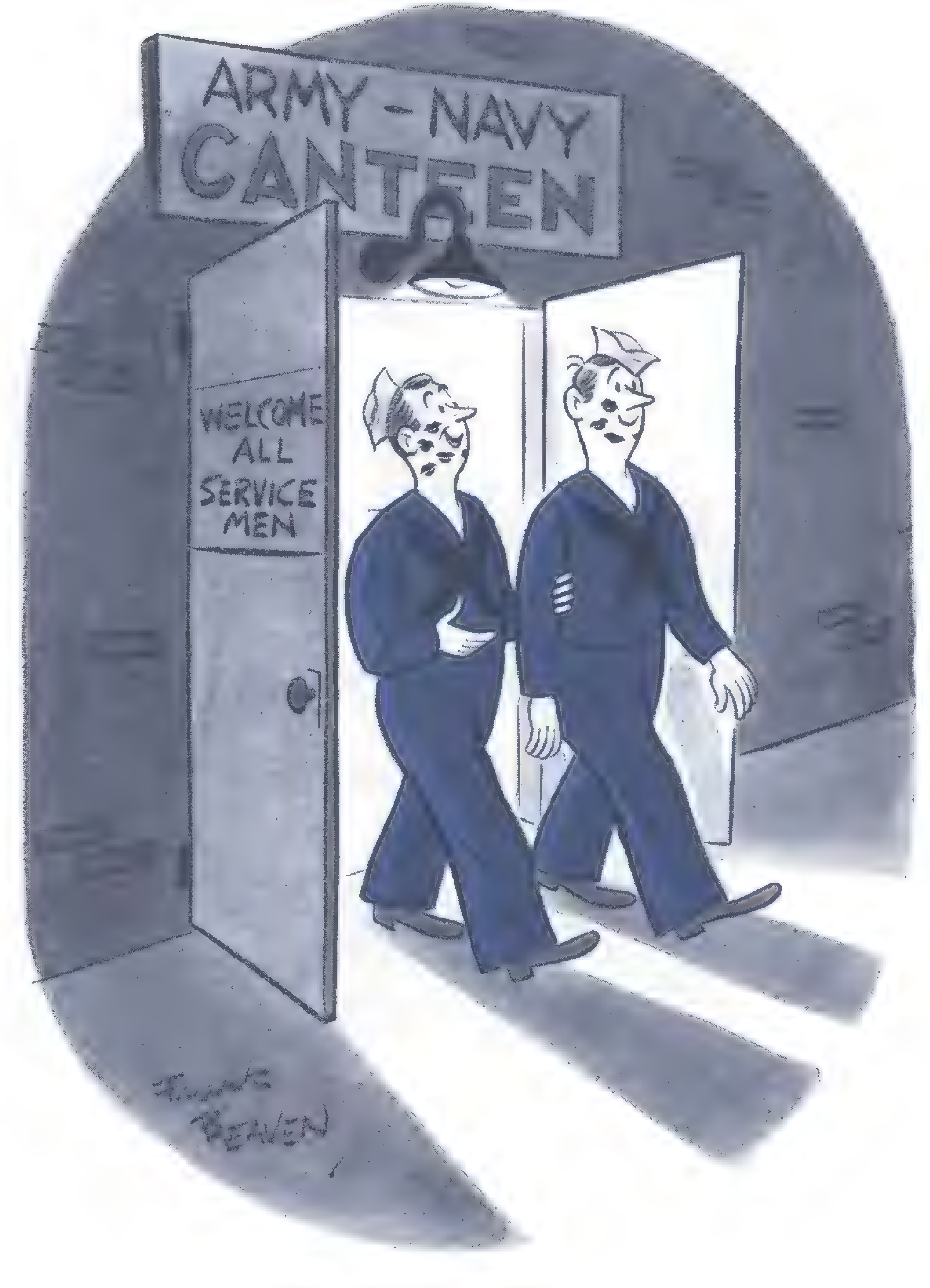
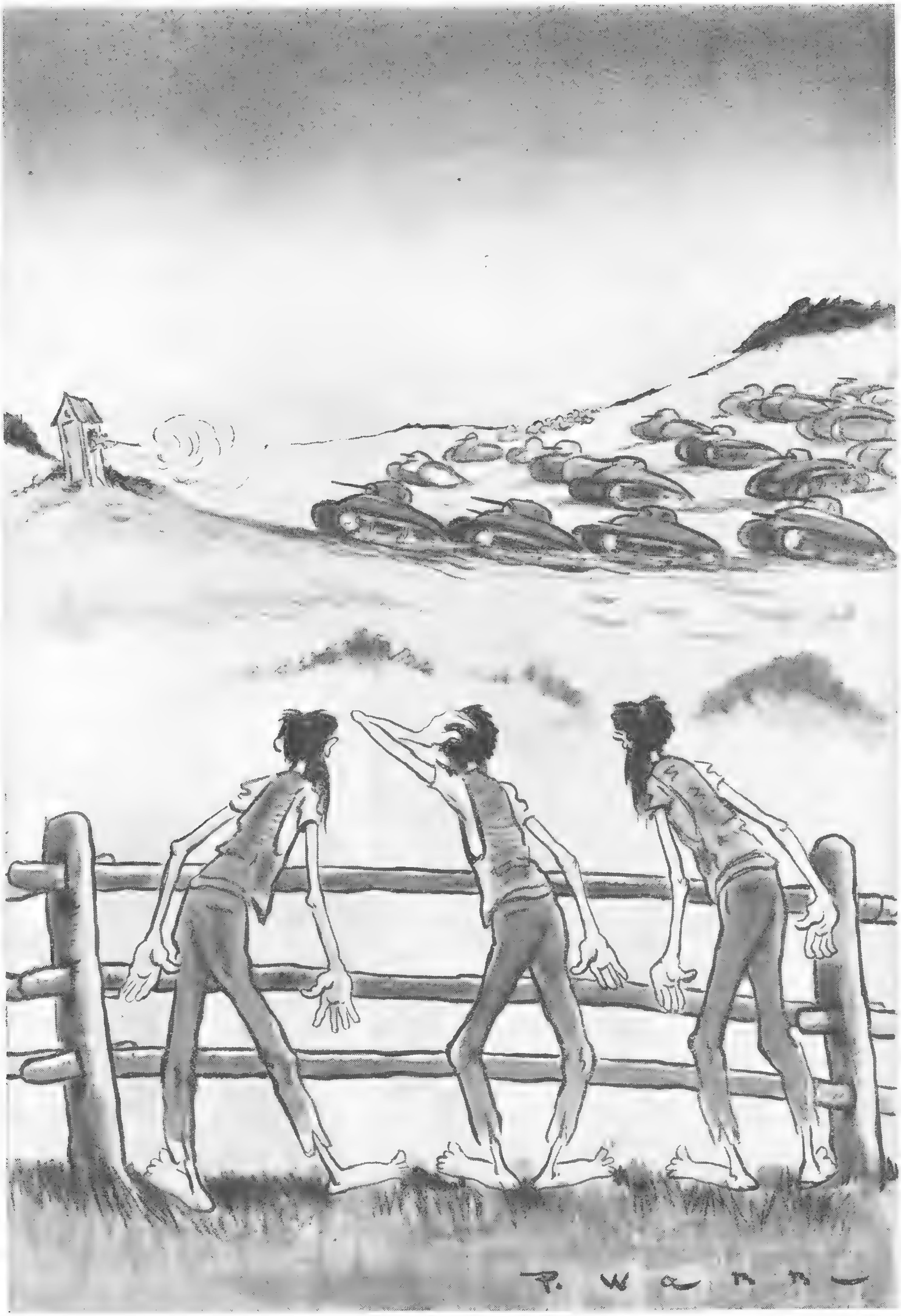


"See what I mean?"



"Gran'pappy musta made 'em kinda mad yesterday—they're back with twice as many feudin' wagons today"

The Sacrifice of Sarah Jo

Hearing of her country's dire distress she had determined to do all she could to help save the lives of fighting men

by GEORGE MILBURN

• FICTION •

SHE did not look like a hillbilly when she came out of her father's cabin that morning. Seeing her, nobody would have guessed that in all her seventeen years she never had been more than twenty miles away from her birthplace, that clay-chinked log house. Minding her pa, she never even had gone dancing at the juke joint down on the concrete slab. Every Saturday, it is true, sitting high on the wagon plank beside her widowed father, she had jounced twelve miles in to the county seat. The La Rose Beauty Shoppe in town was where her soft brown hair had been crimped into a permanent wave only the Saturday before. And, more and more lately, she had found excuses to chase off to the crossroads store, where a radio was always blatting. But never in all her life had she seen a railroad train, nor a motion picture, nor a woman smoking a cigarette.

And yet she looked as smart as any city girl when she stepped out onto the ramshackle porch that morning. Her smoke-colored jersey dress (which the mail-order catalogue had called "Victory Blue") fitted snugly over her warm curves, and her crinkled hair was topped with a perky little red cap of her own crocheting. Her feet and long tan legs were naked, but her toenails were tinted red, and in one hand she carried a pair of spike-heeled, open-toed suede shoes.

Dawn was streaking with pink the sky above the eastern hills. Her father was still sitting there on the edge of the porch, leaning heavily forward on his molasses-smooth stick, staring ahead. He must have stayed there all night. He had been sitting there when the mail carrier brought the telegram saying that Bert's ship had been lost.

She put her arm around his shoulders and held him for a moment. He seemed old and broken now, no longer the roaring, masterful creature of her childhood. When she looked down, she saw that he was weeping quietly, his tears meandering down the creases in his leathery cheeks, bedraggling his stained white moustache. He began sobbing.

"Sary Jo . . . Sary Jo . . . I jist don't see how I can let you do this. It ort to be enough for a man to give four sons to his country without sendin' his daughter, too . . . You're my baby, Sary Jo. I raised you up, ever since your mama died . . . The boys all went, shore, and I was proud to have 'em go. But a *girl* . . . You're the flower of my flock, Sary Jo."

She broke in on his sobs, speaking in the consoling way she would to a child, the first time she had ever used that tone with her father. "Now, Pa . . . now, Pa . . . Ain't this just goin' back over all we said last night? Aunt Dell is comin' to stay with you. She's done sent word she'll be here today. You'll get along all right."

"Dell won't be like you . . . Dell's sot in her ways. Oh, Sary Jo," the old man cried, "air you *shore* you got this straight?"

"It come over the radio, down to Bailey's store at the crossroads, Pa," she said stoutly. "I heard it myself. They was all talkin' it."

"I jist can't get it through my mind," the old man said. "I can't hardly see how our country would send out a call like that. I been through two wars, and I ain't ne'er heerd of such a thing before."

"Pa," she said, gripping his frail shoulders, "this country of ours is in awful danger, or else they wouldn't be askin' it. They called Bert, then Alvin, then Clifford, and then Ralph." She sighed. "Well, Bert and Alvin have given up their lives . . ." She took her arm away and straightened and her voice grew steady again. "And now they're callin' on women to make the sacrifice . . . I've got to do it, Pa. You wouldn't want me holdin' back when I can save fightin' men's lives—maybe Clifford's or Ralph's."

"No . . . I've already give you my blessin' if your mind's made up, Sary Jo . . ." The old man's voice took on a wheedling tone, "But couldn't you jist wait till your Aunt Dell gits here. Maybe she could—"

"I can't wait for her, Pa," Sarah Jo said firmly. "This is their last day in Springfield. I have to catch the milk truck, if I'm to get there. So I'll be sayin' good-bye now, Pa."

"G'bye, Sary Jo," he sobbed. "Recollect what I told you."

She kissed him and went quickly down the porch steps in her bare feet, down the lilac-bordered path. When she reached the gate, she looked back and saw her father with his grizzled face pressed down on the handle of his cane. She hesitated a moment, then turned again and hurried down the rocky road. The perfume of the lilacs trailed after her. After she had waded the branch at the bottom of the hill, she dried her feet on crumpled willow leaves and put on her high-heeled shoes.

The milk truck soon came banging along the concrete slab. Four or five passengers from up the road were sprawled on the tarpaulin atop the milk cans. Elmer Givens, the driver, made Old Man Hews give up his seat in the cab so Sarah Jo could ride up front. The truck sped toward Springfield, stopping now and then while Elmer got out and loaded on milk cans. Elmer talked and spat, but Sarah Jo was silent. After a while he asked, "What you so down in the jaw about this mornin'?"

"I ain't down in the jaw," she said coldly, "I'm jist studyin' about something." After all, Elmer had a wife and six young'uns.

As they came into Springfield, Elmer said, leering slightly, "Ain't you scared of gittin' lost in a great big old city like this, Sary Jo?"

"You jist leave me off at the milk factory," she said with a prim shrug. "I'll find my way to wherever I want to go, all right."

She did not find her way so easily after she left the milk truck. It was torture for her to overcome her timidity enough to ask directions of passers-by. She came at last to the Shrine Auditorium, where she saw a Red Cross truck parked, and she knew this was the place. She climbed the stairs, and at the top she stood bewildered by a vast ballroom with rows of white cots. She was early. Nurses were still making up cots.

The grey-haired nurse at the desk jotted her name and age (she gulped and lied, eighteen) down on an index card. Then, just as she started to say, "There was something I aimed to ask you," the nurse popped a thermometer into her mouth and pushed up her sleeve, and fixed the band to take her blood pressure.

"Used to be we tested and typed it beforehand," the nurse said, as if answering her question, "but that's all done different now. Saves time . . . I hope you remembered not to take any solids or fats for breakfast."

"I didn't eat no breakfast at all," Sarah Jo said as soon as the nurse took the thermometer out of her mouth.

"Well, that's fine . . . because fats *will* cloud the plasma, you

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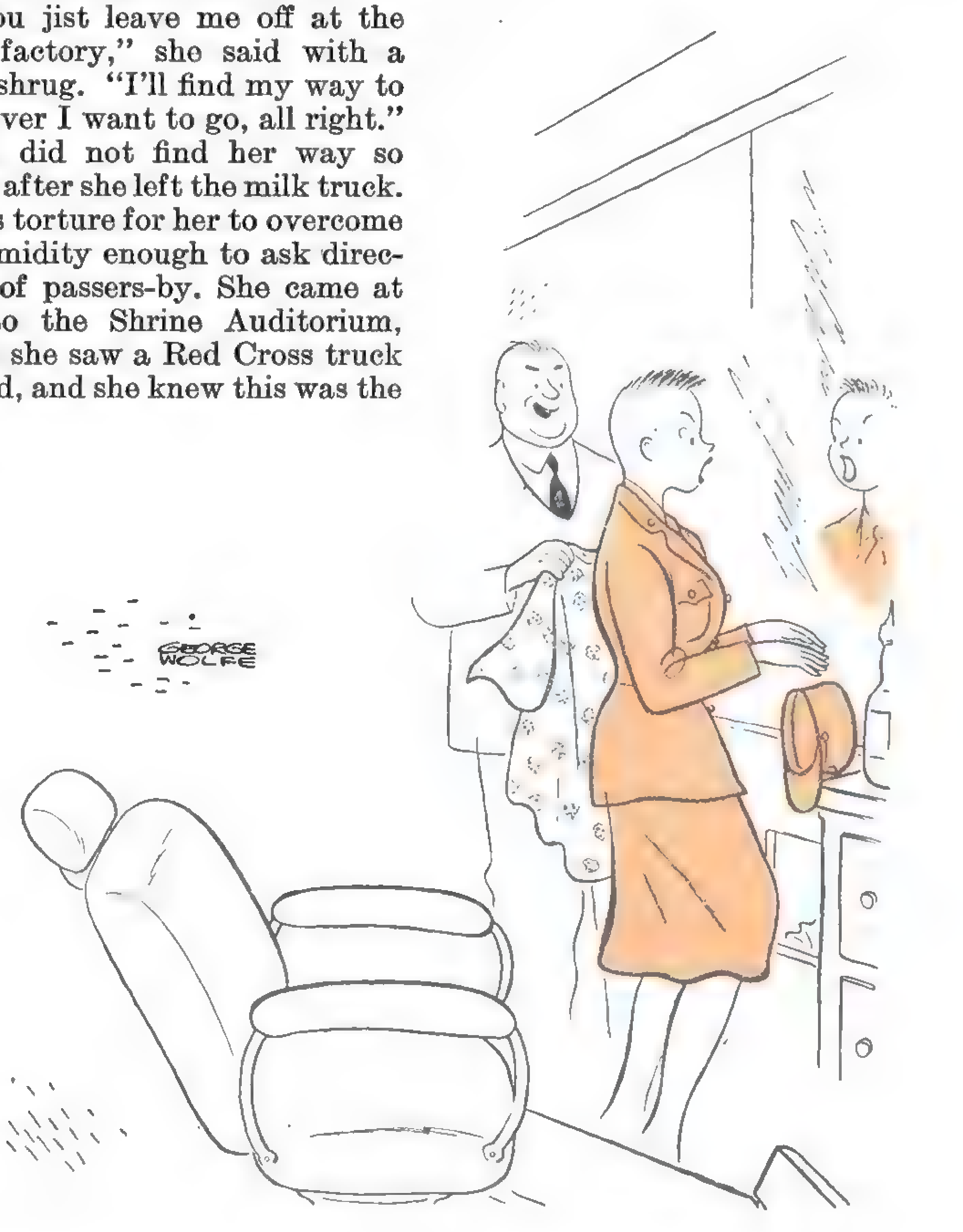


"Since the WACs are now members of the regular Army I thought I'd give you a genuine GI haircut!"

High Climber in a Hurry

The two loggers were rivals over the girl on the Mt. Emily Fire Tower and "Sockem" threatened to smoke Jack out

by CLAY PERRY

• FICTION •

JACK RENNIE was one hundred feet up in the air, topping a big Douglas fir, making a lobstick out of it, the head spar for a high lead into the Camp Nine cut. It was too steep up the side of Mt. Siskiyou for cat tractors to operate. The timber had to be snaked down by means of a steel sky-line and chokers and a donkey engine, and this head spar had to be unusually high to rig to another up the grade, on the same level as its top.

Jack didn't mind being up in the air, clinging to a tree trunk by his spurs and pass-line. It was his job. He was a high climber by profession and in the Douglas fir country they come high, up to two hundred feet, the trees. But Jack smelled smoke and didn't like it. It wasn't camp smoke. It was resinous and the woods were as dry as two months' drouth could make them. He couldn't see the smoke for he was on an airy island amid a sea of green fir branches, trimming the tall tree with his double-bitted axe up to the place where he would begin sawing off, fifty feet or more from the top.

It was midmorning, beginning to be hot. Jack had worked through the hoot-owl shift, starting at 3:30 A.M., when the humidity is greatest from fog, mist and dew. Around this tree a clearing had been made but the branches of the grenadier-like firs thrust out to within ten feet of Jack and he could just about see the ground at the butt of his tree.

Jack had sent his ground man down the skid road to town to have an ulcerated tooth yanked and he was alone, between Camp Three, two miles below, and Camp Nine, a mile up.

The smoke was not much of a smudge as yet, but Jack knew it must be from nearby for there was no wind. There should not be any brush burning in the slash, for no permits had been issued by the Forest Service for weeks. Jack had been a smoke-chaser himself, before he took to swarming up tall trees, and he decided he had better report that smoke. Besides, it would give him an excuse to talk to Fay Somers at the Mt. Emily Fire Tower. That was about as far as his two-way walkie-talkie set would reach, five miles.

He swung his little portable battery set off his shoulders and began to call:

"Hello, hello! High Climber Rennie, Siskiyou, calling Tower Twenty-three, Mt. Emily. Calling Fay Somers. Hello, hello!"

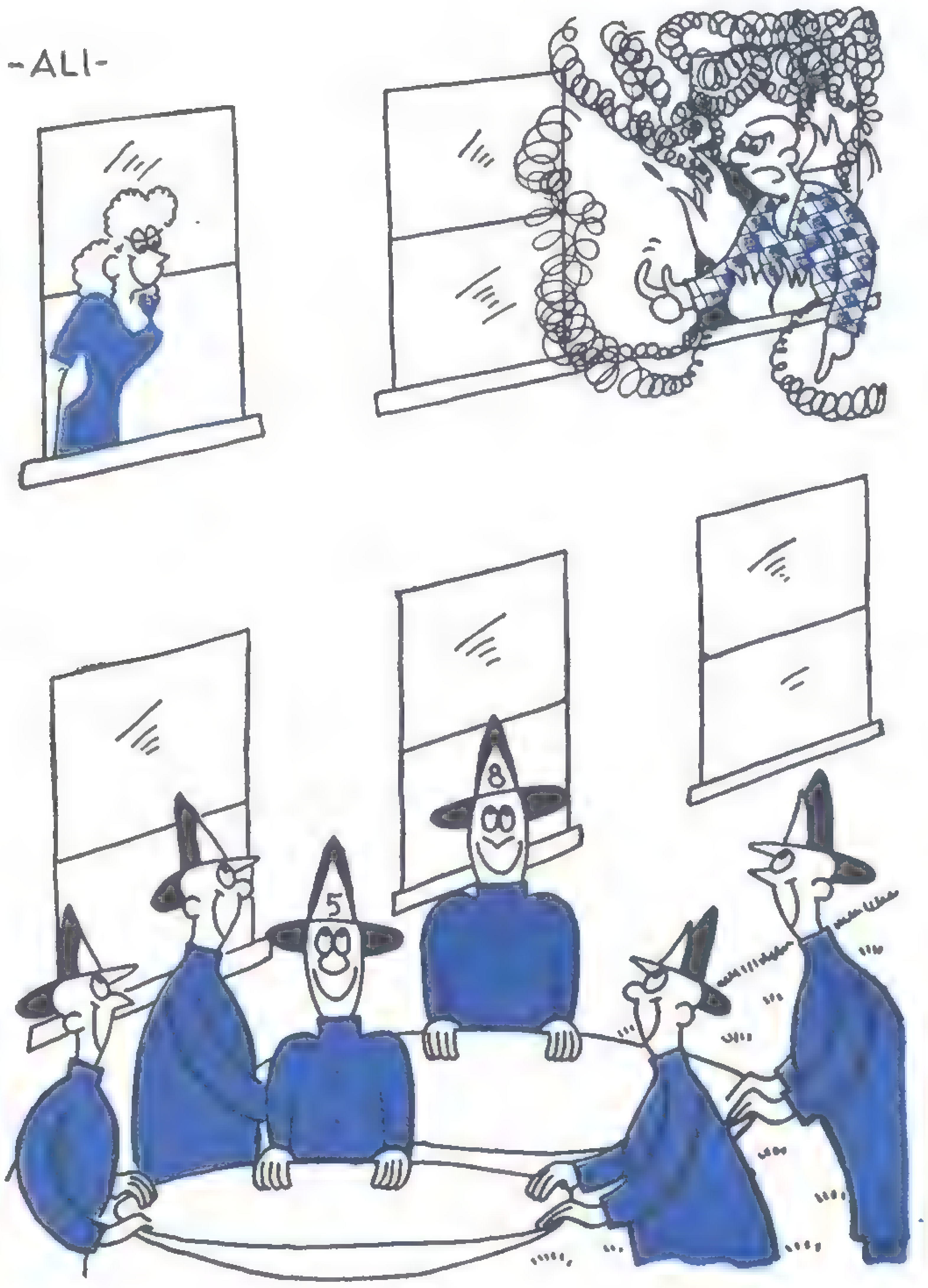
Jack had got Fay interested in his handmade walkie-talkie. She was interested in radio, meteorology, ballistics, aeronautics and a lot of other scientific things, which was natural; for her father, the professor, was a science shark who was now occupied in experimenting secretly with a new type plane that would fly straight up. This much was all Fay would tell anyone. Jack called Fay his science teacher, in a semi-derisive sort of way. He could not quite understand why a girl with so much beauty as well as brains seemed interested more in things than in people, especially men, more especially himself. But radio helped draw her attention to him. It was gradually replacing or augmenting the wired phone between fire towers and headquarters. The severe electrical storms that sent flashing fire, in the shape of lightning, down into the woods, often without rain, kindled forest fires and literally melted wires to gray ashes, leaving a towerman isolated at critical times.

Fay's voice came in, faintly at first, then clearly:

"Hello, High Climber. This is Tower Twenty-three, Mt. Emily. Fay Somers speaking. Hello, Jack Rennie. What is it?"

"Top of the morning to you, High Holder. I'm talking from a spar tree. I can smell smoke down here. Can you locate it?"

"Just a minute! It's been very hazy and I thought I saw mist rising over your way... I've got it now! Jack, it's very close to you. Wait! I'll take a protractor reading with Tower Twenty-three. Keep on the wave!" she warned.



Jack did, but to waste no time pulled his cross-cut saw up by the rope to his belt and sliced off a big limb. It floated down through the branches of other trees to the ground and he tackled another. The spar was needed today. The company was snaking out wood for war at the rate of thousands of feet a day—wood for planes, ships, hangars, trestles, for making Mosquitoes to bomb Berlin, for a hundred different uses. Jack worked hard at his job because it was his way of going to war since they wouldn't let him enlist. He was the best of the breed of human wildcats who rigged spars in this neck of the woods, absolutely fearless of high places, had been a para-jumper, able to steer his 'chute down into a hole in the woods from a plane, which was the latest way of getting to a fire, fast.

Jack could hear the sounds of machinery down at Camp Three, giant cats roaring and snorting, the donkey puffing, the drum that wound the cable whining, block and tackle squealing, a steam jammer groaning as it lifted the logs the high lead brought to the yard onto the bunks of gigantic cats, capable of toting twenty tons of timber in one load. Only buckers and fallers were working at Camp Nine. Tomorrow they'd start hooking the stuff down on this new sky-line. It was a hurry-up job and took a lot of push and pull and high climbing.

The company had sent in a new bull-of-the-woods to put some push in it, "give her the snoose" as the loggers say. Jerry "Sockem" Haskins was the bull, a hard-head, young and rather handsome, a bear with machinery and a real bull with men. He was making a play for Fay Somers, who was fascinated by machinery, and he had an edge on Jack because of transportation. A mountain pony took him up to Tower Twenty-three when he felt like going to see her. And although a high climber in a logging camp is, figuratively as well as literally, a lot above anyone else and his own boss, Haskins had tried to sneer Jack into leaving his walkie-talkie on the ground when he rigged a spar. He said he thought it was slowing him up with its extra weight.

"Next thing you know you'll be so loaded you'll have to be dropped into a tree from a plane," Haskins had said, sarcastically.

"I'll climb any tree in the woods with forty pounds more on me," Jack had retorted. "And I'll climb you, any time."

He meant that two ways and Haskins knew it and said something about smoking Jack out, sometime soon. Jack didn't take that seriously for he believed Haskins was yellow inside. He had the rep of having been a slugger, playing pro football.

Jack's receiver crackled and Fay's voice came in. He stopped sawing, sat on a limb and rubbed his eyes, now smarting from smoke.

"Listen, Jack! That smoke *is* at the lower end of the Camp Nine cut. That's where you are, you tell me. It looks like a slash burn. Can't you see it?"

"No. But I can smell and taste the smoke. Say, did Sockem file for a permit to burn brush?"

"Not with me, Jack. You'd better slide down and chase that smoke on the ground. I can't get anyone at Camp Nine."

"That job is up to Haskins. Where in—?"

"Mr. Haskins is coming up the trail right now," Fay broke in.

"Oh, yeah? Then you send him right down to get the jacks onto this fire! The smoke is thickening fast, and there's no watcher crew on the slash area."

"Maybe I ought to try for a plane to spot that smoke closer," Fay suggested. "Wait a minute, I'm getting another protractor reading."

"If this jumps into a crown fire I'll be a roast monkey," Jack mumbled.

"You'd better get down while you can, Jack," she warned, with a sort of gasp. "I'm sending a chaser crew up from town. I'll try to get that fast truck and some of the sawdust eaters from the mill in. *But, Jack, you get down!*"

"I'm going to top this tree now," he replied, stubbornly. "It will give me more air up here. I can hear the jacks at Camp Nine yelling. I reckon the fire's heading that way. I can't—"

He broke off, choking, as smoke drifted up through the dense foliage, strong with the scent of burning dead needles, pitch and punky wood. He couldn't see the ground now, and didn't know what he would drop into if he went down. He wished for wind but knew it would be worse for the woods if it came. He removed his headset to wipe his face and fan smoke with his hat, pulled out his little flat canteen, snatched a bandanna from his pocket, wet it and tied it loosely about his neck so he could pull it over his nose if needed. As he replaced his earphones he heard Fay in the middle of something:

". . . will be up here in a minute and I'll send him right down. Jack! Are you getting down? Are you down? The fire is jumping up! Hello, hello, Jack Rennie!"

"Not—just—now," he managed to gasp, thrilling because Fay's voice was so sort of personal. "Got to clear—away more stuff—get more air—be better then."

He strangled on his words and pulled the wet kerchief over his face and went to work, hard. Looking down, he saw the reason for Fay's alarm. The fire was right beneath him and was burning high in the pile of green boughs he had lobbed off and which his groundman would have removed had he been there.

The flames couldn't reach him of course, but he was trapped in a smother of acrid smoke and the flames were licking hungrily at the base of the tree.

He kept on working madly. It was the only thing he could think to do. The limbs, when they struck the ground, had the effect of smothering out the reaching flames—but only temporarily he discovered, for they sprawled out and landed lightly, forming a fine pile of tinder. Spurts of flame began to lick at the lower branches of young trees, left for seed for future tall timber. If they caught they would make torches that would blaze into the higher boughs of the big trees, those boughs that were so close to Jack's hot seat.

He began to saw off the top, slicing swiftly at the two-foot thick fir. When he had knocked off that bushy fifty-foot length, he would have a hole in the sky around him that ought to relieve him. Fighting fire on the ground, a man could get a clean breath now and then by lying flat. Up here his only chance of fresh air was to open a sort of chimney above him.

He realized suddenly that save for the crackle and hiss of fire, silence had fallen over both camp areas. The crews evidently had had to retreat from a fast ground fire that spread both ways. He was marooned, a lone bit of humanity above a sea of fire, threatened with being smoked to death if not burned to a cinder.

Haskins would have to hurry like hell if he was going to do any good. Haskins, five miles away, up visiting Fay when he ought to

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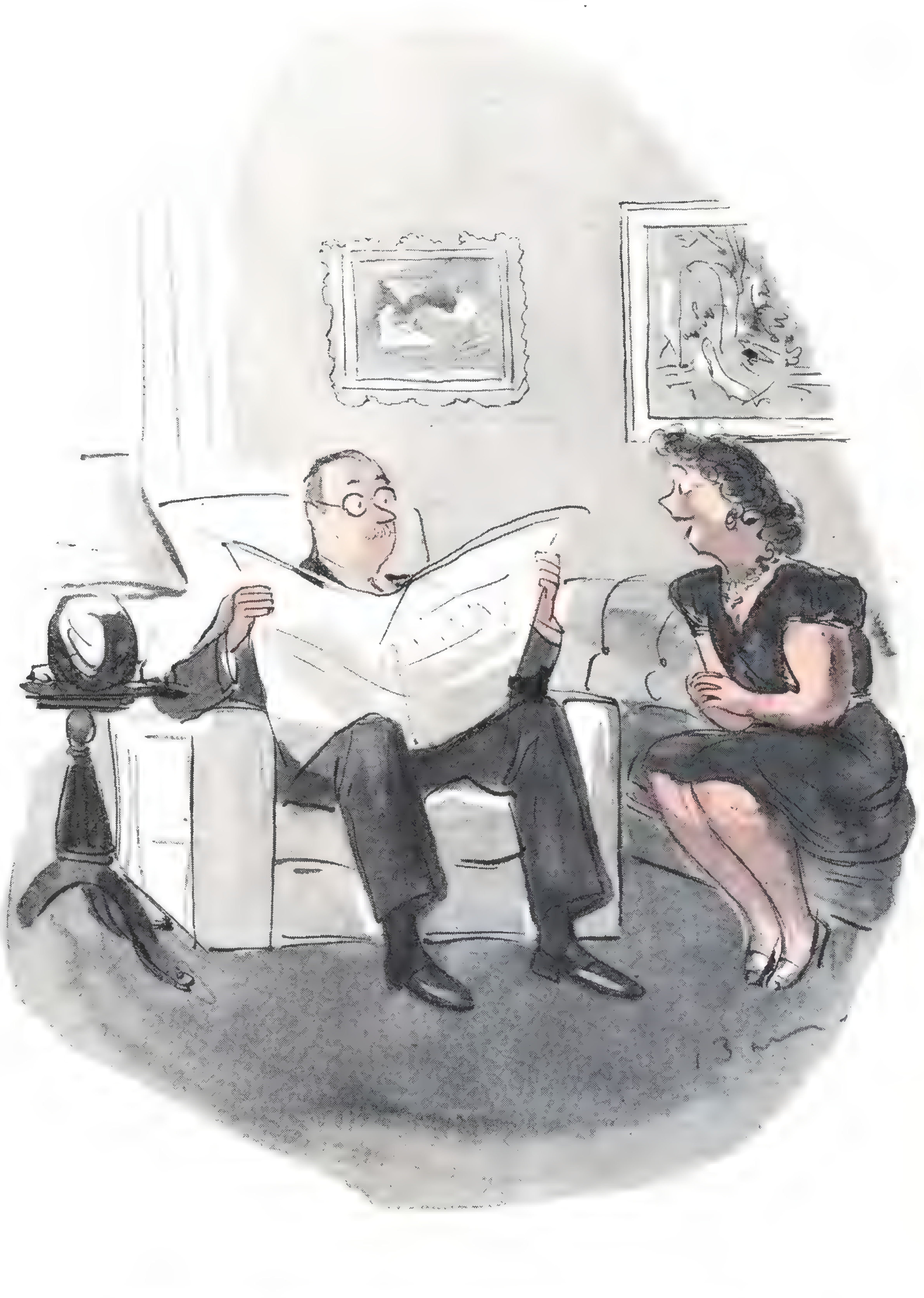

"I saw the loveliest porterhouse steak at the butcher's today"

The Fastest Human

Recalling the day when Charley Paddock broke all sprint records and mystified track coaches with his famous "bounce"

by AL WESSON

• SPORTS •

It was just about a quarter-century ago that at the instigation of General Pershing a group of hairy-chested men of brawn helped the United States celebrate the winning of World War I by shoving off for the Inter-Allied Track and Field Games in Paris. On the first night out they naturally fell to batting the breeze about their past records.

When the talk got around to sprinting, it came out that most of the dash men present were capable of ten seconds flat for the 100-yard dash. Now listen, you modern track fan, remember that this was 'way back in 1919. In those days a championship sprinter was plenty proud of a ten-flat race.

Moving in and out of the group like an eager, happy pup anxious not to miss anything was a stocky lad whose easy-going rolling gait accentuated his plump appearance. Among those trim well-knit stars who were the cream of Uncle Sam's track and field strength, the chubby young man couldn't help being conspicuous. In fact, the exuberant one made no attempt then or at any other time in his life to be inconspicuous. He had a high-pitched laugh that usually hit falsetto, and whenever anything pleased him, and plenty did, he broke out with a piercing upper register "Wheee-ee-ee!"

Condescendingly, one of the nation's cinderpath aces thought he'd ask this juvenile misfit among the athletic greats what he could do.

"Hey, Paddock, you're a sprinter, or so they say; what's your best time for the 100?"

"Nine-four," he piped with innocent eagerness.

"Nine-four!" came a chorus. "We do ten flat and this little fat boy says he does nine-four!"

Eighteen-year-old Charley Paddock was suddenly conscious that maybe in this august company he had said the wrong thing.

"Well, I guess I just barely shaded ten flat," he stammered. "It wasn't anything to mention."

"Oh, I see," said one of the sprint stars. "It was what you might call a slow nine-four."

"Yeh, that's it," said Charley, jumping at the bait. "Just a slow nine-four."

That's all they wanted to hear. The howls of derision that followed young Paddock's words officially elected him the American team's goat—the youngest, the most non-athletic in appearance, and certainly the least likely to succeed.

"Slow Nine-Four"—that was about the only name the youngster had for the rest of the trip and during the training days in Paris right up to the preliminary heats. But when the practice jaunts, in which Charley always looked terrible, were over and the real running started, it was a different story. Suddenly those who had been ribbing the lad found out that "Slow Nine-Four" hadn't been kidding.

For the first 75 meters of the 100 he would be the awkward little fat boy. Then in a tremendous flash of power he would tie his field to a post in exploding from last to first. The excitable French ate up this spectacular finish and took to their heart the kid who had been nothing but a freckle-faced orphan among his own kind. As he sped past the world's fastest field to victory in the 100-meter finals they filled the air with cries of "Pad-DOKE! Pad-DOKE!" Seeing him again make a show of the famous competition with his blazing finish in the 200-meter race, they howled with glee, "Pad-DOKE! Pad-DOKE! CHAMPION DU MONDE!"

It was a cry that was repeated the following year when Charley won the Olympic Games 100-meter title in Antwerp. Again at the Olympics of 1924 and '28, to the Europeans he was still the favorite runner of all the Americans. Win or not, wherever he went the spontaneous cry burst forth, "Pad-DOKE! Champion du Monde!"

No one ever deserved this title more than Charley. In 1921, two years after he had been hailed "Champion du Monde!", he embarked upon the most brilliant career of world's record smashing that the cinderpath has ever seen, earning a name that will never belong to another—"The Fastest Human." During a dual meet in Berkeley, in which he ran for the University of Southern California against California, he tied the 100-yard dash time of 9 3/5 seconds and then cracked the 220-yard mark from 21 1/5 seconds to 20 4/5 seconds.

During that year Paddock officially equalled the century record four times, one of the occasions being in the national A.A.U. championships. In winning the A.A.U. title at this distance in 1924 he tied the mark again. He was the national 220 champ in 1920, '21 and '24 and tied his world's furlong record in taking the 1924 title. In 1926, during his eleventh year of competition, he defeated Charley Borah of Southern California in 9.5 seconds, but as tenth-seconds were not given official recognition in those days he was cheated out of the chance of becoming sole owner of the century mark.

Except for the 100 record, which he tied so often, Charley at one time was the holder of most of the world's sprint marks from 90 yards to 300 meters. He was given credit for American records or "noteworthy performances" at the odd distances. Among them were the following: 90 yards, 8 4/5 seconds; 110 yards, 10 1/5 seconds; 125 yards, 12 seconds; 130 yards, 12 2/5 seconds; 150 yards, 14 1/5 seconds; 200 yards, 19 seconds; 300 yards, 30 1/5 seconds and 300 meters, 33 1/5 seconds.

Some basis for comparing Charley with the fastest men who have come after him is given in that 110-yard record of 10 1/5 seconds. Jesse Owens' world's and Olympic record of 10.2 seconds for 100 meters is generally considered the supreme sprinting performance. But if you will recall that 100 meters equal 109.362 yards you will find that Paddock ran nearly two feet farther in the same time.

But now that Captain Charley Paddock, USMCR, is gone—killed while on duty as aide to Major General William P. Upshur in a plane crash near Sitka, Alaska, last July 21—those who knew him well always think of him not only as "Champion du Monde" on the cinders but also as the world's champion among friends.

I first knew Charley when we played tag in grammar school. Then he was as wide as he was high and for a while this was a lure that made us kids take out after him when we were "it." But we soon learned that it took a lot of running to catch him.

Charles H. Paddock, Charley's dad, was a husky who had been a football player and quarter-miler in his younger days, and he passed on to Paddock Junior a sturdy frame upon which to build athletic prowess. There were other important elements, however, necessary for Charley to inherit the chance for athletic greatness and these were handed down by his

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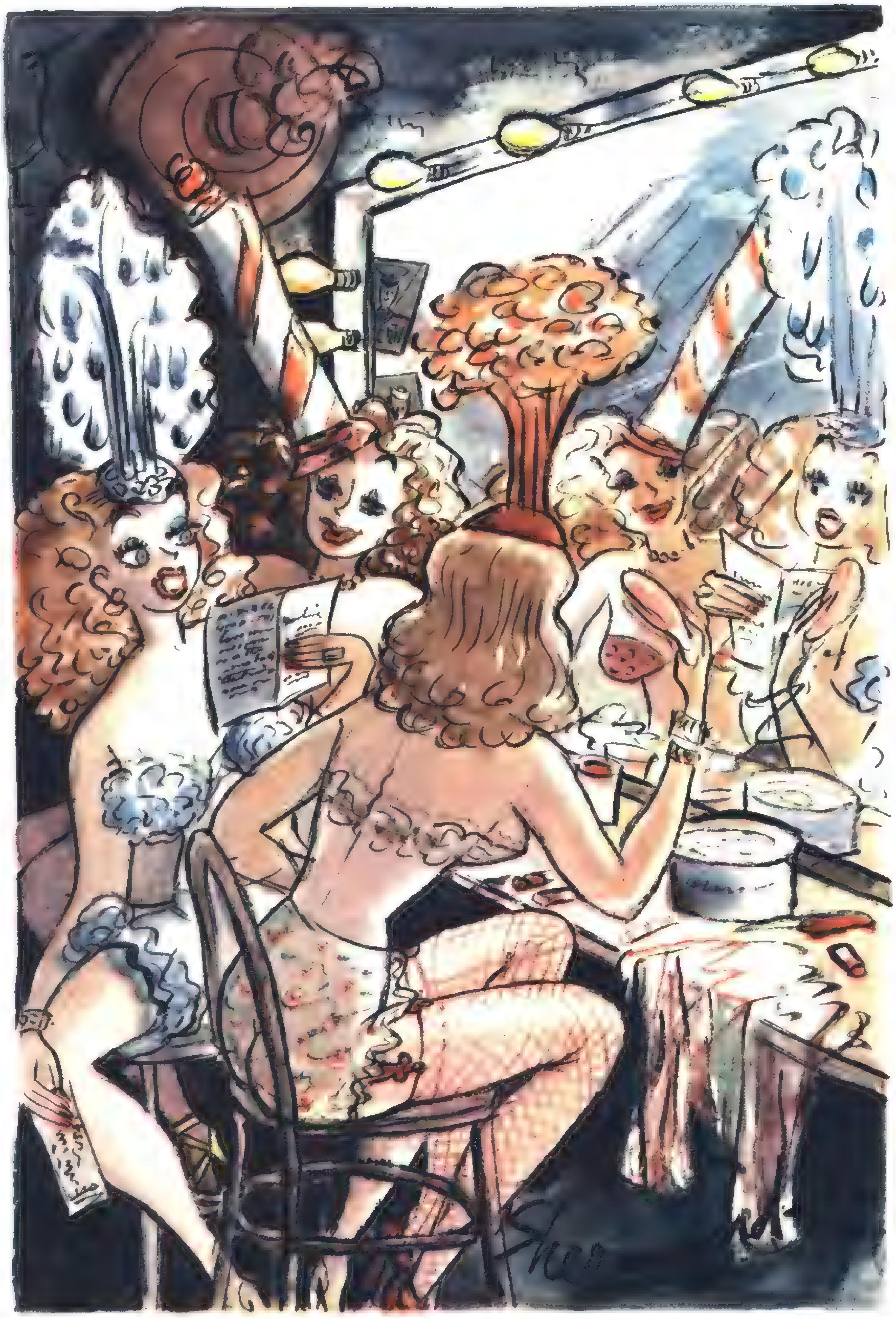
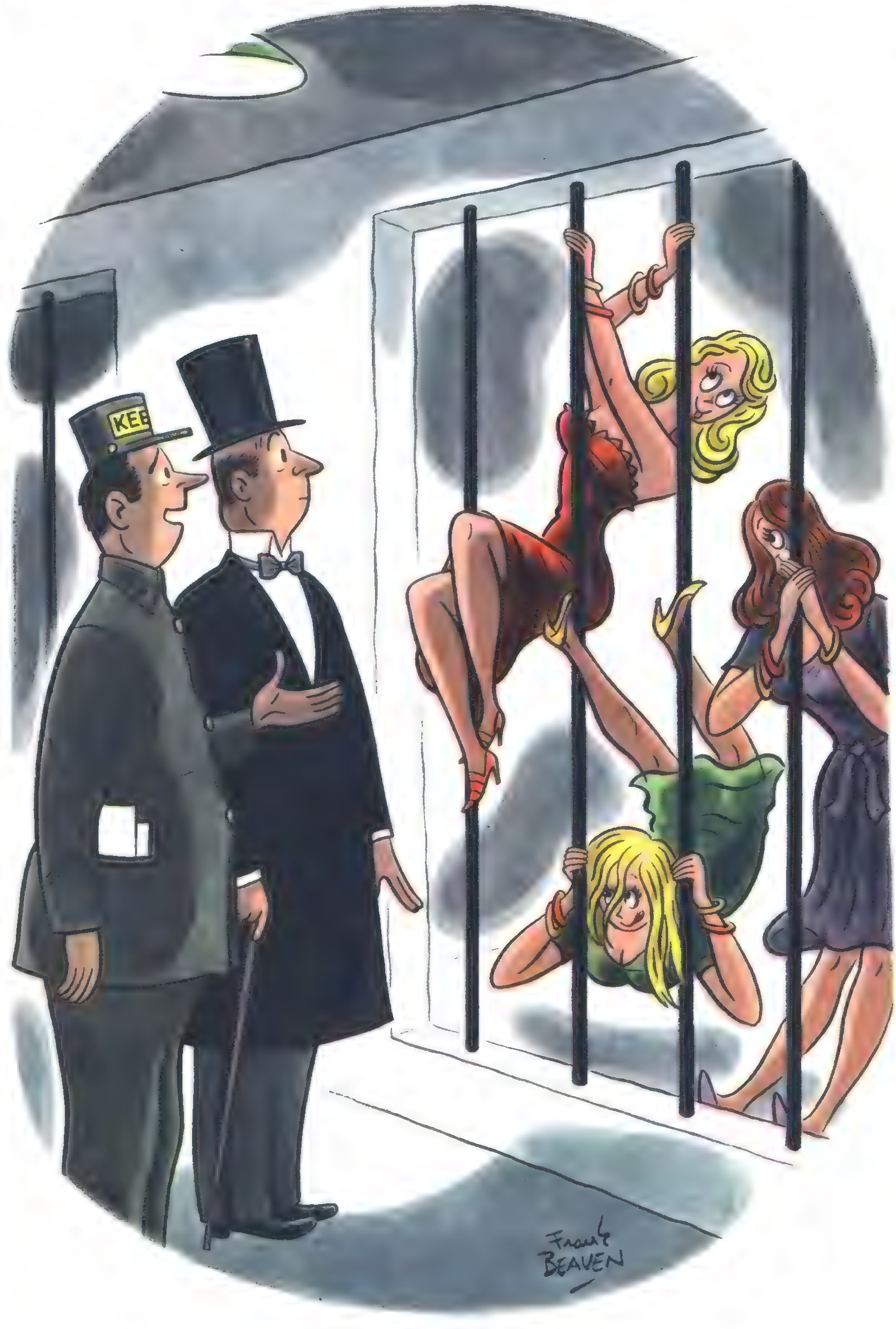
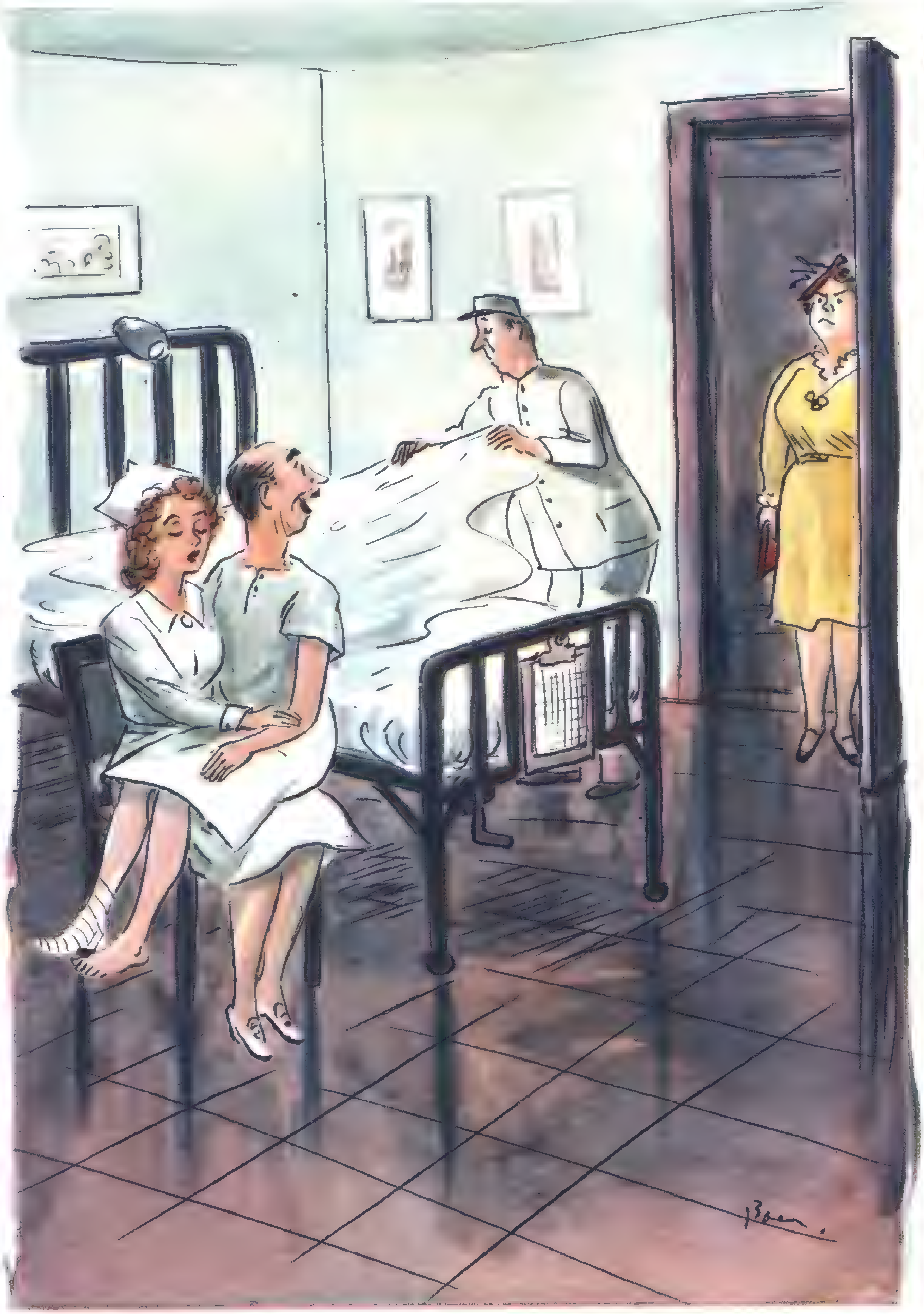
"Sometimes I think this jeep can read my mind"



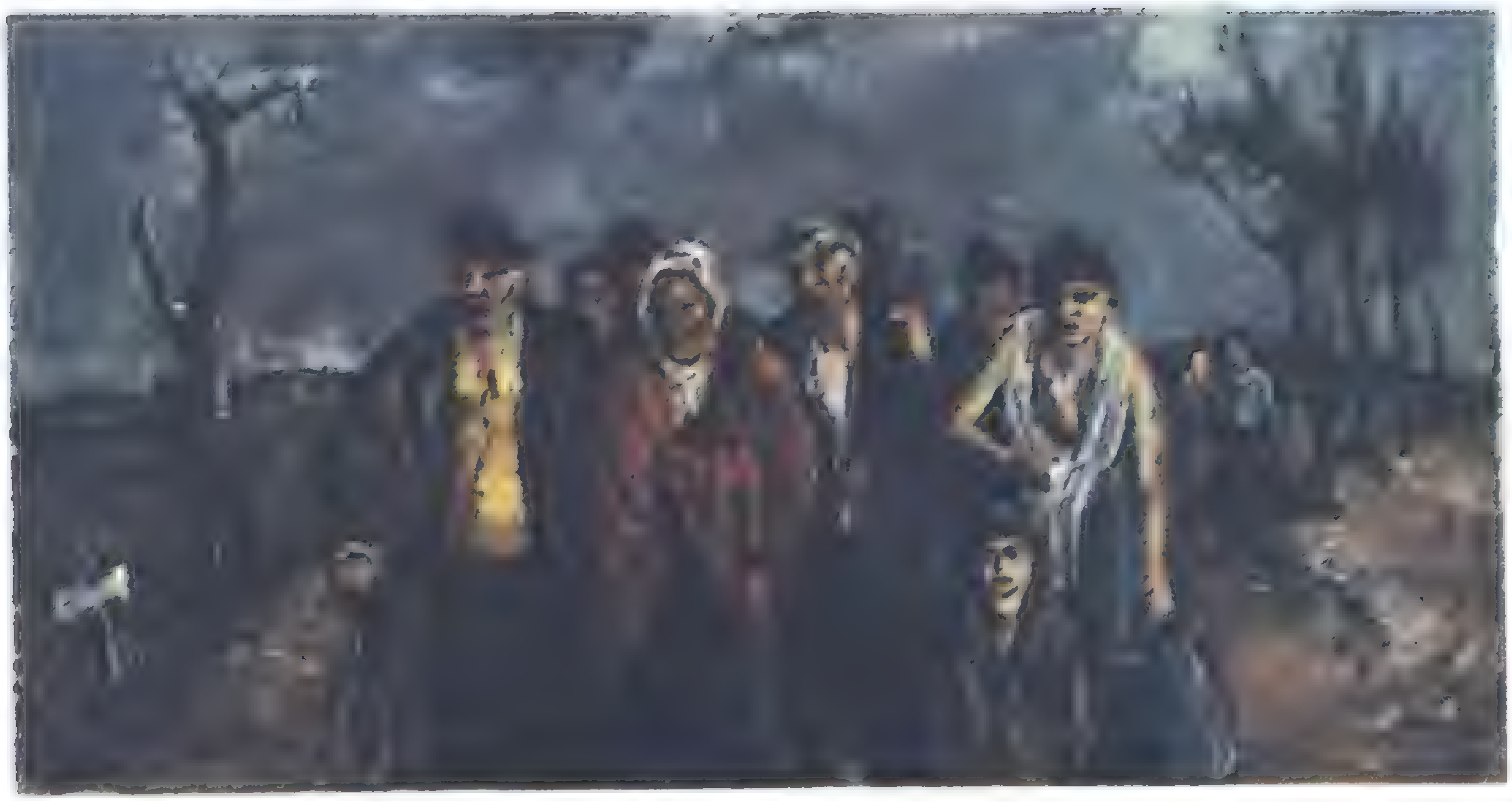
"It says all he wants is a jug of wine and thou beside me—who is thou?"


KEE
Frank BEAVEN

"This is our Frank Sinatra ward"



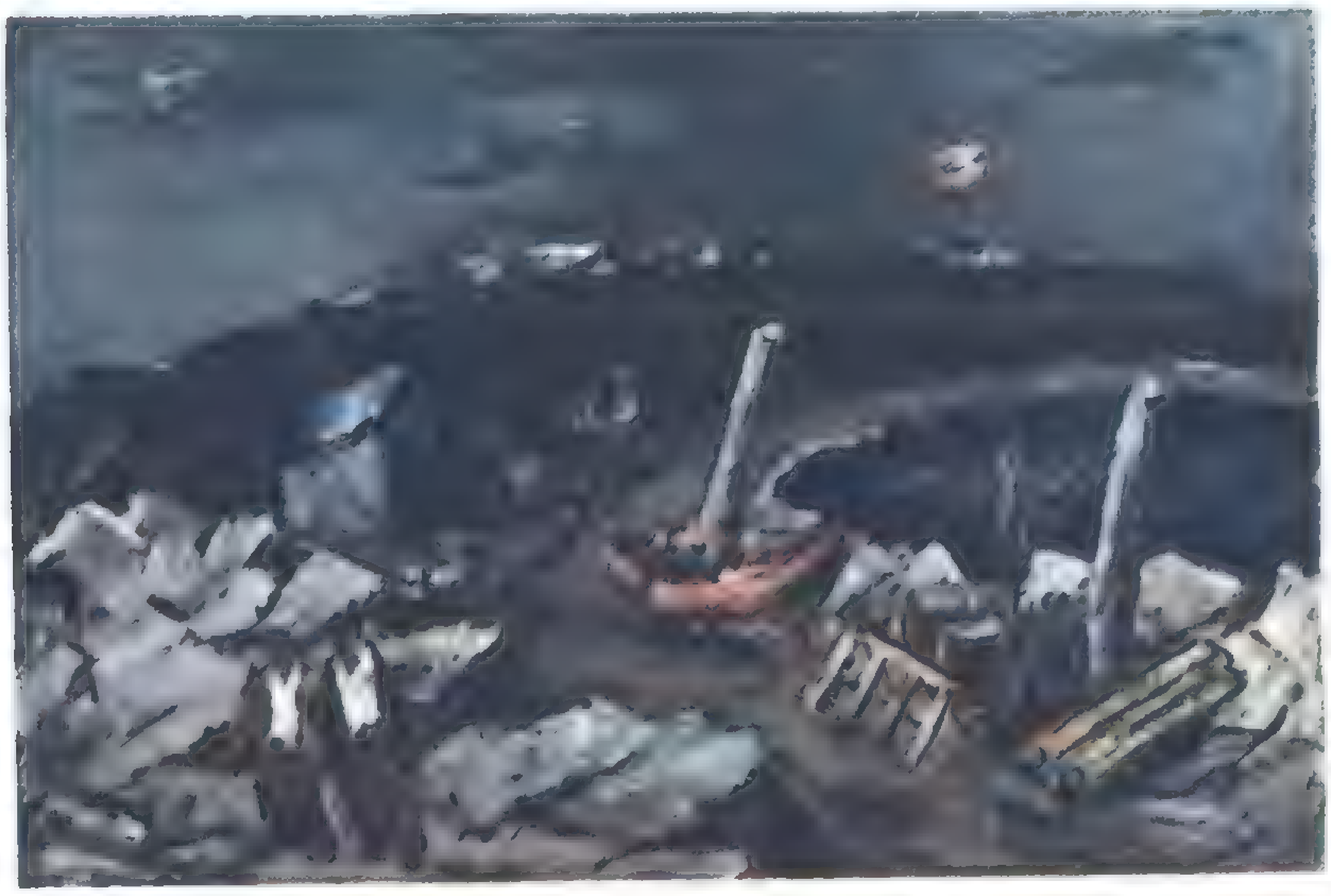
"Miss Brown is just holding me, dear, while the orderly changes the linens"



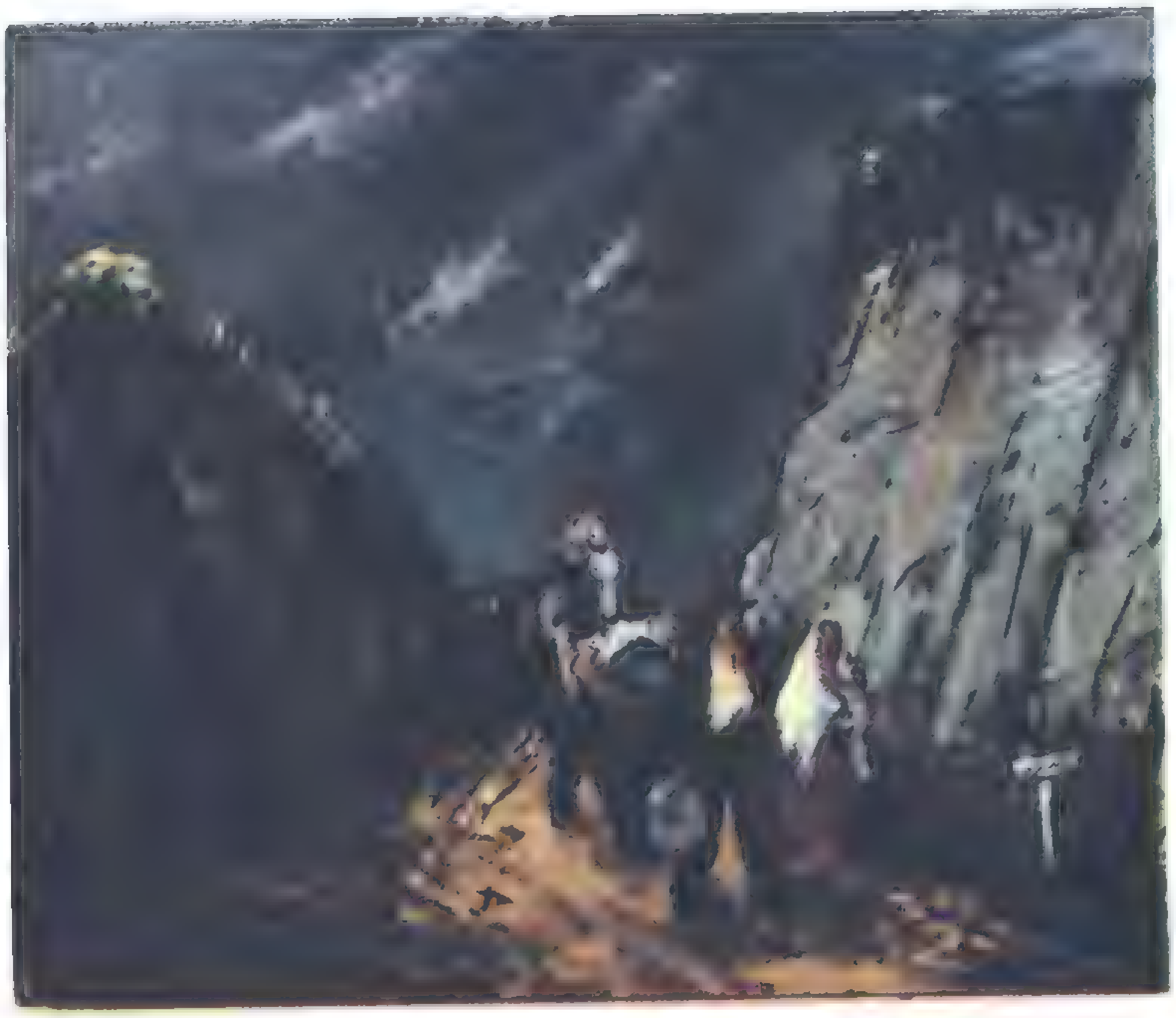
THE RETURN

A Group of Four Paintings

by SOL WILSON

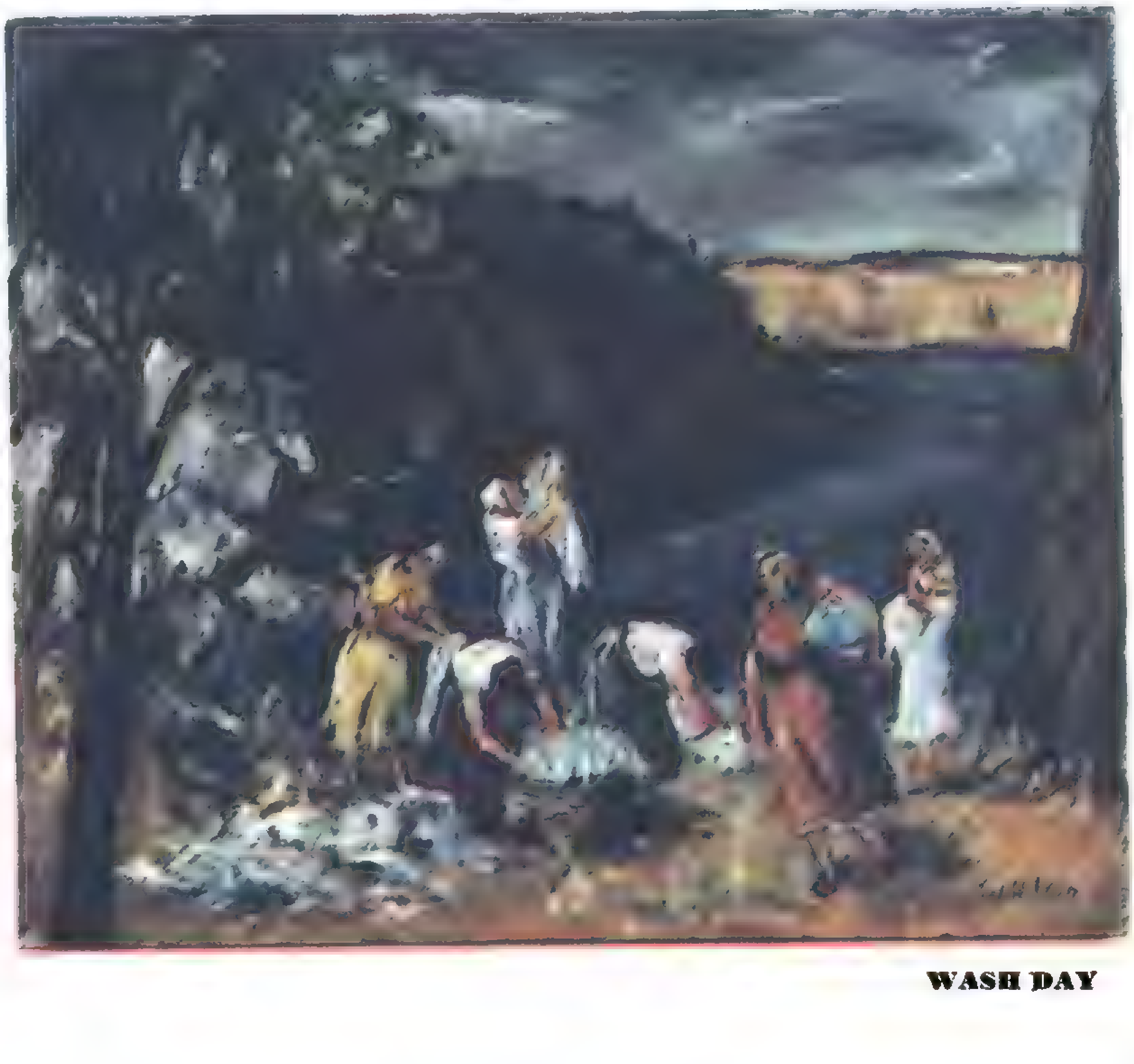


BREAKWATER AT LANESVILLE



THE NARROW PASS

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Babcock Galleries, New York City



WASH DAY

Immigrant's Rock-Bound Coast

Sol Wilson delights in painting somber clouds, the gray, salt-caked stones and terrifying ocean gales around Cape Ann

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

WE COULD tell you a lot of non-essential facts about Sol Wilson, all of them humanly interesting, such as: that whenever he hears the name of the city in which he spent his boyhood, he sees a line of whip-lashing Cossacks riding down the main street on foam-flecked horses; that once, in mid-Atlantic, he was almost swept overboard a liner during a storm; that he worked for Louis Untermeyer, the poet, in his jewelry factory at four dollars a week and was once docked two cents for a fifteen minutes' tardiness; that he had a dope peddler for a private guard at art school; that he derived his chief inspiration from a landscape (Rockport, Massachusetts) and a man (George Bellows); that he is a devoted family man who is proud of his young daughter; that he is a most successful private teacher of art who resembles nothing so much as a middle-aged, middle-class, potbellied shopkeeper. But all of these fragments out of his biography have very little to do with the essential fact that Sol Wilson is a very fine painter of quality and distinction whose work has indelibly enriched the sum total of contemporary American art. In other words, I like and admire his paintings.

Whether or not we can find the key, a man's life and his art compose an indivisible unit and the extent to which Sol Wilson's life and art are interlocked is to be seen in the simple fact that the sun rarely, if ever, shines full voltage on his landscapes. However much this artist's somber and beclouded canvases conform to an aesthetic or to an intellectual principle, they conform also to the subdued tonality of his proletarian-tinged biography.

Consciously, he has always pursued the ideal of the pure painter, being concerned chiefly not with description, slogan or anecdote, but with the building up of forms from within, the harmonious relationship of colors belonging to his subdued palette—in short, with the creation on canvas of an entity which shall have existence and vitality independent of the title or the onlooker's recollection of a place. Yet every canvas, no matter how solidly, and one might say impersonally, wrought, proclaims the character of the artist in a somber romanticism which drenched every landscape in a particular mood. The large, solid rock formations in which he particularly delights, the gale-blown sea and lowering clouds proclaimed that aspect of Nature from whose crashing impact Man can at best barely escape. In his stormy skies and nor'easter-driven seas, Sol Wilson forever relives that clutch of the rope in the steerage which barely saved his life as a boy.

In his more recent canvases he has underlined his sense of Nature's threat and terror by peopling them with little men, bowed in work or in flight. They are migrants, refugees, prisoners, sailors and fishermen in agitated movement against a sky, a land and a sea, which, for Wilson, have had the smile wiped off. The artist describes *The Narrow Pass* (reproduced) as a place through which your instinct leads you to hurry and leave far behind. Only in *The Return*, a line of vengeful men striding toward the village from which they had fled, does man's threat to other men supersede Nature's, and this picture, curiously, may be described as the artist's most literary effort. But, as he tells his students, "You cannot escape your own feelings or your own lack of feelings about life in your paintings." He realizes that there must be a pall of thought and feeling over his art, that an artist paints not only with the sum and substance of his technical equipment, but with whatever humanity and biography and aspiration he possesses, with what he has read and seen, wants and hopes. Art for art's sake is not enough, although art must be the essential scaffolding. The most impersonal painter among the group of Americans with whom he has been identified declares that a painting must be imbued with strong human feelings, whatever else it has.

Anyway, Sol Wilson knew about "life" long before he could put humanity, or anything else, into a picture; and the kind of picture he paints has something to do with the kind of life he has lived, and lives. His boyhood was no swaddling-clothed affair. He was the fifth of six sons and his father was a lithographer in whose shop in Dvinsk, Latvia, (then part of the Russian Czar's domain) the young artist would marvel at the dexterity of the workmen and the beauty of their designs for such things as wine bottle labels. Sol began drawing long ago, starting with sketches he found in old books and even imitating the brush strokes of a nearby primitive who had a ground floor studio and on whose struggles with paint and brush the young man would trespass from the street. His first sale was a two-ruble painting of a village flood, bought by a second-hand dealer purely on speculation.

About here the Czar of all the Russias enters the scene, remotely but potently. Showing an incurable aversion to the Russian uniform, Sol's elder brothers fled; the penalty was 300 rubles per conscription delinquent. In the effort to raise these vast sums, Wilson *père* became so deeply involved that in 1907 (when the subject of this brief chronicle was thirteen) he fled to America to make a new home for his family. Four years later the rest of the family left Russia on black market passports, with their meager funds slightly expanded by the thirty to forty rubles which the fifteen-year-old artist had realized from the bargain sale of his "studio." At Riga they barely missed the train for the port city of Libau; on the boat, during the sixteen-day voyage, our young man nearly lost his life in a storm.

In the old country there had been day dreams of New World wonders such as art school and music school. Had New York's High School of Music and Art then existed, it would have been exactly what the doctor would have ordered for this hopeful immigrant. Reality, however, prescribed the bitter pill of working papers and a four-dollar a week job as apprentice polisher in the Franklin Street jewelry plant of the Untermeyer-Robbins company. Less than a year later he was painting the faces and inserting the eyes of unbreakable dolls, until he discovered that the paints and turpentine were eating away the skin of his hands. Invalided for a solid year, he began to learn photography, particularly developing and retouching, in which skill he has earned the greater part of his daily bread since. Working by day, he attended night classes at Cooper Union, specializing in drawing, but discovered after two years that he was learning next to nothing.

A fellow-student advised the school of the National Academy of Design, in whose daytime life classes he became monitor, to save tuition fees. From early morning through late afternoon he

Continued on page 155

Chas. Allen
WARDEN

"I stole a steak!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Another Love Story, Othello, One Touch of Venus, The Naked Genius, Manhattan Nocturne and others in the critical pan

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

FREDERICK LONSDALE is a charming and socially popular Englishman who in other days wrote some charming comedies about other charming and socially popular Englishmen. When the war broke out, being in his sixties and beyond military service, he came to America. In the years he has been here he has busied himself, when not occupied with the round of fashionable life, in writing a play. Not a play about Englishmen, but a play about Americans. Called *Another Love Story*, it was not long ago presented in Washington, Boston and, finally, New York. It is pitiably far from being a good play and equally far from the level of those he wrote while in England, and for a number of esoteric reasons.

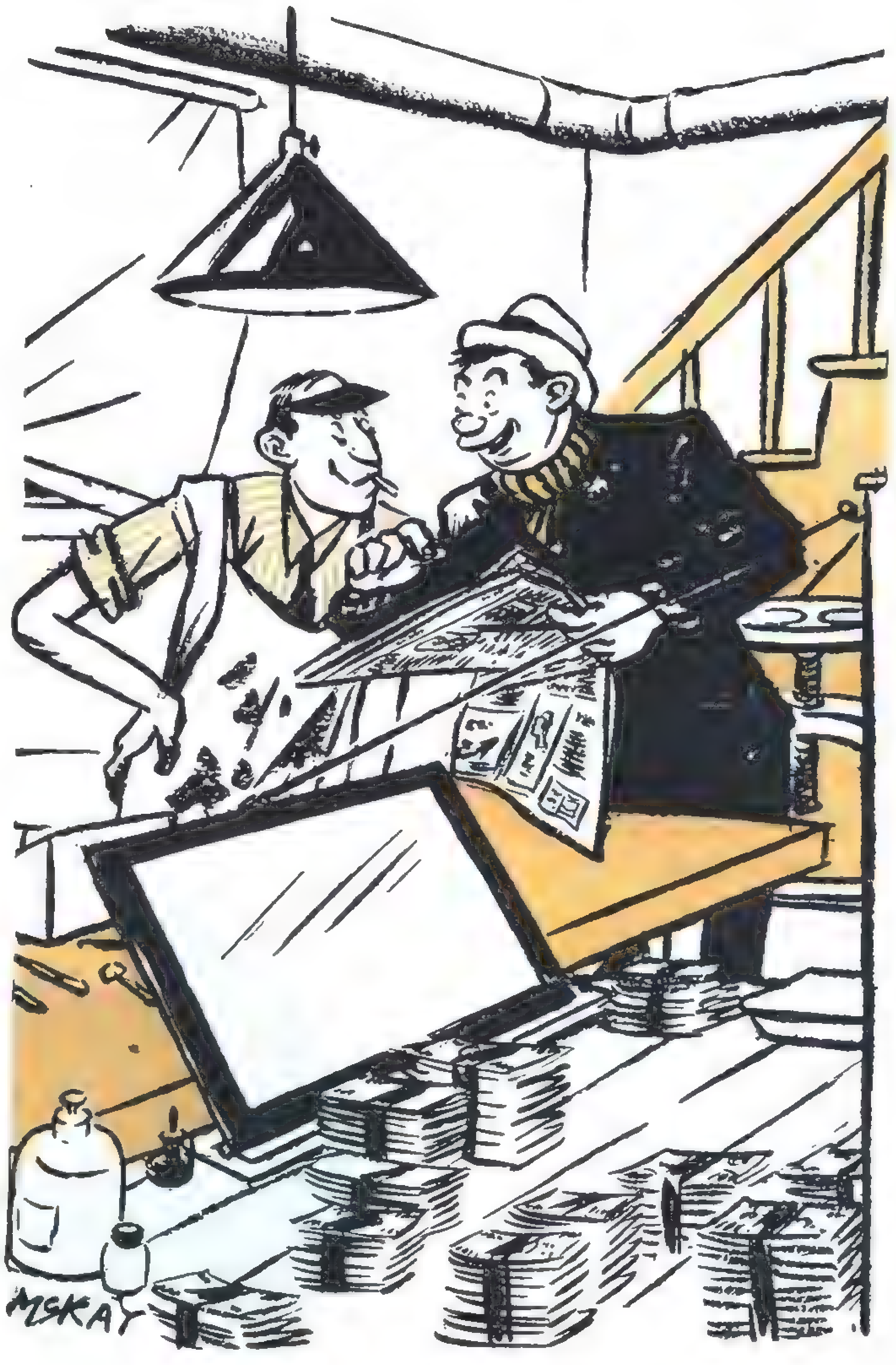
The first of these is that the modish Mr. Lonsdale seems to have achieved the notion that all Americans are divided into two classes: those who live like Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and those, on the other hand, who live in slums like the Ritz and the Sherry-Netherland. The term Okies, he has been persuaded by the high-toned New York existence he has led, probably refers to persons who hang around the Oak Room at the Plaza Hotel; mugs are those things behind the bars in the lager restaurants; and the bread-line has something to do with the Westchester Kennel Club's annual pedigree show. Long Island, where he has spent many a jolly week end, has just five localities in its entire length: Old Westbury, Roslyn, Port Washington, Oyster Bay and Southampton. Bayside is doubtless in Arkansas, Flushing somewhere in Ohio, and Patchogue, Yaphank, Riverhead and Far Rockaway are God knows where. The capital of the United States is El Morocco; Congress meets in the Union Club, when and if it is allowed in; and New York west of Fifth Avenue is an unexplored wasteland, inhabited chiefly by the very poor, with an annual pittance of twenty or twenty-five thousand.

The second of the reasons, apparently brought about by our friend's unrelieved contact with the set in point, is that the majority of Americans are largely indistinguishable from the English, save perhaps alone for better dinner tables and a propensity for denouncing President Roosevelt.

A third of the reasons is his evident conviction, based on local playgoing confined to the English dramatic importations of the Messrs. Gilbert Miller and John C. Wilson, that the American theatre is much like the English and that any faintest touch of vigorous everyday life is doubtless taboo.

The result of all this is the *Another Love Story* mentioned. Its Americans, or what are billed as Americans, are intrinsically British, its tone and manner are as languid as a pair of damp spats, its humor is for the most part long dated; and the life it reflects is as essentially un-American as Pinero, Noel Coward or warm beer. That Mr. Lonsdale, who directed his own play, cast English actors in some of the principal roles is a credit to his critical acumen. A few moments of his dialogue are passable and one of his comedy situations is fairly well-contrived, but the exhibit on the whole is 1898 and its essence much closer to Piccadilly than, as the author intended, to a house on Long Island.

The previous occupant of the Fulton Theatre was *Arsenic and Old Lace*. It was apparent that it had forgotten to remove one of its corpses.



"Listen, George, here's our chance to do our bit—it says here there is a definite shortage of thousand dollar bills"

II.

Paul Robeson's appearance as Othello has induced various pundits to speculate on the propriety of casting a Negro as the Moor. Even those who have expressed some scholarly doubt are nevertheless agreed that, whatever his other obvious shortcomings, he looks the role. That, it seems to me, is something, since no small part of the critical skepticism over a certain production of *Hamlet* was predicated on the fact that John Gielgud suggested the physical picture of Hamlet considerably less than he did that of Osric, and over a certain production of this same *Othello* on the fact that Philip Merivale presented the aspect of a Moor much less than that of Anthony Eden with a barbershop sun tan.

The only difficulty with Mr. Robeson's looking like a Moor is that the other actors in the play look no more like authentic Venetians and Cyprians than James Monks, Margaret Webster and Averell Harris, and accordingly throw the whole stage picture out of visual focus. If none of the players looks like what he or she is supposed to look like, an audience is generally willing to remit its judgment to the extent of accepting the cast as a unit for what it is programmed to be. But when so much as one member of the troupe faithfully and exactly meets the pictorial demand, the general picture is yanked out of joint and the other actors seem just a bit ridiculous. So if we are going to have a Negro in the Othello role, let us have Negroes in all the other roles, or else engage a quadroon.

So far as the general presentation goes, I fear that I can not share in its widely rapturous reception. It is satisfactory, as I see it, only in parts.

III.

The surprise offered by the musical comedy, *One Touch of Venus*, is the transformation of Mary Martin from the sublimated chorus girl of *Leave It To Me* into a skillful and charming leading woman. In that earlier show some five or six years ago her main contribution to the evening was a froggy speaking and singing voice accompanied by a strip-tease which revealed a slender, if not particularly graceful, figure. In the present show she has learned not only how to handle songs effectively and how to comport her body with fluid ease but, more, how to act. She plays at least two scenes quite as happily as could a number of our straight comedy actresses.

The show itself, however, though a big success, is, aside from Kurt Weill's derivative but pleasant melodies, on the weak side. Its story is the old one about the statue that comes to life and has trouble adjusting itself to the strange modern world. Its soiled humor is Palais Royal 1910 vintage. Its chief ballet is one of those soi-disant "pagan routs" in which the men run around the stage carrying aloft wildly kicking women. Its main comedy song is a barbershop quartette called *The Trouble with Women*, harking back to the musical comedy era of Francis Wilson and Jefferson De Angelis. And, among other things, it contains a facetious ditty about New Jersey, a lyric about the squirting eccentricity of grapefruit, the routine scene in which a character indulges in the speech and acts concomitant with a morning-after hangover, and the diminutive comedian with a huge cigar in his mouth.

IV.

Although Gypsy Rose Lee's maiden dramatic effort, *The Naked Genius*, had in it seven dogs, one rooster and a monkey, not counting several creatures disguised as actors, it missed the mark. This was peculiar, since while plays with dogs and roosters in them have intermittently failed to impress the illuminati, I can at the moment think of none over a period of many years that has failed to impress them if it contained a monkey. From the distant day of *The Mummy and the Humming Bird* to *Romance* the presence of a simian in the cast has seemed to be enough to satisfy them. Even, indeed, a human actor made up as a monkey has often turned the trick, as witness plays like *Noah, The Monkey Talks*, et al. Since Miss Lee's exhibit, for all the monkey in it, could not stir the connoisseur interest, any further criticism of it would be superfluous, except maybe to note that it was a stinker.

V.

Roy Walling's *Manhattan Nocturne* would inevitably have been a dud even if it had contained a hundred monkeys. To bring into New York at this late hour the theme of the sentimental prostitute who recreates the spark of hope in a man sunk to the depths of despair, and vice versa—and in a play, to boot, written in the old 10-20-30 terms—called for a critical and box-office optimism of very powerful magnitude. To observe Mr. Eddie Dowling, who had established himself as one of our most meritorious theatrical figures in connection with plays like *Shadow and Substance, The White Steed, The Time of Your Life*, etc., associating himself with such junk, to say nothing of such directly antecedent rubbish as *This Rock*, was something of a jolt.

VI.

Slightly Married, by Aleen Leslie, came to New York by way of California, which evidently had not yet heard that Broadway has been so overstocked with comedies about pregnancy that several newspapers earlier in the season strongly considered the advisability of booting their critics and substituting obstetricians in the jobs. It might also be a good idea for future writers of such comedies to think up something a little newer than disclosing the enceinte girl to be, in one way or another, a secret bride. Miss Leslie evidently wrote her version of the now old stuff in a blacksmith shop. It lasted a week.

VII.

Victory Belles, by Alice Gerstenberg, the season's pre-eminent turkey, was a wretched affair based on the hardly novel idea that in time of war the ratio of available men to available women is considerably reduced.

Isn't it about time that aspiring playwrights rolled out of the mothballs and looked around for some fresh ideas? How about a play, for a change, in which the sentimental prostitute, far from giving spiritual rebirth to the man sunk in despair, makes him sardonically laugh his experienced head off? Or how about one in which the shortage of men in wartime is hailed as a great relief by fed-up women who can then go around with English actors? Another wonderful idea would be a play in which a seventeen-year-old girl doesn't say she is going to have a baby. But maybe that's asking too much. ##

The Esquire Sports Poll

Babe Ruth beats Dempsey as the greatest living sports personality, and majority approve wartime sports despite critics

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

This time only one question in Esquire's monthly sports poll was decided by a reasonably close margin. That was Question II concerning the wisdom of revising the general pre-war rule prohibiting participation of freshmen in intercollegiate athletics. Revision was favored by a 54.92% vote.

One sports controversy that has provoked as much hot wind as any political campaign definitely was settled. Babe Ruth was declared the greatest living sports personality.

Military guests on the poll were Sheppard Field, Texas, and Lowry Field, Colorado. Named for the late Senator Morris J. Sheppard of Texas, Sheppard Field, located on the broad plains near Wichita Falls, is one of the Army Air Forces' largest installations for training airplane mechanics and glider maintenance men. Commandant of the field is Major General James E. Chaney, who holds the DSC received for his work in expediting the AEF in Greenland, Iceland, Ireland and England. General Chaney also was aide to W. Averill Harriman on his mission to Russia earlier in the war.

An important unit of the Army Air Forces Training Command, Lowry Field has sent thousands of ground technicians into the war zones. Primarily Lowry Field trains two types of air forces technicians — photographers and aircraft armorers. Of the latter, two branches have separate schools: bombsight maintenance and power-operated gun turrets. Lowry Field, established in 1937 on a site acquired by Denver and donated to the government, also has schools of photography, cinematography, and an important one which trains cooks, bakers, and butchers for air forces mess units. Brigadier General Albert L. Sneed is commanding general of the post. While serving in the Australian area from February to October of 1942 as commander of an Allied air unit and chief of staff to an Allied air command, General Sneed was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in leading a raid against the Jap base at Koepang, Java, in May, 1942.

The vote on Question I makes it plain that such criticism as there is of American wartime sport is not in agreement with the patriotic and deliberate judgment of the great majority of Americans.

THE QUESTIONS

I.

In your opinion are sports doing a worthwhile wartime job, both for the men in the Armed Forces abroad and in this country and also for civilian morale, and should they be permitted to continue on the same basis?................ *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐
96.94%

II.

Do you think that in view of the fact that freshmen who have been permitted to participate in intercollegiate sports have shown so much aptitude and skill, thought should be given to revising the freshmen rule after the war?.............. *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐
54.92%

III.

Who, in your opinion, is the greatest living sports personality? *Person*
Babe Ruth 26.89%

IV.

Do you think that the present spotlighting of high school athletics will serve to stimulate them for some time after the war? *Yes* ☑ *No* ☐
84.83%

V.

What, in general, do you think will be the result of the discontinuance of football at many schools: Will it de-emphasize football after the war ( ); or will there be a race to get back into the picture again ( )?......................... *Race*
86.96%

QUESTION I

In your opinion are sports doing a worthwhile wartime job, both for the men in the Armed Forces abroad and in this country and also for civilian morale, and should they be permitted to continue on the same basis?

The Public	**Yes 93.14%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 98.80%**
Sports Editors	**Yes 98.27%**

Note that the public lags behind the sportscasters and sports editors groups. The affirmative voters offset any charges of bias against the writers and radio men by pointing out that the experts have made a more thorough study of wartime sports than has the reading and listening public.

Testimony of military conditioning and medical authorities confirms the popular opinion that sports are doing an essential wartime job for men in the armed services. Considering the production results achieved under high pressure, the figures indicate that sports as a preserver of balance and energy valuably serve the civilian wartime populace.

Sheppard Field gave the current sports picture a 96.69% endorsement, while the count at Lowry Field, Colorado, was 92.85% "yes." **Private Joseph E. Broudy** of Boston, sports editor of the *Lowry Rev-Meter*, Lowry Field, said: "Sports are doing a fine job, especially in the Army. I can't conceive of an Army post without athletic activity." **Capt. Aubrey O. Cookman,** Lowry Field, urged more attention to: "bowling, badminton, handball and volleyball, games that have made heavy inroads on the interest of Army personnel."

Hamilton Holt voted "no" on this one. **Rube Goldberg** said "yes." "Sports in the sense of exercise and competition are excellent," said **Edward H. Ober,** Beverly, Massachusetts, "but as an organized morale builder seem to me now a total flop." **Isaiah D. Barclay,** Cranbury, New Jersey, expressed the conviction that: "Anyone able to compete in professional sports should be in the service of his country." **Ray Rocene,** Missoula, Montana, *Missoulian*, said: "All talk of sports helping morale is bunk. It is just to alibi commercial sporting activities."

"I think," wrote **Vincent D. Lunny,** Montreal *Standard*, "the 'sports for morale' slogan is something conceived by the professional sports promoters as a cloak for their non-essential activities. With the exception of a few benefit games and a lot of flag waving, pro sports have failed as a factor in the war effort. Morale of civilians would be better boosted by more attention to individual competitive sports such as bowling, badminton, golf, tennis, in which they obtain valuable exercise and an outlet for pent-up emotions." Mr. Lunny can speak with extra authority since he has just returned from a tour of duty in the Armed Forces.

"Practically all of the talk against sports," rebutted **Raymond J. Baird,** River Falls, Wisconsin, *Journal*, "is nothing but false propaganda issued by those who always have been and always will be against sports. These people are simply taking advantage of the present situation to try to accomplish now what they were unable to do in normal times. Is there any talk about abolishing the motion picture industry? The sports world is making a greater contribution to a victorious war than the movies."

Charles Young, *The Knickerbocker News*, Albany, New York, contributed this item:

I recall a speech made by the Reverend Florian C. Billy, now of Schenectady, in Binghamton a few years ago. He said: "Sports are good for the body, soul, family, neighborhood and community; and since communities make up the country, they are good for the United States. Sports and the spirit of sports are intended to make up the right kind of American citizenry. The man who can take it as well as give it in honest competition is the real type of citizen. While we call it a game, it is the place where heart and brains are shown. If you have consideration for the other man, even though he is on the other side and won't spite him, you are a genuine sportsman. When you analyze it, that's religion; that's the American spirit; that's real citizenry. I firmly believe that athletics of every type belong in the picture to round out our life." What Father Billy said a few years ago is true today.

QUESTION II

Do you think that in view of the fact that freshmen who have been permitted to participate in intercollegiate sports have shown so much aptitude and skill, thought should be given to revising the freshman rule after the war?

The Public	**Yes 54.90%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 56.96%**
Sports Editors	**Yes 54.02%**

Possibly a reason for the public not being especially strong for continuance of the wartime expediency of freshman intercollegiate play was the extent of unbalanced football competition during the 1943 season.

Some voters asked, "Why worry?" when we put this question to them. Their opinion was that the main thing to think about was not the personnel of the varsity teams but the extent to which the entire student body participated in athletics. Here are a few comments.

"Freshmen looked so good this season," pointed out **A. Paul Menton,** Baltimore *Sun*, "mainly because football squads were so depleted." **Paul A. Schrader,** Toledo *Times*, said, "It's a shame to ask college kids, many of them undeveloped freshmen, to play against pros and loaded service-college teams." **Leo Kautz,** Davenport *Times*, figured that "F.D.R.'s plan to give returning servicemen a year's college education, including board, room and tuition, should load our universities with athletes. Freshmen will not be needed." **Danyl Meyer** and **Bill Siefkes,** FKUO, St. Louis, facetiously observed that "elimination of the freshman rule after the war would prohibit the participation of upper classmen in intercollegiate sports." **Sergeant Raoul Carlisle,** Marine Corps Officer Procurement, Forrest City, Arkansas, said: "Many athletes reach their peak in their final years in prep school and are mature as freshmen in college." **Jerry Nason,** Boston *Globe*, argued: "You learn to be a soldier by fighting battles. You learn to play football by playing football. In post-war football freshmen teams should continue to function as formerly, providing younger players with competitive 'classrooms.' The freshman today is prominent only because his opposition is feeble. Under post-war conditions he will be a 'bench sitter,' and you can't learn to play football sitting on a bench."

Said **Van Patrick,** WBEN, Buffalo:

> I have long thought that the freshman rule should have been done away with. If a boy is good enough for the varsity, then let him play. I think, too, you would find most coaches in favor of it. However, a lot of coaches like for the youngsters to spend one year on the frosh to learn the system. At the present time most schools are allowing the freshmen to play, and it works out all right.

Agreeing was **Neil Searles,** WEMP, Milwaukee. He commented:

> Now that the freshmen have proven their ability to compete on equal terms with the older classmen there is no longer any reason for a freshman rule. When you look back at football of years gone by you can't help thinking how swell it would have been to have been able to see and hear about such stars as Grange, Harmon, Martineau, Nagurski and innumerable others for another year of competition. It would just make football that much better.

On the other hand, **Dick Cullum,** Minneapolis *Times*, argued very effectively that:

> The pre-war freshman rule was fundamentally sound. It was a deterrent to promiscuous proselyting and gave boys opportunity to adjust themselves to the educational side of college life. There should always be some reasonable scholastic standard as a prerequisite to the right to play on college teams. Scholastic eligibility could not be established in time to permit freshmen to play football. Moreover, three years of college football are all the average boy can play with enthusiasm and enjoyment. Why not let him have his three years after he has been well prepared in freshman practice?

Support for this viewpoint was supplied by **William J. Moeller,** Hamilton, Ohio, *Journal-News*. He insisted that:

> The fact that freshmen have been showing skill and aptitude should not be brought into the argument for using first year men in the post-war period. Use of freshmen should be banned because such a practice develops "tramp athletes." It would hurt the game, as many unscrupulous schools could entice coal miners, truck drivers and others to the campus for one season or until the first grades were announced.

The point was made by **Floyd Olds,** Omaha *World-Herald*, that:

> Some freshmen like Indiana's Bob Hoernschemeyer and Army's Glenn Davis have been standouts in football, but they are exceptions. As a rule, frosh aren't ready. I'm convinced that the old plan of keeping first-year men off varsity teams should be resumed when peace makes football important.

QUESTION 111

Who, in your opinion, is the greatest living sports personality?

The Public	**Babe Ruth 21.97%**
Sportscasters	**Babe Ruth 25.92%**
Sports Editors	**Babe Ruth 29.73%**

Nine years after his retirement that uncommon Common Man Babe Ruth continues to be the greatest living sports personality. The Babe belongs to the ages. The guy with the ballet dancer legs and the rest of his build like a butcher's block had most of the robust faults of vigorous mankind and along with them an instinct, a technique and a dramatic flair that put him in an athletic class all by himself.

The Babe is the sandlot kid who never grew up. He merely grew more proficient. His 714 home runs, his 12 years of league leadership in home runs, the other of his 76 records generally remain living items in the record books; performances that make type talk and the fans echo the saga that is the Babe.

Ruth stood out far ahead of the field with 26.89% of the total vote. He was followed by a trio closely bracketed consisting of Jack Dempsey, 12.88%; Jim Thorpe, 12.32%; and A. A. Stagg, 11.76%. Another trio, grouped together lower down on the list, was comprised of Connie Mack, 8.40%; Joe Louis, 7.01%; and Judge Landis, 4.48%. From there the

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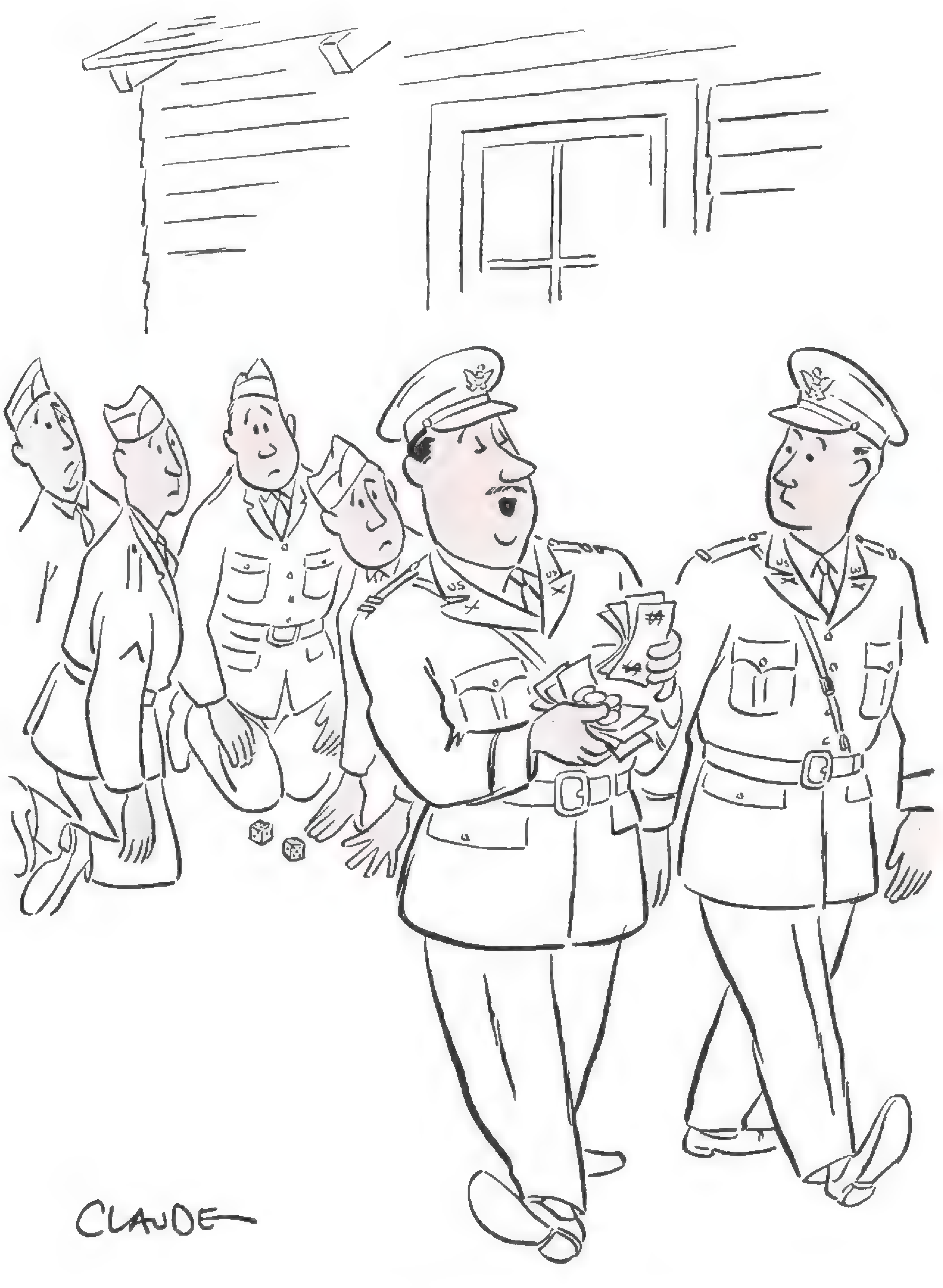

"It helps morale—being friendly with the boys"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Murder in the book trade, *bon mots* of G. K. Chesterton, the tabling of Gertrude Stein and skipping of Richard Llewellyn

by BENNETT CERF

• BOOKS •

DIRECTLY word percolated through the byways of Publishers' Row that I had become custodian of Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf, my more alert competitors began to honor me with review copies of their newest offerings. Several slightly stuffier houses, not the ones to be hurried, will get round to putting my name on their lists some time during the next two years; a select few, bless their souls, will go on sending their advance copies to the late Billy Phelps until the mailing stencil rots. I have already received sufficient quantities of gratuitous literature, however, to reach a reluctant conclusion. The book publishers are hollering blue murder about the rationing of paper, but their avowed intentions to cut the tripe out of their lists to alleviate the shortage are yet to be realized. The trash that has been printed in the last six months alone used up as much paper as the combined editions of *Anthony Adverse*, *Gone with the Wind* and *One World*. The paper, true enough, is flimsier and grayer, the margins smaller, the bindings plainer, but the content remains 99.44% impure. When the publishers (and this emphatically includes myself) finally get round to eliminating Grade C detective stories that are geared to sell two thousand copies and then be forgotten; feeble humorous compendiums about WACs, WAVES, Wicks and Welders; books about war factories by literary frauds who worked in them a fortnight; anthologies of anthologies; memoirs of sixth-rate actors and fading picture stars; plans for a new world by discredited political hacks who helped mess up the old one; feeble rewrites of *The Moon Is Down;* war reports of actions that have been covered already in twenty other volumes—and twenty times better—then, and only then, will our banshee wails bring a sympathetic response from the public. Until that day, our plaints will sound as hollow as a professional killjoy trying to legislate pin-up girls out of Army camps.

As a minor contribution to the general cause, my own publishing concern (Random House) is bravely putting aside Miss Gertrude Stein's newest opus, *Mrs. Reynolds*, until that happy day when nobody cares any longer how much paper is consumed—nor for what purpose. This is the script, incidentally, that a friend of the indomitable Gertrude brought back from France via Sweden and England. There was one unpleasant moment when an alert British customs inspector thought it was a secret document, written in an ingenious and entirely undecipherable code. Finally he conceded grudgingly that it was the manuscript of a novel, all right, but added that it was the first one he had ever seen that seemed to read the same from back to front as it did from front to back. The script will be lovingly preserved in our safe. Some day a visitor will appear who knows what in heck it's all about—or claims to, at any rate. That's always happened before with a Gertrude Stein book! Anyhow, she's a wonderful, exciting woman, and, when she wants to, can write plainer and more explicit English than the official weather forecaster.

"Our steaks aren't smaller—our waitresses are just taller"

* * *

The gap between the shoddy, never-should-have-been-published murder stories and the crisp, workmanlike jobs by recognized masters of the trade has never seemed more unbridgeable than in the past year. Urgencies of wartime have actually sharpened the skill of such headliners as Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Mignon Eberhart, Rex Stout, Carter Dickson, and Ngaio Marsh. Most of them turn out two new ones a year, as regularly as clockwork, without ever letting their admirers down. Some do even more, writing under other names lest the trade be surfeited. A few new names are beginning to forge into the charmed circle (restricted to mystery writers whose books are good for a first printing of ten thousand copies or more): Dorothy Hughes, Craig Rice, Frances Crane, Dorothy Disney, Mabel Seeley, Margery Allingham. Why four out of every five top-notch murder story artisans are women is a curious fact that has never been explained. Dorothy Sayers and Mary Roberts Rinehart haven't turned out new ones in an age. Eric Ambler has been discovered at long last by Hollywood—and slaughtered most foully. The old standbys have been revived in the paper-bound, twenty-five cent editions, and sold literally by the millions. The greatest of them all, Dashiell Hammett, has chucked everything and at the age of forty-nine, enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps. He was last reported in Alaska, promoted to corporal, asking no favors and doing his job. If he ever gets round to doing another murder story, a hundred thousand readers will be waiting to buy it. (Why doesn't M.G.M. revive the original *Thin Man?*) Meanwhile, if you're looking for a couple of really unusual murder tales, and don't give a hoot whether they were published yesterday or ten years ago, I'd like to recommend the following: *A Taste for Honey* by H. F. Heard (Vanguard Press); *To Walk the Night* by William Sloane (Farrar and Rinehart); *The Burning Court* by John Dickson Carr (Harper's); *The Murder of My Aunt* by Richard Hull (Minton, Balch); *The House of the Arrow* by A. E. W. Mason (Doubleday Doran); *The Paradine Case* by Robert Hichens (Doubleday Doran). Most of them, I'm afraid, are out of print, and you'll have a devil of a time getting hold of them. They're worth the effort.

I take it for granted that you have read Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone*. This book was written way back in 1868, but it still sells like hotcakes in a variety of editions. Dorothy Sayers declares, "Taking everything into consideration, *The Moonstone* is probably the very finest detective story ever written. By comparison with its wide scope, its dovetailed completeness and the marvelous variety and soundness of its characterization, modern mystery fiction looks thin and mechanical. Nothing human is perfect, but *The Moonstone* comes about as near perfection as anything of its kind can be." To this verdict Alexander Woollcott appended, "It is a curious phenomenon of letters that *The Moonstone*, the first full-length detective novel ever written in any language, should not yet have been surpassed or even equalled."

* * *

Another Woollcott chore, performed just a few weeks before his death, was a gracious foreword for the Readers' Club edition of G. K. Chesterton's *Charles Dickens: The Last of the Great Men.* Woollcott dug up some amusing anecdotes about Chesterton that are well worth repetition: Chesterton was over six feet tall and weighed upward of three hundred pounds. When he tried his hand at the drama, with the odd comedy *Magic* (it was revived in New York last season), Bernard Shaw referred to it as *Fatty's First Play.* "It must be wonderful," a young girl once gushed to him, "to be so famous that everyone knows who you are." "If they don't," replied Chesterton sadly, "they ask!"

His voice had an irritating habit of escaping from control and breaking into falsetto. When he gave his first lecture in America, Edwin Markham, author of *The Man with the Hoe*, was in the chair. The distinction of introducing so notable a visitor evidently unhinged Markham's reason; he embarrassed the speaker of the evening by a florid eulogy that went on indefinitely. Chesterton was red with embarrassment. He heaved himself to his feet, shuffled to the center of the platform, looked plaintively around him and murmured, "After the whirlwind, the still, small voice!"

On the same visit, he was led forth to see the nightly spectacle of Broadway ablaze with those myriad glamorous lamps, now not so bright as in pre-war days. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Chesterton. "How beautiful it would be for someone who could not read!"

* * *

When it comes to making swaps with foreign countries, our poor old Old Uncle Sam usually comes off second best. The school that taught international horse-trading included us out, as Mr. Goldwyn once said. We certainly put one over, however, when we gave back to the Nazis a broken-down, pre-Alfred Hitchcockian German spy, whom we caught in a hammy impersonation of a hairdresser aboard the *S. S. Europa*, and got in exchange a very wonderful and imperturbable little lady named Etta Shiber. Mrs. Shiber, a former Manhattan housewife, whose chief excitement in life used to be attending concerts in Carnegie Hall, was changed by the fall of France into a great conspirator. Only she knows how many stranded British soldiers she and her friends succeeded in spiriting out of France and back to their regiments in England. Her game was a devious and desperate one, but she took to it like the *femme fatale* in an E. Philips Oppenheim shocker. Eventually the Gestapo caught up with her, but not until she had accomplished enough to make her eligible for a dozen military medals. Mrs. Shiber has detailed her hair-raising adventures in a sure-fire best-seller called *Paris Underground.* I read it at a single sitting and sought out the author the next afternoon. She looked just like my Aunt Minnie from Portland. She looked just like *everybody's* Aunt Minnie from Portland—short, placid, undistinguished, the typical vice-president of the Thursday afternoon sewing circle. Just a year before her arrest, she told me, she had seen *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy* in a picture house on the Champs Elysées; she left it declaring that it was a gross exaggeration; things like that simply didn't happen in real life! Not many months later she was mixed up in intrigues that made the Nazi Spy sound like one of the Five Little Peppers!

* * *

None But the Lonely Heart, the new novel by the Richard Llewellyn who wrote the unforgettable *How Green Was My Valley*, is written in the vernacular of a London cockney. The hero seems to be a posh sort of a bloke, who picks up brollies, and lobs fags to scarpering kips who watch him proper chancey. The jacket description declares that "his only recreation is the tawdry Fun Fair," and that the characters include a "flash boy" named Mordinoy and the terrifying "lamp duffers"—whoever on earth they may be. Your correspondent did not wait to find out. He lumps novels written in strange dialects with cyanide of potassium, double-jointed dancers, the Three Stooges, and dentists; and since, fortunately for himself, he does not depend entirely on book reviews for his three meals a day, is content to leave *None But the Lonely Heart* to more conscientious critics. Some of them, it is only fair to report, have hailed the book as "a masterly *tour de force*" and "a heart-breaking and compassionate portrait of a Cock-

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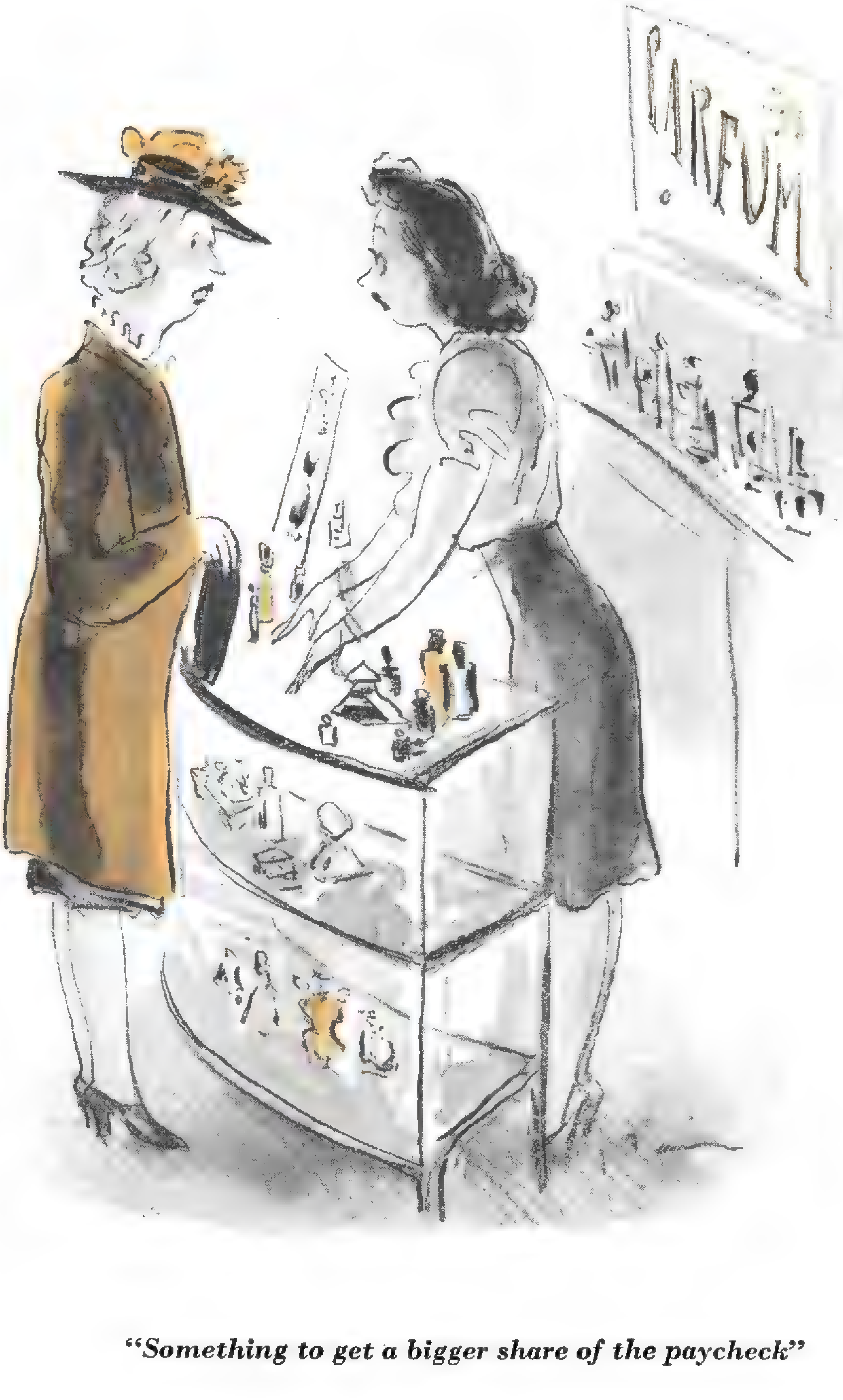


"Something to get a bigger share of the paycheck"

Whistles in the Dark

This, gentlemen, and members of the W. C. T. U., is the situation on Scotch, Bourbon, Rum, Gin and American Brandy

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪POTABLES▪

Writing by candlelight in his tent on an unnamed hot spot in the South Pacific where rats, ants, and lizards are plentiful and foxholes are apt to have more than a jigger of tropical rain in them, a friend of mine reports that he is feeling fine, everybody's morale is high, and the Japs are on the run. But what's this rumor from back home about a liquor shortage? Will what he's been missing be all gone by the time Tojo has been taught to say "Uncle"?

I can assure him there *is* a liquor shortage, but that greedies are being foiled, with the result that there will be a bottle waiting for him in the window. Meanwhile, the distilleries will keep on turning out alcohol for the smokeless powder he'll be using, and for rubber in case jeepie needs new shoes.

I find, though, that I am being corrected by the ladies of the W.C.T.U., who as real insiders in the rubber-alcohol picture (being, in fact, cased in two-way stretches which the erstwhile whiskey kettles have obligingly cooked up for them, with no thanks at all), are declaring that any "shortage" is a fiction deliberately schemed to hoist prices.

So let's you and me adopt their thought and follow it to its logical confusion, picturing Ye Grasping Distiller in full Dracula glee as clamorers for his brands are told, "Allotment exhausted"—prestige and popularity of said brands constituting the sum and substance of his business. It is such fun to flout customers whose loyalty you have spent years and fortunes in winning and retaining.

But isn't there talk of a "holiday" for the distillers? Haven't they turned out such rafts of industrial alcohol that now the WPB, all stock-piled up with it, is ready to grant them a breather in which they can produce some whiskey and gin to relieve the beverage situation?

Last summer it really looked like a possibility. Accumulated drums of "industrial" were just about bursting every warehouse that could be commandeered, and there seemed to be no earthly need of any more for the moment. But then a number of new rubber plants (not the Brooklyn parlor kind) went into operation with capacities that were tough to glut. Instead of time off, there has been speed-up—1943's output of 414,000,000 gallons to be followed by 570,000,000 in 1944, with a special emergency addition of 70,000,000, which tilts this year's quota 50,000,000 above the capacity of industry. If you can see any likelihood of whiskey and gin interludes in such a program your eyes are sharper than mine.

Stocks of whiskey in distillers' warehouses now stand at a little below the 400,000,000 gallon mark, which sounds like a lot, and any host who served it wouldn't be considered skimpy. But to distillers with brands to feed, it is an alarmingly depleted larder of rarities.

Remember, this is an industry which lives on continuity. Its bond system is a four-year progression functioning like that of a college. Each year a freshman class of whiskies, raw out of the still, is taken into the government-supervised, government-guarded "dorm" of charred barrels, to acquire maturity, personality, and color. By the sophomore year you notice a big improvement; crudeness has been toned down. Juniors really begin to strut their style. Seniors are so ripely cultural you can roll out the barrels to the bottling line and confer the official diploma: "Bottled in Bond."

Specially chosen whiskies may remain longer. When they come out it is to be kowtowed to in lordly circles, or to teach flavor to the youngers they're blended with.

All blends are formula affairs batched up by expert repeaters who have dependable flows of supplies to draw upon. Anything that goes into a blend has to be "same as always" or the result isn't what the customer is in the habit of ordering, and he'll feel he's been funny-businessed.

Blends of straight whiskies are close harmonies composed of contrasting types and ages. Light-bodied blends are full-flavored whiskeys svelted with neutral spirits.

Dwindling oaken barrels aren't magician's hats unfortunately, nor can they be expected to make like a string of kettle establishments turning out peacetime plenty. Just the same, declare the beefers at the bar, those big companies ought to loosen up instead of tightening up the way they're doing. But old man distiller, he just keeps doling along.

What would *you* do if you were in his place? I mean *after* you'd had a little drink. Well, while you brood over your tremendous responsibilities, you might be interested to know how *he*, generally speaking, has juggled his load of care.

First and foremost was the brand problem. A bottled-in-bond favorite could still be produced because the college in back of it, though lacking a freshman class, was otherwise intact, except that it was about to graduate its seniors. There would be *half* a college anyhow—for the moment. But would it be wise to let such a big chunk of reserves thus automatically liquidate itself, when there was acute need for good whiskey for maintaining some of the other brands? No, on second thought, it could have *part* of the collegiate population, which would keep it alive and authentic; the rest would be spread around and saved up. As for brands which couldn't be carried on as per formula out of stocks on hand, nothing to do but drop them with a sad thud, softened by hopes of resuscitation after the war, at much expense. And speaking of expense, *all* these reserves, which have been losing five per cent of their volume per year by evaporation and soakage into the wood, represent hefty wads of it and can't be sent to market for nothing. And ouch, the scarcity of neutral spirits for the light-bodied field! Not to mention gin, which was always manufactured on a still-to-mouth basis, because it required no aging, and which just doesn't exist any more. Considerable West Indian gin was brought in, but changes in the molasses situation in Cuba have reduced that inflow.

Rum, though statistically a little brother of whiskey, is more readily obtainable—all hues of it, from palest blanca and blond to dark super-bodied Jamaica and Demerara. Concoctable into such trusty slakers as Daiquiris, Presidentes, Cuba Libres, Rum Collinses, and Punches à la Planter. He who is willing to dissipate a pat of butter may do so golden-gloriously upon the surface of a mug of Hot Grog, traditional medicine for what chills you.

Scotch, the liquor with the Harry Lauder accent which the Stork Club has grown up around, isn't deliberately running out on us. Supply in Scotland has about reached the bottom of the cask, that's all, on account of our importing so much so soon after manufacture ceased a couple of years ago. The British Lion let us have his share, which we have been absorbing at the rate of

Continued on page 153

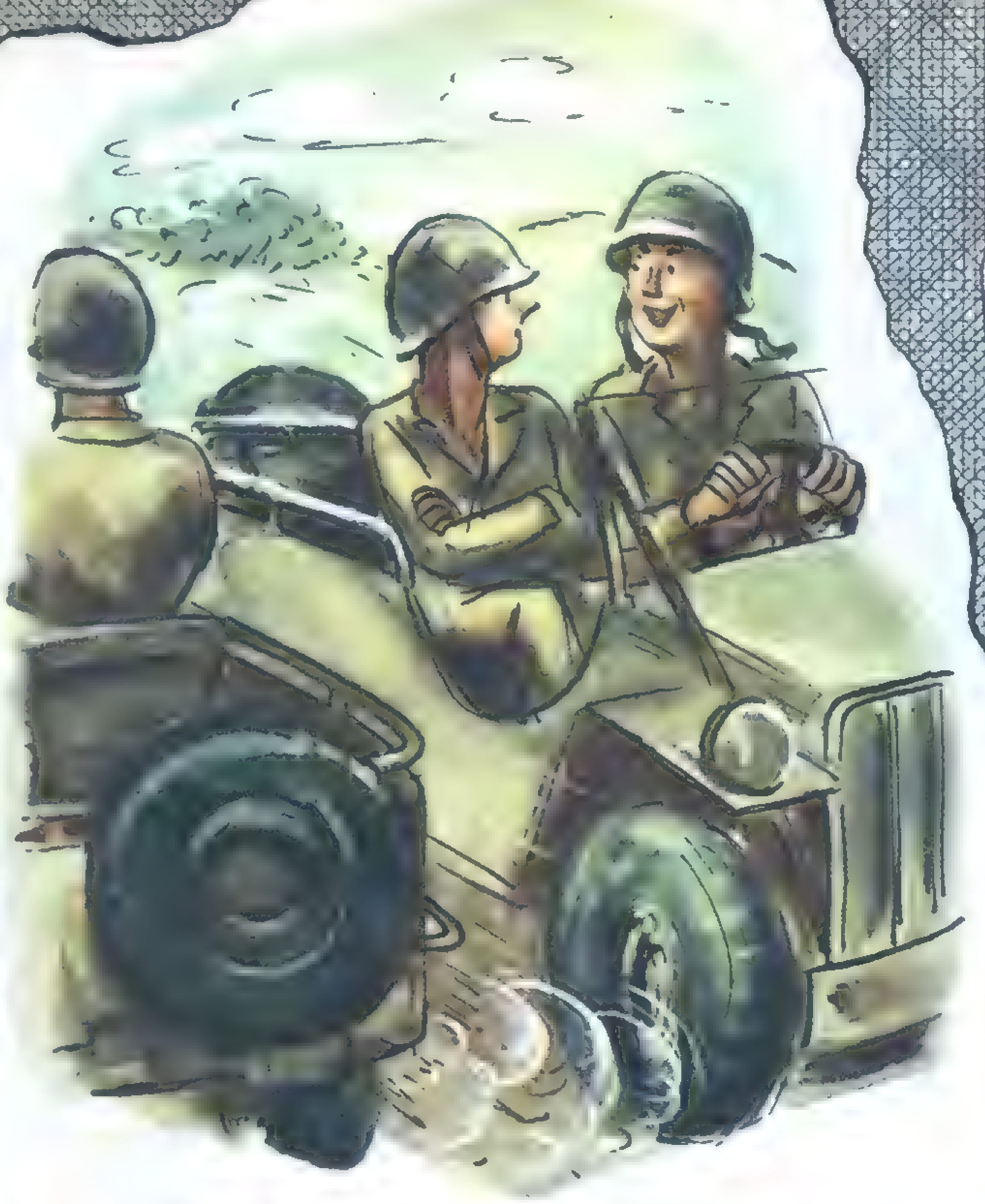
THE VENTURA IS A BRUISER ➧

As we write, recent news of the Army Ventura's smashing blows against the Axis remains highly confidential. Perhaps, by the time this achieves print, the enemy will have learned about this medium bomber the hard way so that the Ventura's story can safely be told. Over a year ago these U. S. Army planes went into battle in an R. A. F. raid over Eindhoven, The Netherlands, with the Philips radio tube works as their target. A news release from London related that the Venturas were part of the second wave of the Eindhoven attack, when the German defenses were in full action, and several of them were brought down. "But the squadrons swept in to their target at rooftop height and dropped their loads of high explosive and incendiary bombs right on the target. A very experienced pilot said he had never seen a more concentrated and effective bombing." One of these ships, christened by R. A. F. admirers "Ventura B for Beer," managed to fly back to its home base in England with seven feet of one wing torn off. Whether the injury was due to enemy flak or hitting a tree while hedge-hopping, heaven only knows. But the big news is the Ventura came back. This painting showing a B-34 riddled with tracer bullets and ack-ack shells, gives you some idea of what the plane can take. When unescorted in raids over Nazi-held Europe, Venturas fly in close formation to cover one another with their machine guns. They go into action at both low and high levels, laying their bombs with fatal accuracy. The B-34's closely resemble the Hudson in general outline, but they are bigger, faster and able to carry more bombs. They are powered by two 2,000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp Engines. Flying as fast as 300 miles per hour, they carry a crew of four. Their machine guns are electrically operated. The bomb load they accommodate is in excess of a ton, and their range is 1,000 miles at 16,000 feet. The B-34's "sister ship," flown by our Navy, is the PV-1. Clearing Allied shipping lanes so that vital supplies may go through, these PV-1's swoop in low from the sky with torpedoes for marauding surface craft or "ash can" depth charges for sub-busting. Both the B-34 and the PV-1 are spawned by Lockheed.

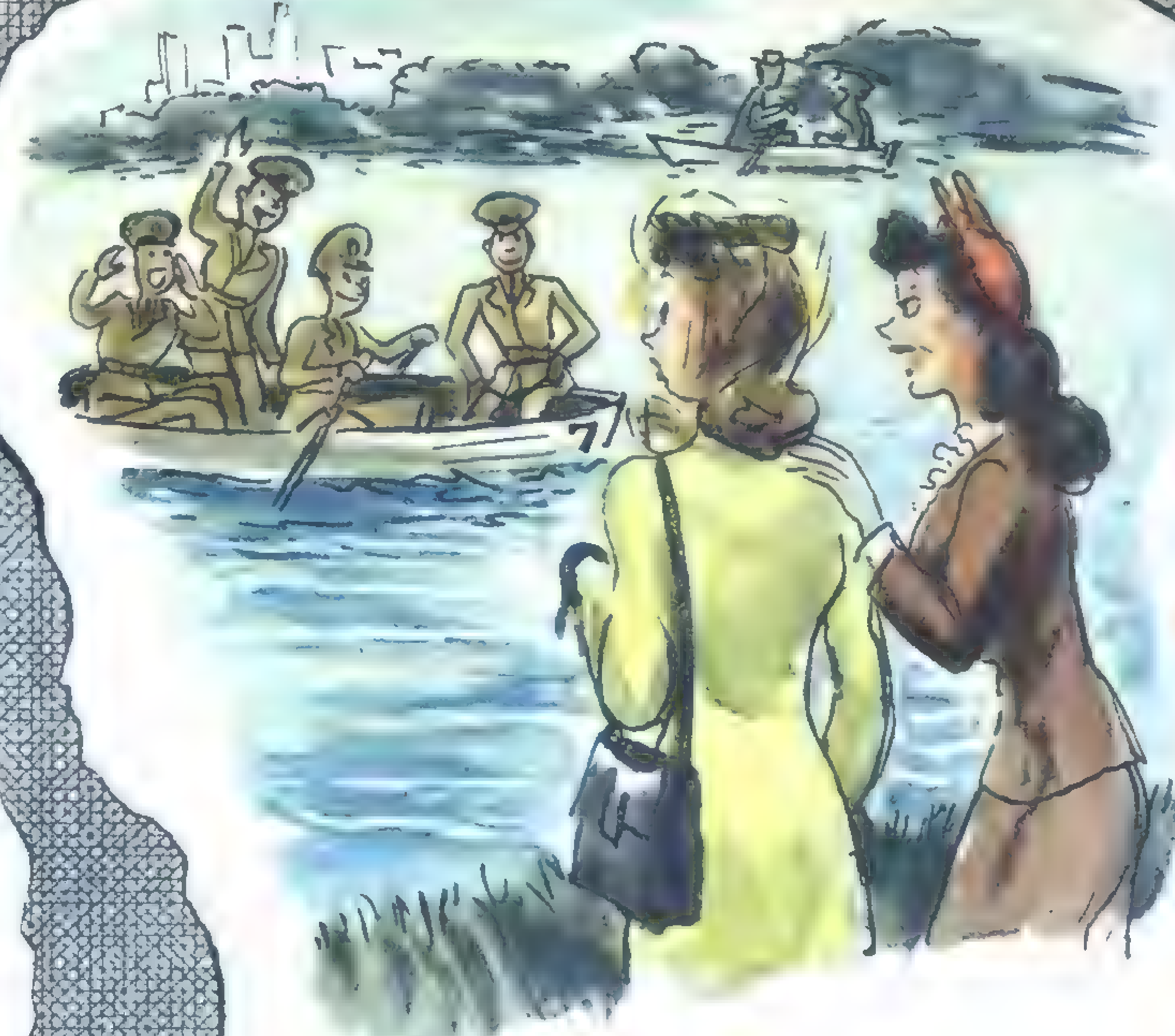
Leydenfrost

Manners before Morals

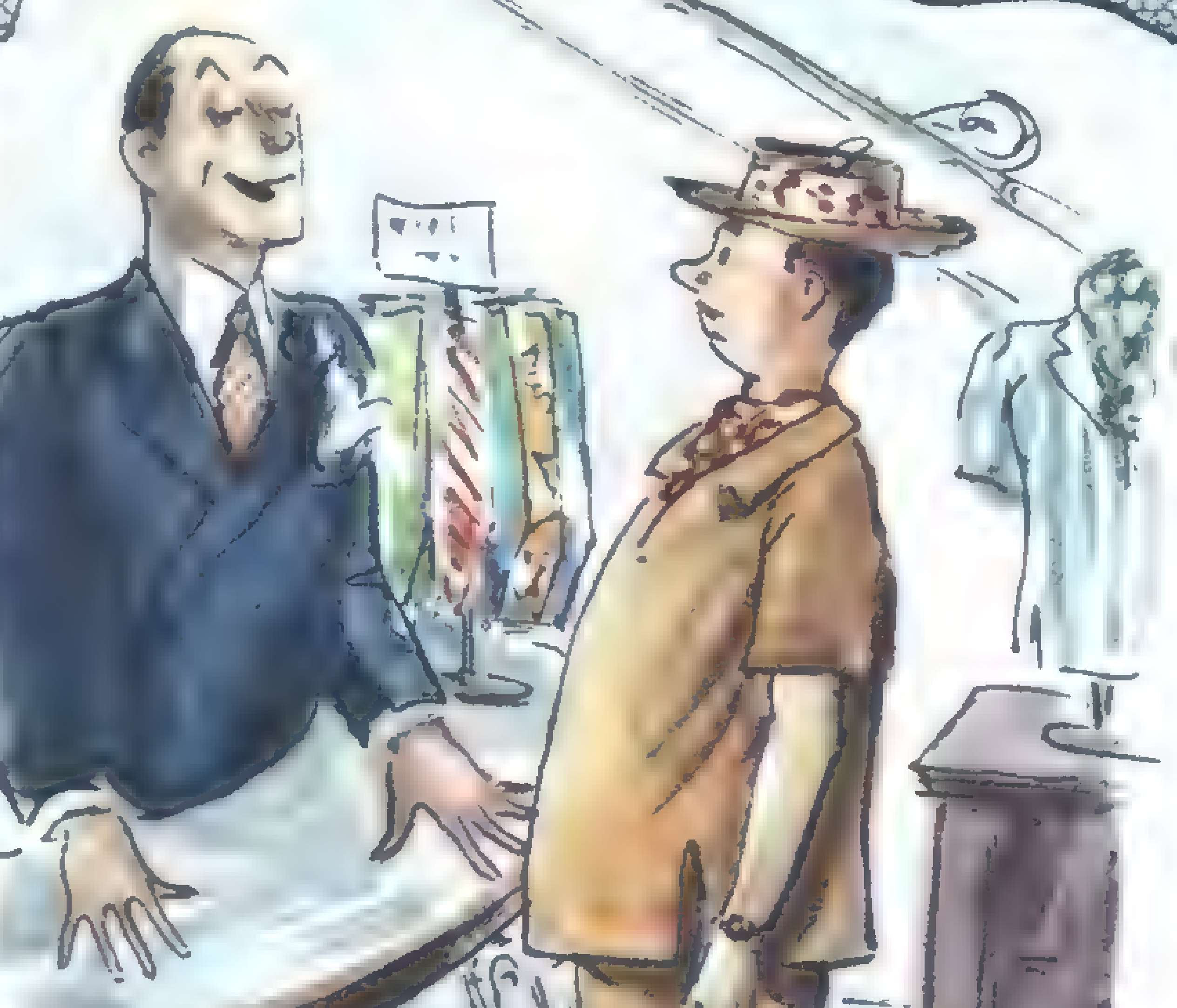
by HOWARD BAER



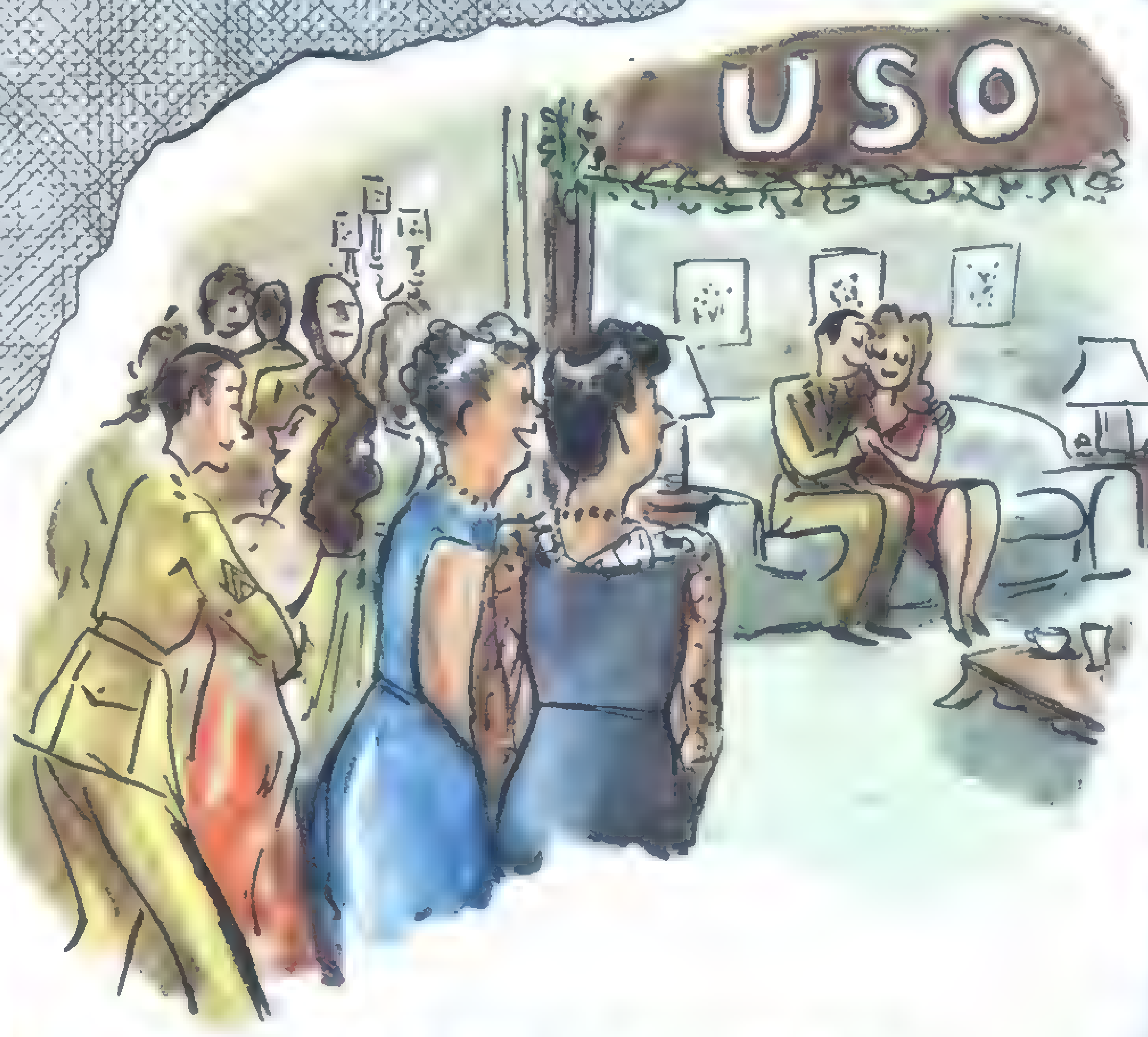
"My wife should be in Australia—she loves to drive on the wrong side of the road"



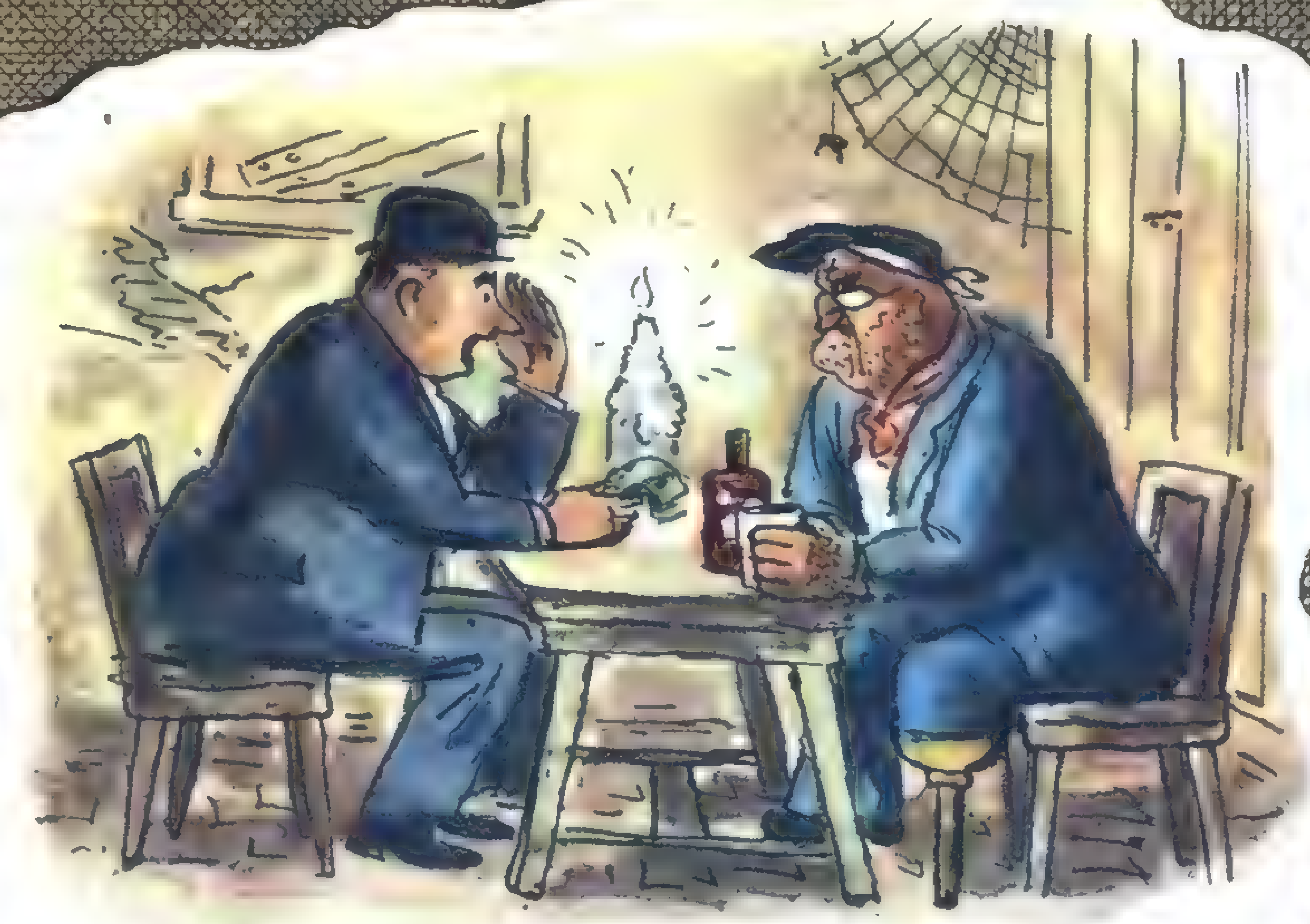
"Oh, look, Gladys—a troop transport"



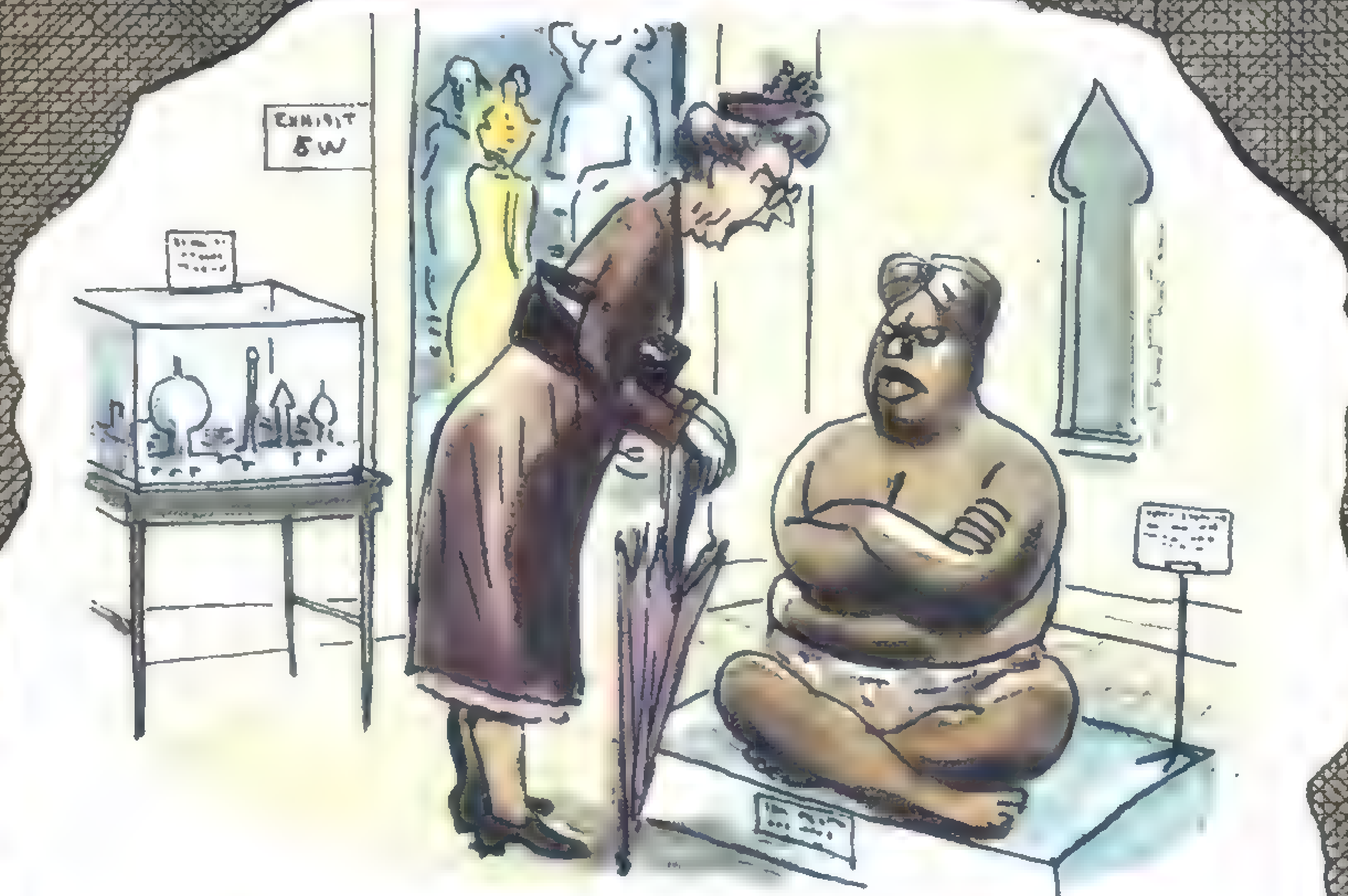
"That's right, Sport—no flashlight batteries —have you tried eating carrots?"



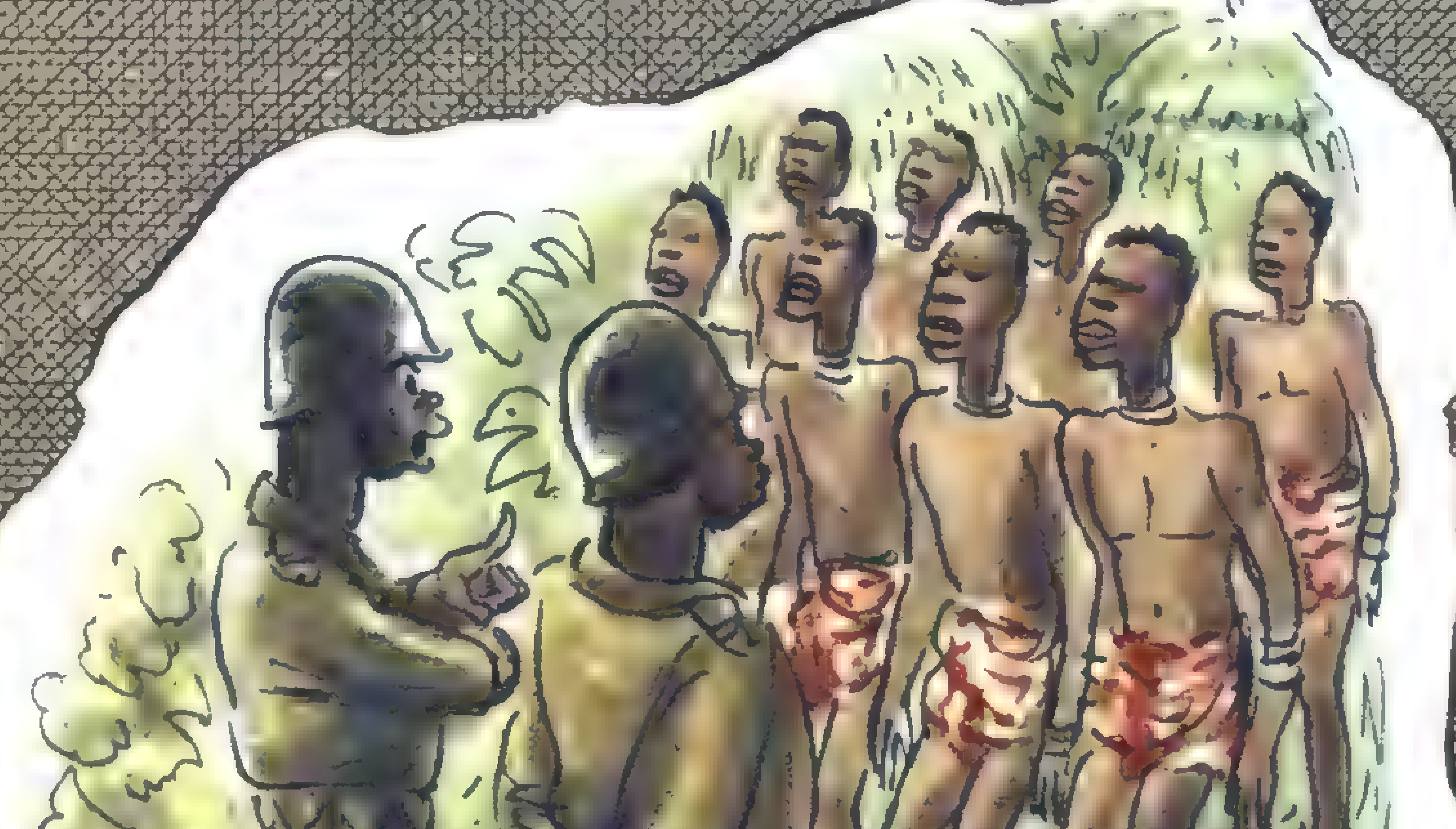
"They're related by Red Cross blood"



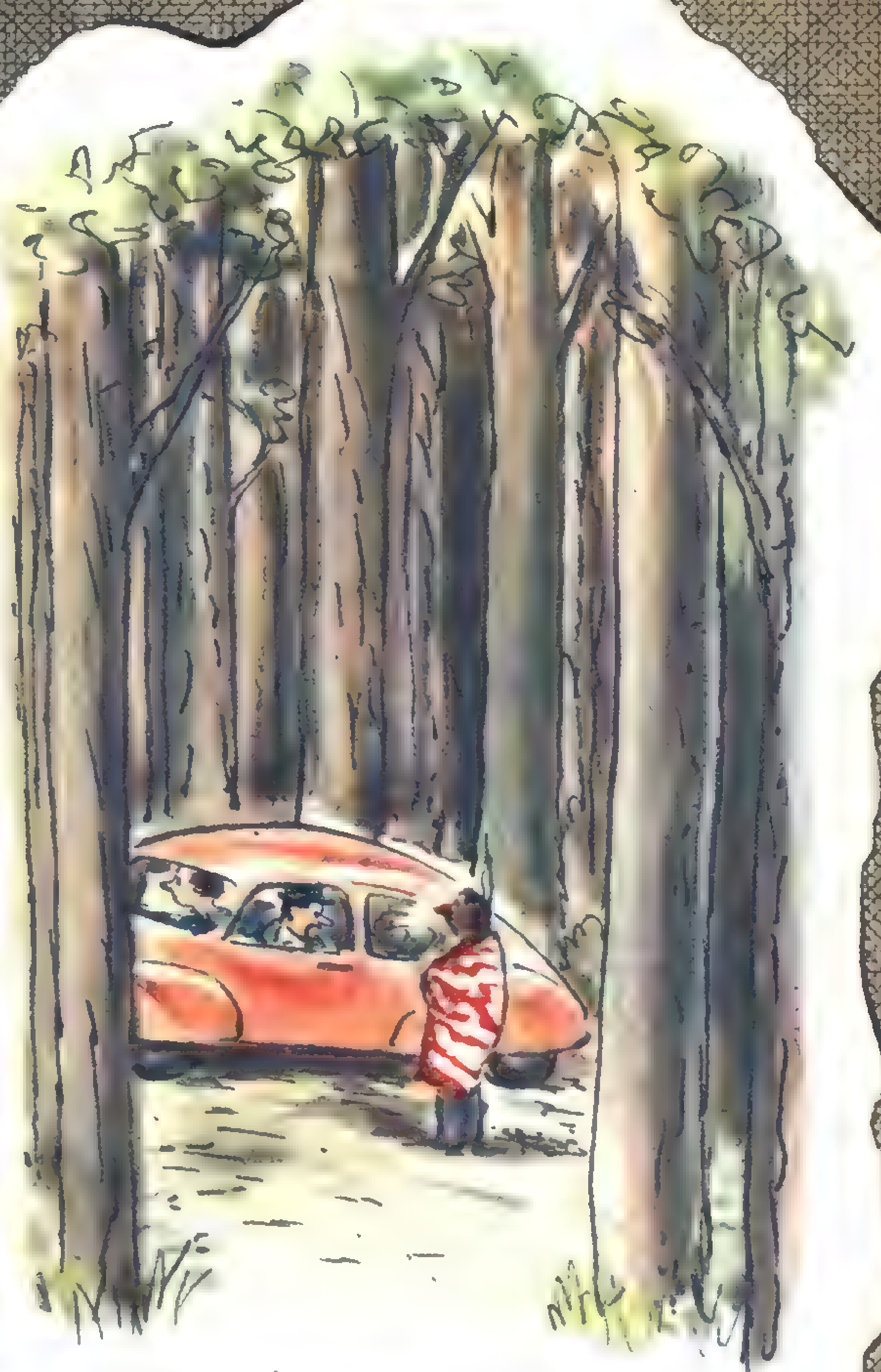
"Bring me six machinists and this is yours with no questions asked"



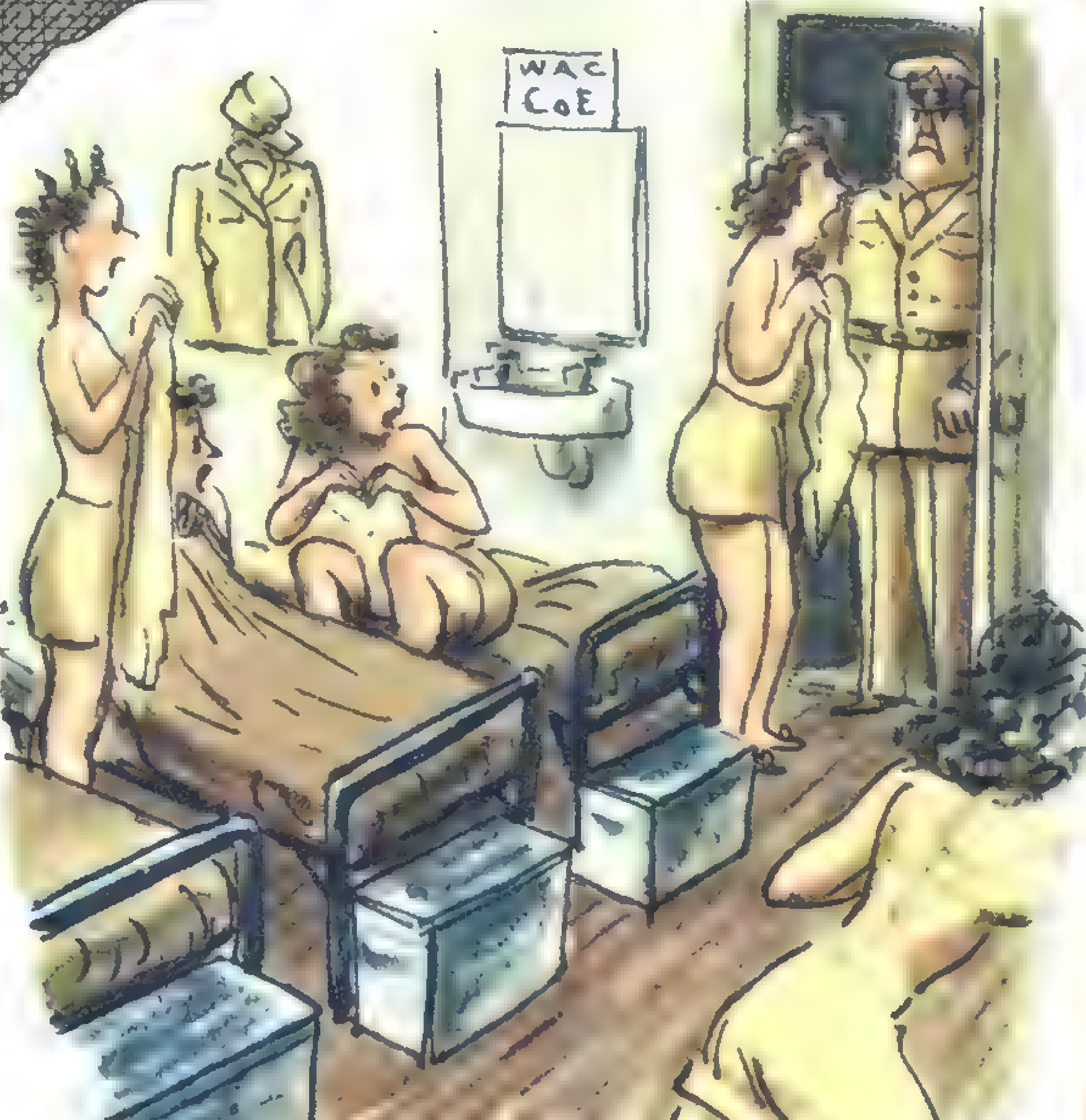
"Why don't you stop this silly striking, young man, and get back to work?"



"I'm sure one of them is Private Jones, the KP dodger"



"Can you direct us to the new Alaskan Highway?"



"I'm terribly sorry, General, but I'm afraid we're not quite ready for inspection yet"

Commissioned
Naval Officers
Mess

After patrolling the sea lanes, officers of the United States, British and French navies enjoy the pleasant setting of officers' mess at an American naval base.

Sole male civilian guest wears a brown unfinished worsted suit with blue stripes, broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, maroon, buff and brown repp tie.

Man the Kitchenette

Fra Diavolo for Benny Goodman, Mexican rice and beans for Louis Armstrong and hamburger for every artist of hot jazz

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

My pretty wife who is a swing-band addict had seen such music masters as Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, etc. on the bandstand, handling their instruments brilliantly, conducting their orchestras with a baton, a lifted finger or a mere nod of the head. But she said she wanted to know how they lived, what they ate—that's where I stopped her because that was right down my alley.

I realized that her pretended naïveté was only a new way of wangling an invitation, and allowing her to think that I am simple enough to believe that she is the simplest woman on earth, I replied by inviting her to the Hotel New Yorker where Benny Goodman plays. And I promised her the spectacle of the Professor (Benny is that now, lecturing on the intricacies of clarinet playing at the Juilliard School of Music) devouring the biggest hamburger she ever saw. I could count on that, since of course I knew that this is the favorite food of every modern musician.

The orchestra was already playing as we sat down at our table in the Terrace Room, but Benny Goodman wasn't there yet. Finally after much waiting and a nervous tension created by my better half, who apparently blamed me for Benny Goodman's tardiness, the Professor slid before his band as unostentatiously as he always does, and led them into *Melancholy Baby*. An excellent tune for married couples, for as soon as they hear it they begin to think of broken romances, and why didn't I marry Priscilla, and Stevie would have been different, he would have held my hand while this old idiot only thinks of his stomach.

Then, after creating alternate rapture and havoc in our souls, Benny passed our table and said hello to me. "Be seated, Professor," I invited, and fingering the menu I suggested a double hamburger. "That's just what I had a few minutes ago," he said, "and too much of it too, with plenty of fried onions on the side. I have a new Swedish cook and she makes hamburgers to perfection."

I looked triumphantly at Mrs. B. and then continued with Benny. "Do you like *Longe de Veau à la cuillère à la Mongelas?*" I asked innocently. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "Are you a gourmet?" I challenged him further. "No, I am not," he said frankly. "I like to eat—period. I love hamburgers as every musician does. Unfortunately I am addicted to desserts. I am not a connoisseur of food; I leave that to the long-haired musicians who make a great fuss over it. I never cooked for myself or for others—no one would be foolish enough to trust me in the kitchen. I admire and revere my friend, Alexander Schneider, violin player with the Budapest String Quartet, who is a superb cook. He makes me that lobster in that red sauce . . . what do you call it . . . ?" "*Fra Diavolo*," I helped him. And since this was the sole tangible result of our conversation with the King of Swing, I give you the recipe for lobster *Fra Diavolo:*

Take half a two pound can of tomato paste, also half a two pound can of peeled tomatoes, three cloves of garlic crushed, and five ounces of olive oil. Cook this sauce together on very low flame for two hours. In the interim cut your lobster in four pieces crosswise, and place the pieces cut-side down in a pan where two cloves of garlic were browned in a tiny bit of olive oil. Cook for eight to ten minutes and turn the lobster pieces over on their shell-side after five minutes. Add a little hot water to the lobster, or bouillon if you have it. Cover with a lid and steam for fifteen minutes. Season with chopped parsley, a little pepper if you like, but no salt. Add the sauce and cook for eight minutes. Eat with your fingers and serve with plenty of napkins.

This is a very good and filling dish, but an epicure would scorn it. However, swing kings are not gourmets. They don't care a hang about the art of eating, going in for quantity rather than quality. For instance, Louis Armstrong's idea of culinary heaven is a soup plate full of rice and beans. This is forgivable for it is a simple dish, and simple dishes are often heavenly. Besides, Louis, as you know, comes from New Orleans, almost the birthplace of rice and beans. Of course, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and a half dozen other countries also claim to have delivered this healthy baby. Before I forget, let me give you the recipe of the Mexican version, the real thing, swiped out of a Spanish cookery book published by the nuns of Guadalajara.

Wash a package of red kidney beans and soak in cold water overnight. Drain in the morning, placing the beans in fresh cold water, boiling them at least four hours. Now drain once more but save the water. Season the beans with salt and pepper, adding to them chopped parsley, chopped green pepper, chopped chives, and then fry in a pan in either butter or fat for a few minutes. Add them to the water in which they boiled, correct seasoning, and make the beans come to a boil. In the meanwhile, wash rice (twice the quantity of beans) very thoroughly. Add the rice to the beans and cook till tender and until the liquid has completely disappeared.

Louis, I have listened to your divine trumpet so many times and so intently, I hope you have been listening to me while I recounted this recipe; at least it will offer a variation on the New Orleans opus. You also go for fried chicken, and below I give you a little known recipe for that; it is neither the Maryland style, nor the Viennese. Let's call it à l'Armstrong.

Make an ordinary batter; mix in it a cupful of chopped tomatoes, one chopped onion, a little chopped parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Cut your chicken into eight pieces, dry well, and dip each piece in the batter. Then fry until golden brown in hot butter or fat. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

I don't pretend to know a great deal about hot jazz but I do pretend to be an authority on food, and I know that most great musicians were great epicures—when they had anything to eat at all. Mozart and Schubert literally starved all their lives, musicians in the past being very poor. Why is it then that boogie-woogieists are not gourmets? I guess the answer is that as a rule they are too young, and real understanding of food, real appreciation of it, does not come before the age of thirty or thereabouts. On the other hand, many great musicians were already famous before the age of twenty. Yet you cannot cite one great chef who achieved fame before he reached middle-age.

Hot swingsters, particularly the leaders, work immensely hard, burning up their energy very quickly, and when eventually they have a moment's time to eat, they gobble up just anything—especially hamburgers. But because they like steaks too, and because they have to snatch meals, they like a special type of steak called in Manhattan, "musician's steak"—the meat cut into small pieces and well pounded so as to need only a few minutes to broil.

Yes, Rossini was more proud of his self-made salad and a dish he created which bears his name to this day, *Tournedos Rossini*

Continued on page 149

Frank Beaven

"Joe—never mind that—come here!"

Crimes and Loco Motives

Most slayers are mild citizens in a precipitate huff for causes absurdly funny to everyone except the victim

by CLEMENT J. WYLE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The batty old maids in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, when asked why they poisoned a flock of widowers and bachelors, replied: "The poor dears were so lonely we felt they'd be better off dead."

Wacky motives like this aren't found only in stage farces. Actually, sane people commit murder for even zanier reasons. Only recently, Mrs. Helen A. B. Randle, an Annapolis society matron, slew Allen Willey for a slur "no woman could tolerate." He said she had dishpan hands. In Hobart, Oklahoma, J. S. Mayobb killed his wife because she tuned in on radio programs he detested. And in Denver, Howard C. Potts made mincemeat of Mrs. Potts for nagging at him.

Such screwy slaughters may be novel to dilettantes, but not to Dame Justice. She has seen a bumper crop in every era.

In Old Nuremberg, for instance, Hans Ziegler hacked his frau to bits. She, cruel woman, had kicked him in her sleep.

In Merrie England, Theodore Gardelle, an artist, roasted his landlady in the stove of her London home. The police thought robbery was the motive until Gardelle set them straight. He murder for money? Never! His "impertinent landlady" had criticized his painting.

Maria Zwanziger, a no less sensitive contemporary, fed arsenic stew to Herta Wagenholz, a close friend. Herta had come to dinner without an invitation.

When our West was really wild and guns were blasted as often as ore, murders weren't limited to disputes over stakes, cattle, and women. At Paradise, Nevada, an argument over some butter made a Mrs. Hull a murderess and a Mrs. Black a corpse. In the same town, C. W. Hymer, unable to find a seat in a crowded music hall, plumped himself on T. K. West's lap. West protested. For such wanton discourtesy, Hymer plugged him.

In Rico, Colorado, a miner playfully toyed with a grease-stained hat. This drove finicky Fay, its owner, into a frenzy. A moment later, he scratched a new notch on his six-shooter.

At Fay's trial the defense counsel refused to accept a juror who had not killed a man. This strategy insured Fay's neck against damage. Tried by a jury of his peers, he was speedily acquitted.

Slaughter on the Sea, a stormier legal drama featuring Manuel DeLima, should have been staged in a League of Nations hall instead of a Brooklyn courtroom. DeLima, a Brazilian, killed a Norwegian sailor aboard a Swedish ship in United States waters.

Each of the four nations demanded the right to try the culprit. After weeks of furious wrangling, Brazil won out—due to a technical clause in a treaty. By that time, perhaps only DeLima could recall what had started this international commotion. It was a shaving brush. The Brazilian had killed the Norwegian for borrowing it without permission.

The average slayer, like DeLima and the rest, is not a member of the underworld, which, incidentally, accounts for only three per cent of our homicides each year. He is a respectable citizen who snuffs out life in a moment of blind fury. No wonder then that murder, considered the most heinous of crimes, is committed so often for the merest of trifles. Old "Chappy" Chappeleau—to add to our prize collection—dealt a death blow to a friend who dealt him a losing poker hand. Henry Begin killed comely Frieda Edson because she looked at him and laughed. James Dodd stabbed Daniel Fury for stopping a dog fight. And in Cleveland, Herbert Emonds liquidated a fellow beer drinker, Jack Beebe. Beebe, despite repeated warnings, had stared ogle-eyed at Emonds for two successive hours.

Sometimes the victims of Dan Cupid's arrows go in for a little shooting themselves. Many love slayings result from Mary saying "no" or from John finding a new sweetheart; others are committed for more poignant reasons. Daniel Ransom, rapturous over his wife, believed he was the only one in her life. In a frank moment, however, she told him the barnyard goat came first, and that was the last of her. Mario Mariotti, a Corsican, bludgeoned his friend for trying to pirate his girl. This may sound like a run-of-the-mill triangle, but it wasn't. The killer was eighty-four, the victim eighty-two, and the object of their adoration, eighty.

Petrius C. Van der Corput manufactured his own troubles. One night, while drunk, he told his sweetheart he loved her dearly.

"Why don't you marry me then?" she asked.

"I couldn't think of that," he replied. "You're my mistress."

"You cad!" the girl stormed. "For that insult you'll promise to marry me or leave over my dead body."

Corput took her literally. She died without attaining his surname.

The despondent murderer regaled Sing Sing guards with these spicy sidelights while awaiting execution in the death house, which he appropriately dubbed "Corput's cottage." Years before, he had been the superintendent of a construction company that had erected it.

From France comes the saga of the fabulous Princess Jabirouska, also known as Lady Guilfort, although her true name remains a mystery. The princess was amiable, charitable, and devout. She had just one bad habit—murder. But even for that she was only partly to blame. As a girl she had been ruined and deserted by a dashing cavalier. Unable to stiletto him, she decided to make other men pay.

She would sit in a park, smile bewitchingly at a prospect, and lure him to her home. In its seductive depths, she treated him to caresses and poisoned cordials. That prepared him for the evening's pièce de résistance—a decapitation.

As a head-huntress, the princess was a huge success. When detectives invaded her villa, they found twenty-six skulls—all stacked neatly in her linen closet.

"Man made me a murderess!" La Jabirouska cried as she was led off to prison, and the same might have been said by Mrs. Diana Silleck. Diana had met

DAILY
YANKS

"Stop! Junior, stop! You might hit the lamp!"

Silleck through a friend who told her the man was worth a fortune. With indecent haste, she married, then murdered him, to become a wealthy widow. Instead, she found herself a pauper. Annoyed, Diana next polished off the friend—for lying to her.

"Catty" Katy, another charming exponent of the gory art, preferred cats to men, and kept a brood of ten in her apartment. Her landlord objected. That started an argument which sent him running to the police station. He complained that Katy had threatened to kill him. Within an hour, though, he withdrew the complaint. Katy threatened to kill him if he didn't.

Almost immediately a new feud broke out. The distraught landlord accidentally stepped on a cat's paw. Enraged, the feline fancier hit him with a hammer, threw him down the stairs, and battered his skull against the wall, but he still breathed. The landlord seemed to have more lives than the ten cats. At last, a butcher's knife did the trick.

Katy is now a permanent boarder in a California prison where she continues to raise cats. Occasionally, she also raises Cain. Not so long ago, she beefed loudly to the warden about the food.

"I thought you enjoyed our meals," the warden ventured.

"I do," sassed Katy, "but my cats don't."

Professional criminals, too, have their loony moments. Lee, an adept burglar, appeared so thoroughly cowed after his arrest that a desk sergeant couldn't resist taunting him. "You a tough guy? Why you haven't the guts of a cornered rat."

Lee snickered and, wheeling with the speed of an eagle, dove for an arresting officer's gun. With it he blasted away at the sergeant who slumped over his desk, dead.

"Sorry?" the condemned Lee was asked by a psychiatrist.

"I should say not," he thundered. "My reputation was at stake."

Kozier, a miner, also wanted a reputation, though in a more distinguished field—science. Claiming he could perfect a perpetual motion machine, he asked various research institutes for help. They, short-sighted cusses, gave him the brush-off.

Far from discouraged, the scientist resolved to finance his experiments himself. Whenever he needed money, he'd murder a man of wealth, snatch his dough, buy some apparatus, and return to work.

The law, less devoted to science than Kozier, stymied his unique fund-raising scheme by plunking him in the electric chair. And off Kozier went, refusing even to hint at his secret. He'd punish the world for taking the life of a genius.

But murderers have far from cornered the cuckoo crime market. Other types of lawbreakers have a hold on it too. Lewis Reid, a distinguished radio actor, used to doubt this, but doesn't any longer.

Reid portrayed a different public enemy each week on a popular crime program. One night a devout listener, who had been lurking in the studio corridor, accosted Reid and shouted: "Every time they put you away you get out again. A rotten crook like you needs a lesson."

The lesson was a lusty sock. "Teacher" received thirty days.

Occasionally, beauty makes a beast out of a man—at least according to Arthur Trygg. He had seen gorgeous Clover Doremus at work in a telegraph office, tried to date her, but received a curt refusal. Unabashed, Trygg returned the following night to press his suit. Rebuffed again, he whipped out a gun and emptied the till. "If I can only see you during my business hours," he sighed, "it's gotta be. I'm nuts about you."

Trygg resumed his shotgun romance the next week. "I can't get you off my mind," he said. "Why don't you run away with me?"

Clover sneered, yet her persistent suitor paid her a third visit. On that occasion, detectives, planted in the office, interrupted his wooing.

"I knew you guys would nail me here," Trygg bleated resignedly. "But I had to keep sticking up this joint. What else can a guy do when he's in love?" he asked.

Poor Trygg must have felt pretty low-down in the clink. The cons contemptuously call men like him "clucks." Yet Trygg had one consolation: he wasn't the only cluck. Frank Lopez, for one, enrolled in the Big House to study bricklaying. Joe Galunas, spurned by Hollywood for criminal roles because "he wasn't the type," committed burglary to prove he was. And Hans Karl, an Austrian, gladly went to prison to clear himself of a stigma. His friends had called him crazy and Karl wanted to prove them wrong. He did. Only a sane man could be convicted of a crime.

Prison records speak derisively

Continued on page 164

"This is my rumpus room"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

A would-be draft dodger bought a truss and wore it for his medical exam at the induction center.

The medico wanted to know how long he had worn the truss.

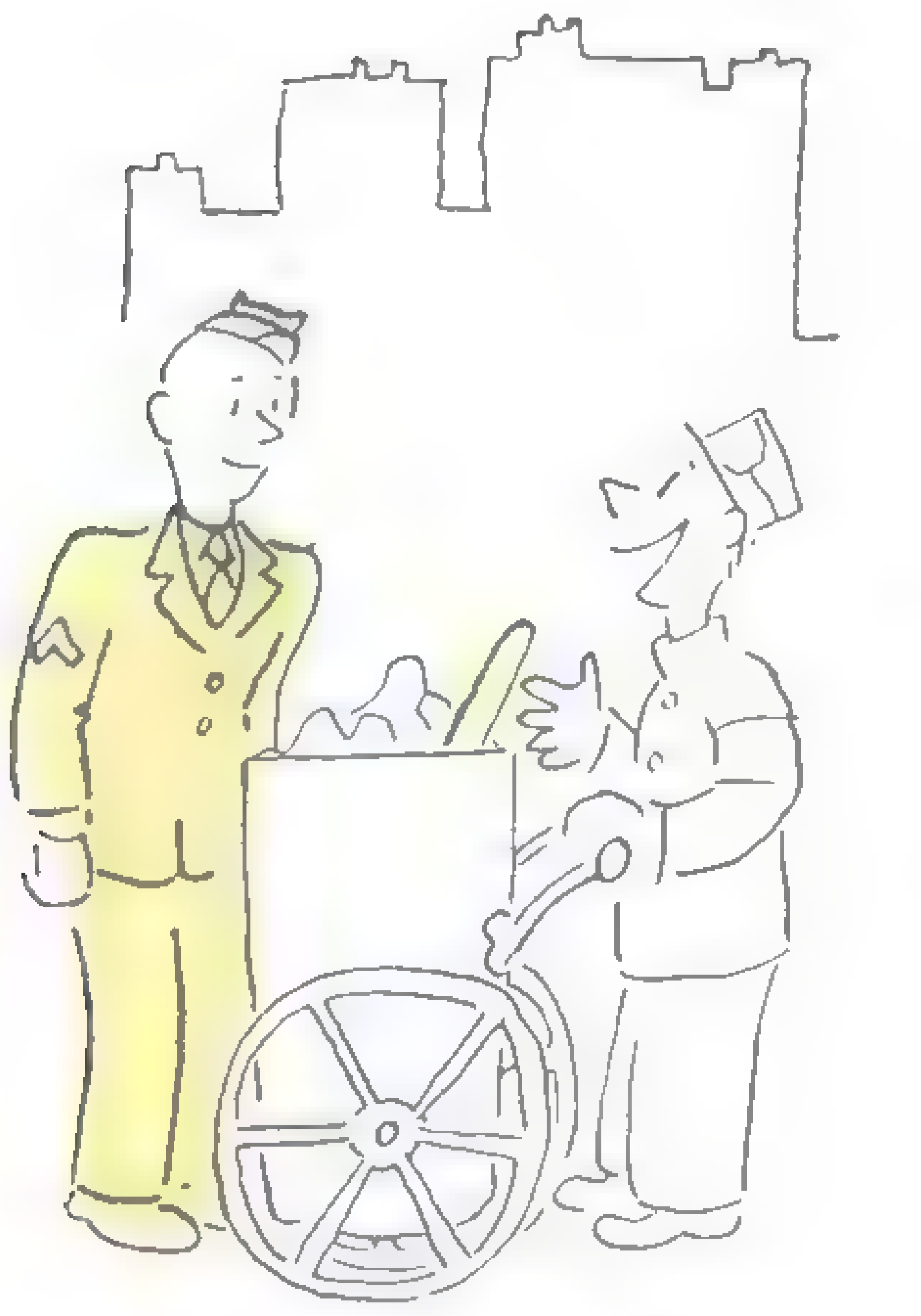
"Ten years," replied the dodger.

"All right," said the doc, "put on your clothes, I'm marking you N.E."

While the dodger was dressing, his curiosity got the best of him: "Say, doc, does N.E. mean Not Eligible?"

"No," replied the doc, "it means Near East—any guy who can wear a truss he doesn't need for ten years can ride a camel."

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.



"Women sure go for us guys in uniform, don't they?"

YANKEE INDEPENDENCE

From London comes the story told by no less an authority than General Ira C. Eaker of the Eighth Air Force. Just before an American airman took off on a raid, a Britisher gave him a flask of brandy which the flier stuck into his flying boot.

The raiding plane was shot down, but while the flier was floating in his life jacket, he kept warm by sipping the brandy. By the time the rescuers picked him up he was a bit unsteady.

The captain of the rescue ship assumed the pilot was exhausted, and suggested that he go below. With offended dignity, the flier replied, "I've never stayed where I wasn't wanted." Whereupon he dived back into the channel and had to be fished out again.

—*Command Post*
McClellan Field,
Sacramento, Calif.

Little Boy: "Daddy, did you ever go to Sunday School?"

Old Non-Com: "Yes, son, regularly."

Little Boy: "I'll bet it doesn't do me any good either."

—*The Communiqué*
Camp Livingston, La.

He told her he would go through hell for her. So he married her—and he's going through hell.

—*The Asfsatonian*
A.A.F.S.A.T., Orlando, Fla.

"Can you mention a great timesaver?"

"Yep—love at first sight."

—*The Transmitter*
Boca Raton Field, Fla.

The beautiful librarian at Service Club One knew all the methods used by some of the camp goldbricks to stay out of sight of their company commander during the hours of duty, so when a GI appeared at the library two hours before opening time with the query, "May I come in?", she inquired courteously, "Are you legitimately free?" Her customary poise was shaken when the soldier replied: "No, I'm married."

—*The Armodier*
Camp Chaffee, Fort Smith, Ark.

Barber: "Haven't I shaved you somewhere before?"

Sgt: "Nope, I got that scar at Pearl Harbor."

—*Belvoir Castle*
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Soldier: "Hello, Betty, can I see you tonight?"

Girl: "Sure thing, Herbert, come on over."

Soldier: "But this isn't Herbert."

Girl: "And I'm not Betty, but come on over."

—*Command Post*
McClellan Field,
Sacramento, Calif.

An American screen star was applying for a passport.

"Unmarried?" questioned the clerk.

"Occasionally," replied the actress.

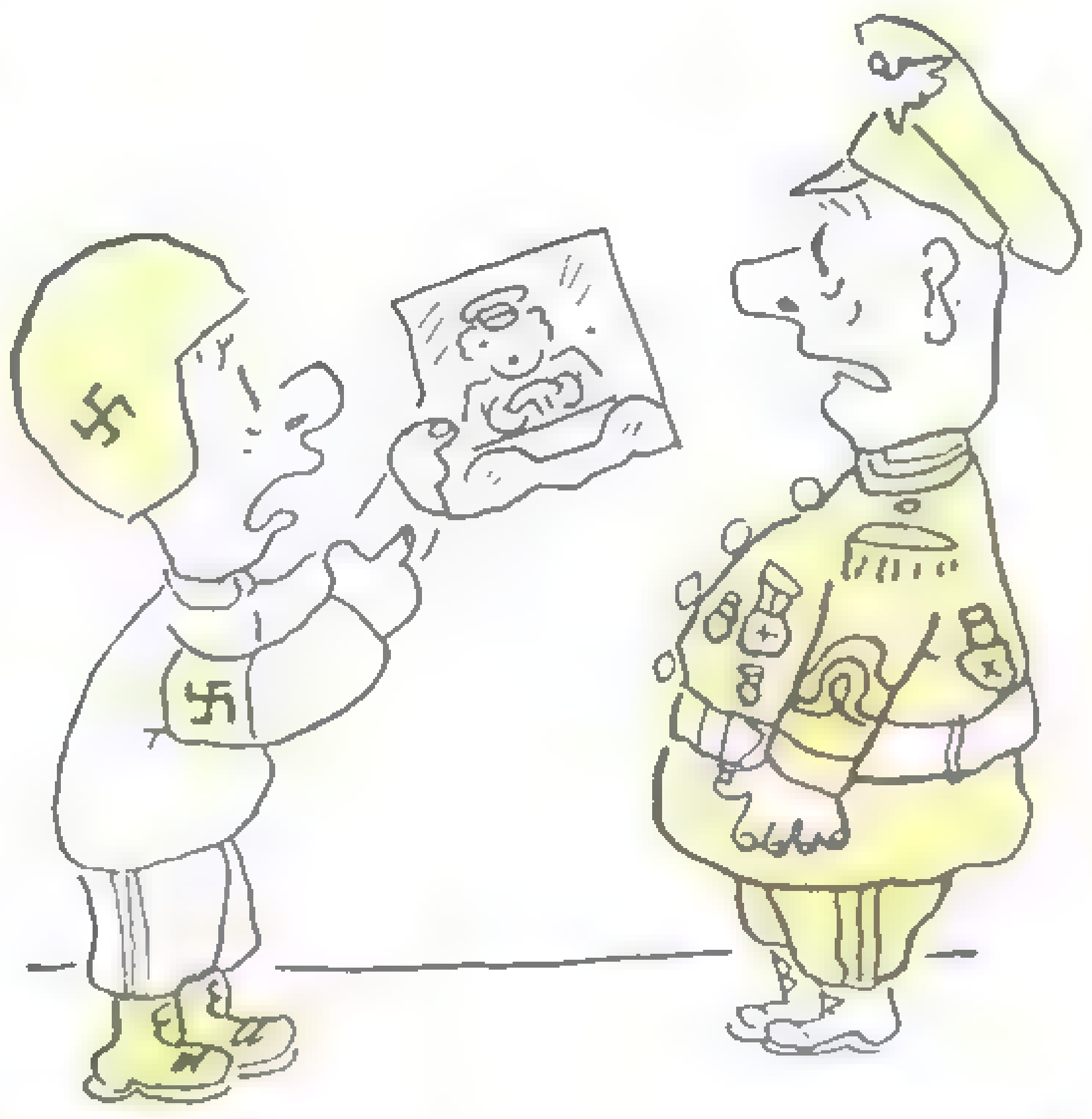
—*The Drum*
Fort Niagara, New York

A sergeant in Ordnance Maintenance very carefully placed a block of wood against a metal frame in order to straighten it. Calling a yardbird over, the sarge told him to pick up a nearby sledge hammer. The yardbird obliged.

"Now," said the three striper when he had the block placed to his satisfaction, "when I nod my head you hit it."

He hit it.

—*The Transmitter*
A.A.F.T.C.C., Boca Raton Field,
Fla.



"Look, Herr General, America has unleashed her dreaded secret weapon—WOMEN DRIVERS"

Doctor: "What's your average weight?"

Inductee: "I dunno."

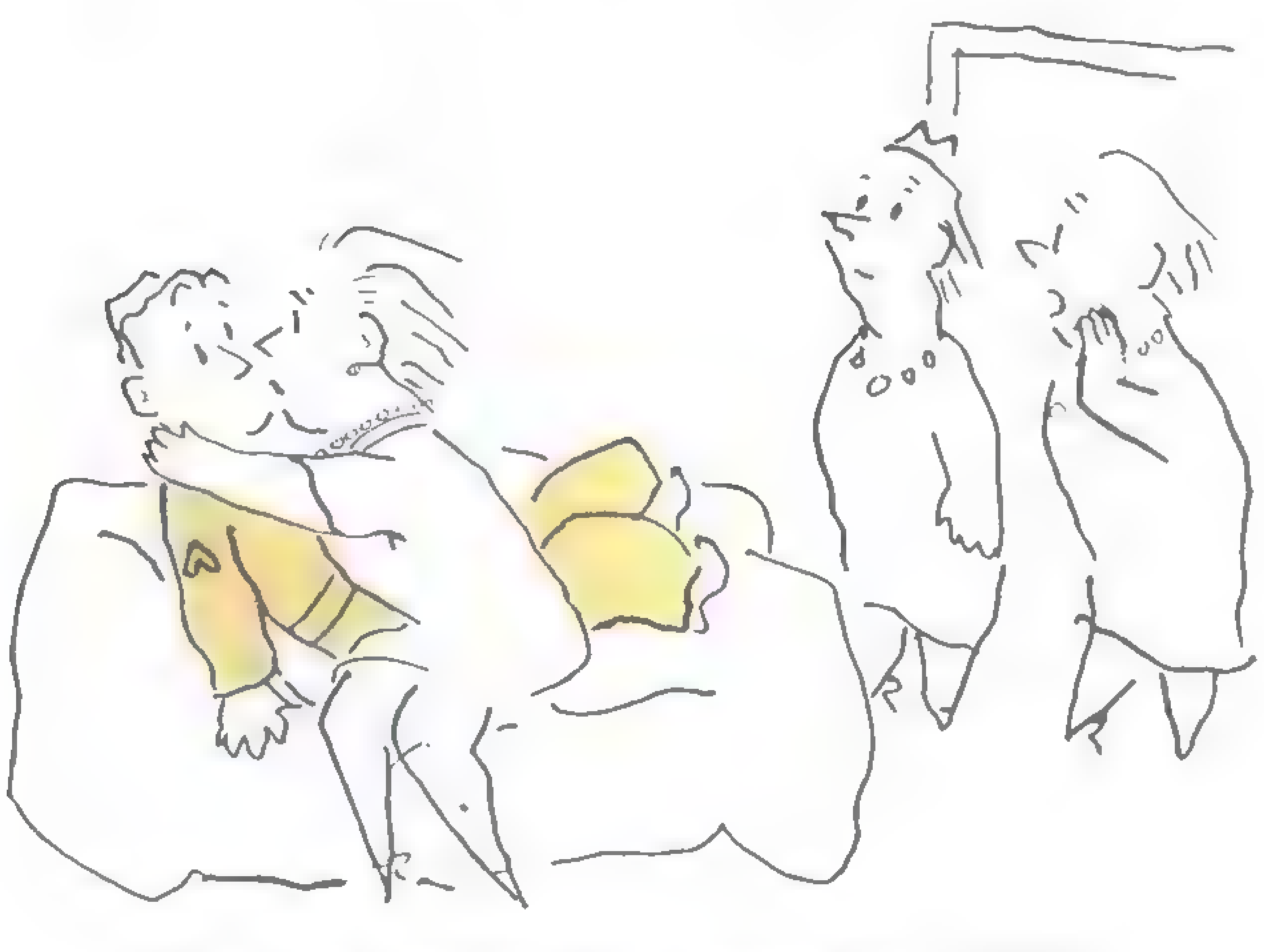
Doctor: "Well, what's the most you ever weighed?"

Inductee: "Hunnertan' eighty."

Doctor: "All right. Now, what is the least you ever weighed?"

Inductee: "Seven pounds, nine ounces."

—*The Target*
Fort Sheridan, Ill.



"She's innoculating him against temptation"

Said the radioman as he shot a fix
And opened the bomb bays wide,
And worked the turrets, front and
rear,
And also side to side:

"Oh, I am the eyes and the ears
as well
That bring us home through the
sky—
I call our base, I navigate,
In a pinch I can even fly.

"I'm the guy who crawls out on
the wing
To fasten a broken wire;
The fellow they hand an extinguisher
When the aircraft catches fire.

"I'm a full time man while we're in the air,
There's never a job I miss;
But there's only one thing that bothers me,
And that my friends is this:

"Oh, the navigator and pilot
And bombardier, you see,
Have big bars on their shoulders,
And I'm still a PFC!"

—*The Broadcaster*
Scott Field, Ill.

Bridget: "That was a fine sermon his riverince gave us on marriage."

Maggie: "It was indeed—and I wish I knew as little about the subject as he does."

—*Stethoscope*
Fitzsimons General Army Hospital
Denver, Colo.

"How are you gittin' long wid youh 'rithmetic, Sam?"

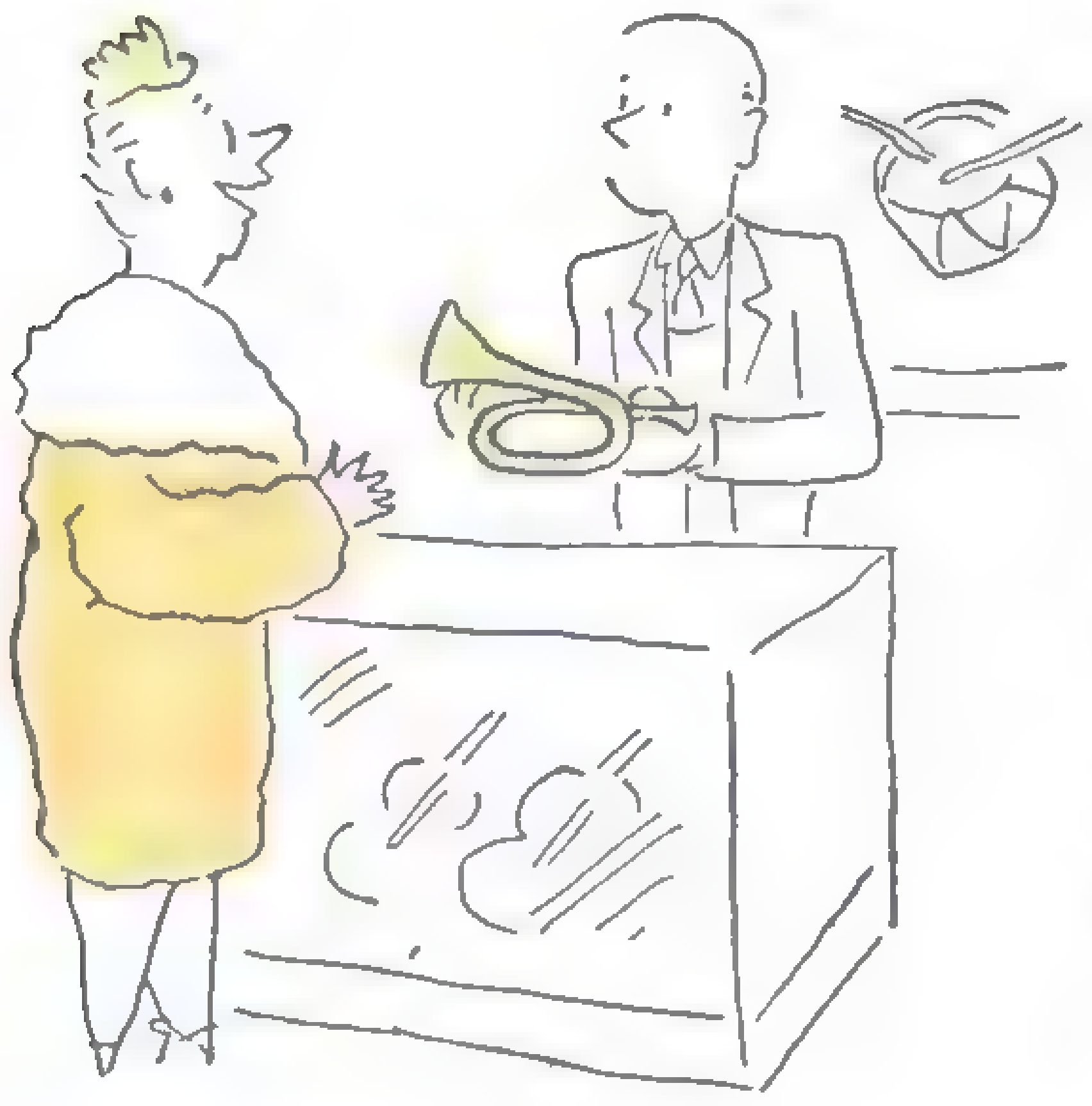
"Well, I've learned to add the oughts, but the figgers still bother me."

—Reprinted from *Melbourne Wildcat* in the *Outpost*, U. S. Naval Activities No. 2, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York

CO: "Now tell me what is strategy?"

Boot: "It's when you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."

—*Tropical Turret*
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.



"I'm going to surprise my son while he's home on furlough"

The next time your bos'n tells you off for some little mistake, remind him that Will Rogers once said: "Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects."

—*Terminal Beacon*
U. S. N. Receiving Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

German Citizen: "If I invest my thousand marks in this war loan, who guarantees I'll get my money back?"

Bank Clerk: "The Fuehrer himself."

Citizen: "But if he dies?"

Clerk: "Then Goering."

Citizen: "And if he dies?"

Clerk: "Then the whole Nazi party guarantees the loan."

Citizen: "Yes, but if the party were dissolved—what then?"

Clerk (whispering): "Wouldn't that be worth a thousand marks to you?"

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

The guy came to the hospital swathed in bandages. Nearby sat one of his buddies.

"What happened?" he inquired anxiously.

"Well," said the buddy, "it was that party on pay day. You laid 20 to 1 you could jump out the second story window, fly twice around the barracks and in the window again."

"Why didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you? Geez, chum, I bet ten bucks you could do it."

—*The Communiqué*
Camp Livingston, La.

He: "I'm a man of few words. Do you kiss?"

She: "Well, usually I don't but you've talked me into it."

He: "Skip it—it took you too long to make up your mind."

—*Alert*
Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, Cal.

First Mess Attendant: "You know that soldier who used to be a famous lecturer? I heard him talk today."

Second M.A: "How come?"

First M.A: "Oh, I spilled some coffee down his neck and he got up and said a few words."

—*Gowen Beacon*,
Boise, Idaho

From the post newspaper at Camp Grant, Illinois, we quote this description of a recent Army wedding:

"The groom, buck private scion of a well known Egg Harbor, Wisconsin, family, chose the season's popular olive drab blouse and trousers of wool serge, with harmonizing sun tan shirt for his wedding.

"Setting off the straight lines of his blouse was a single row of bright brass buttons down the front, with matching individual buttons on each pocket and on each shoulder.

"His trousers were straight cut without cuffs. Cotton sox of olive drab, with harmonizing brown shoes and a contrasting black tie, completed the ensemble. In his left hip pocket he carried a white linen handkerchief."

Following a breakfast at a downtown hotel the couple left on a short wedding trip, and the Camp Grant reporter was on hand to observe:

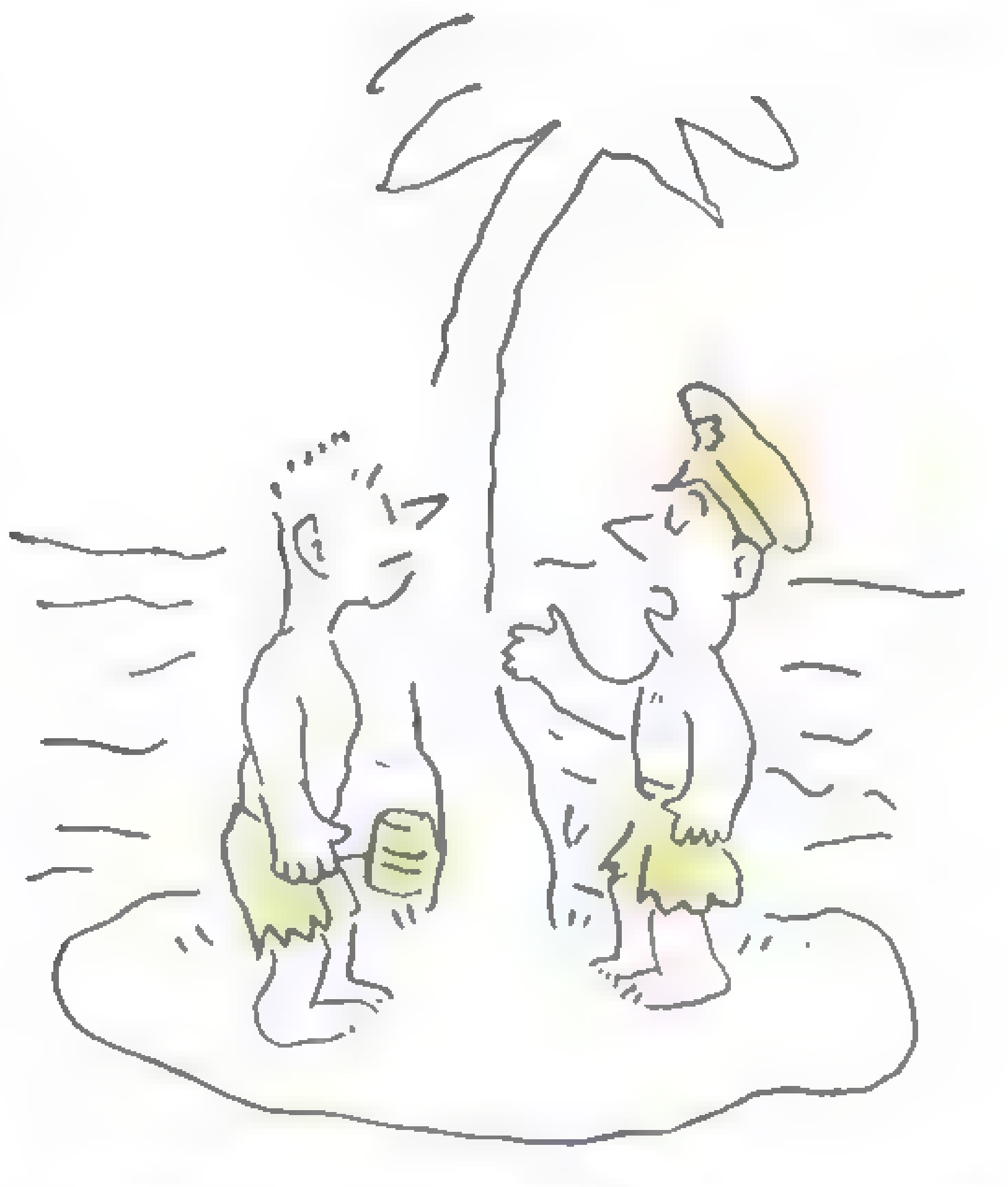
"For going away the groom chose a heavy woolen coat of olive drab with brass buttons on the front and shoulders. A dressy traveling hat of garrison design in olive drab, with harmonizing brown leather brim and chin strap, and a pair of knit woolen gloves of olive drab were his only accessories."

Oh, yes, the camp paper also reported: "The bride wore blue."

—*The Armodier*
Camp Chaffee, Fort Smith, Ark.

You can talk about the crew chief
Or the doughty bombardier
Or the radio operator with the educated ear.
You can laud the skilled mechanic
And the navigator, too,
Or brag about the pilot
Till your face is set and blue.
You can tell about their exploits
Over Rome or Dover Straits,
The Solomons, New Guinea
Or wher'er they dared the Fates.
You can sing the praise of every man
Who ever wore a 'chute.
And all those in the air crew,
And the hangar crew to boot.
But when the going's really tough
And a Zero's on your tail
Or a Heinkel's high above you
And the lead comes down like hail
Who's the guy you look to
When your life's not worth a dime?
It's the clear-eyed, tight-lipped gunner—
It's the gunner every time.
Sure it's fine to be a pilot,
And wear those wings upon your chest
But it's fine to be a gunner, too,
When o'er some cloudy crest
Comes a flight of hell-bent Nazis
With plain murder in their eyes
And a burning half crazed purpose
That's to knock you from the skies.
That's when your pulse thumps madly
And you wonder what's ahead.
Will you end your mission safely
Or be named among the dead?
Will your bomber wing back homeward,
Every crewman at his post?
Or be shot down, shattered, flaming,
To inspire a Nazi boast?
You can think a thousand things like that,
When the slugs begin to wail
Unless there's one your faith is in;
The one you know won't fail.
He's the guy you look to
When your life's not worth a dime;
He's the clear-eyed tight-lipped gunner—
Yes, the gunner every time.

—*Gulfport Field Post*
Gulfport Field, Miss.



"Corporal, you may have a three day pass"

"So your topkick is very broadminded?"

"Yeah. He believes there are two sides to every argument—his and the company commander's."

—*The Communiqué*
Camp Livingston, La.

Two sergeant gunners of a Flying Fortress decided to relax with an evening in town after participating in a fierce air battle over Germany.

Their only transportation was one bicycle. They both climbed on it, one riding the handlebars. As they entered the local village, an MP stopped them.

"Hey you—you'll have to get down off the handlebars and walk," said the MP.

"Why?" asked the two aerial gunners.

"Too dangerous," replied the MP.

—Reprinted from the *Fort Dix Post* in *Hi-Life*
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-Z
BEEP

Collecting Hot: 1944

Continued from page 27

the brink of fame and fortune. "It's gonna spoil him." "James has slipped—but for money." These are typical remarks. And often there is a valid reason for this concern that success goes to the head and the song comes from somewhere else beside the heart. It happens.

The big bands help because they spread the jazz—and sometimes dilute it—but your eager and early fans are not so much interested in orchestration as in individual performance. This is the miracle that *hot* hath wrought. Appreciation of orchestral writing comes later, when it has had a chance to soak in. Meanwhile, the typical remarks are: "Hey, did you catch that trumpet; wonder if that was Yank Lawson." "If you want your kicks, hear Teddy and his band at Uptown Café. With Ed Hall on clarinet and Big Sid on the tubs, it's terrific."

Of course, attention to the individual resulted largely from the rise of radio and name bands. Missionary work by the faithful—and righteous road work by the jazzmen—could not have accomplished this result by themselves. But their work preceded the radio and name band phenomenon. When Paul Whiteman "captured" the hot nucleus of the midwest Goldkette Orchestra in 1927 he was no fool. In it were such jazz names as Bix Beiderbecke, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Venuti and some others not so well known outside the hot field. These men, plus a couple of arrangers the public never heard about, made the Whiteman band, or helped a lot. (So, obviously, did Bing Crosby and the Rhythm Boys.) Many an embryo jazz fan went down to his city's big-time theatre and caught the band, came away singing wild praise for a cornet player whose name no one seemed to know (for it wasn't in Whiteman's book on jazz!). That player, Bix Beiderbecke, became a legend and inspired a novel, *Young Man with a Horn.* What was more, he inspired a lot of jazz collecting that went on from there to Armstrong, Dodds, Teschmaker and countless others.

A more familiar example than Bix is Benny Goodman. He first began to be noticed by the hot fans with a batch of obscure records made through the late 1920's with such then-obscure names as Joe Sullivan, Jack Teagarden, and Dave Tough. They back-tracked from there to the Pollack band—or maybe they first heard him with Ben Pollack's orchestra. At any rate, you can date the name band phenomenon from this date. Within ten years—say from 1926 to 1936—it approached the point where band leaders and their sidemen were besieged by autograph hunters and the movie moguls were wising up to the fact that bands were box-office.

In a band it's always the links in the chain that count. You can't make a band with arrangements or with a personable leader. Not and have the band count in jazz. When Benny Goodman got his first airshot with his first big band in the 1930's the jazz fans talked about the sidemen as well as Benny. They talked about them by name and listened to them by name and one by one they grew up musically to have names of their own—Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Harry James.

The little dates helped, and helped a lot. Hammond supervised records for Europe that were issued as "feelers" here. Milt Gabler, Steve Smith and later, many others, specialized in recording sessions of improvised or specially arranged jazz. (Meanwhile, others experimented with material on the folk side, such as Asch Recordings' fine album of the work songs and play party songs of Huddie Ledbetter, known as Leadbelly.) Jam sessions, once prohibition was ended, came out into the open. That meant *anyone* could go to the Onyx Club and could listen to honest-to-God jam sessions. The fact that even successful name leaders took busmen's holidays had its impact on the tourists to 52nd Street and its Chicago-Los Angeles-Kansas City equivalents. Think of this happening not in one place but a lot of places at once—a jam session at Yale with a mixed band led by Mezz Mezzrow, an after-hours session at Boston when Artie Shaw's band was being whipped into shape, Marsala at the Three Deuces in Chicago, old timer Kid Ory pumping away on his fine slide trombone to a relatively small crowd (but the news would spread) in Los Angeles, and Count Bill Basie introducing the Harlem-born breakfast dance idea (a jam session on a broad scale, to include entertainers) to Kansas City, drawing a big crowd and getting a radio wire.

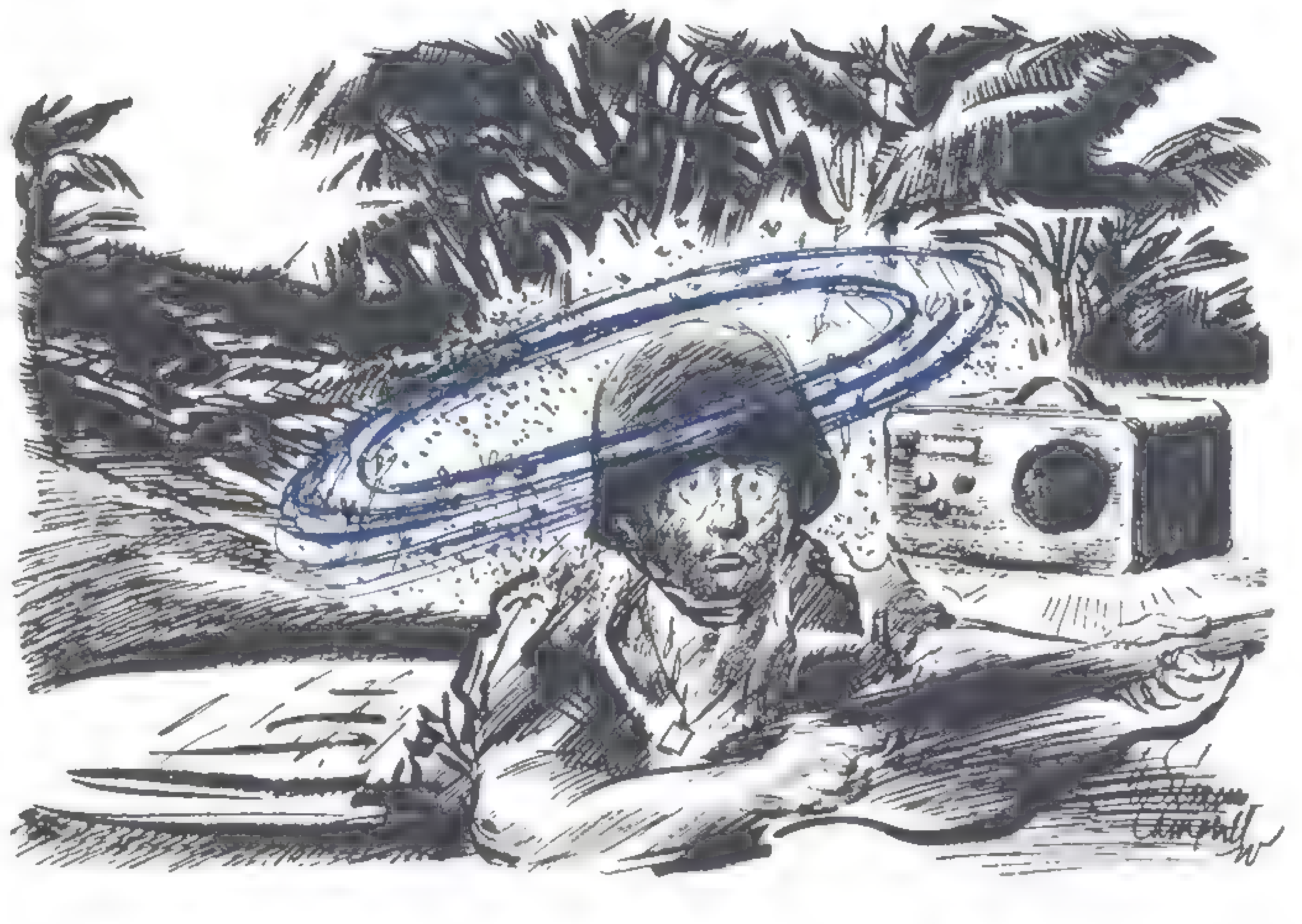
Every jazz fan gripes at radio because radio is, has been, and will be, as commercial as an icky arrangement by a bush-league band. Of course. It's out to sell and, like the recording industry, it learned slowly that hot jazz sells. One doubts if it has learned finally, even now. The *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street* has fallen off since having been sponsored. One recalls with nostalgia the old "sustaining days" when jazzmen were chosen for their talents and not for their names and when Kelly's script socked the more precious jazz fans and the pooh-poohers of jazz alike, with Gene Hamilton voicing it—on script—in a manner so inimitable that Milton Cross, despite his excellent radio background, has never managed to equal it.

But anyone capable of sustained thought will admit that radio has befriended the hot trade, even when radio was not aware of it. I don't mean CBS's *Saturday Night Swing* or NBC's *Chamber Music Society* or even such modern programs as the Blue's West Coast *This Is Jazz* (they dared to play Bunk Johnson, know who he is?). All of these have been brave ventures towards a brave new world. But the run-of-the-mill stuff has counted, too. The get-off guys in the name bands, even when they've been on the phony side, have stirred up interest in real jazz—the jazz that begins with the individual's improvisational talent (longhair for get-off) and goes on from there to three-part ensemble that has even, on occasion, influenced the arrangers.

The fan clubs, of which there are thousands in America, are not confined to name leaders but include sidemen as well. And such groups get together for record sessions and endless arguments as to merit. Their interest in jazz stimulated, they go on from there to an appreciation of big-band jazz, which is a long and detailed story and one we can't go into here. So far as I am concerned, the ultimate goal of big-band jazz is symbolized by Duke Ellington and his orchestra, because the Duke and his men combine the qualities of improvised with those of arranged jazz. Here the individual counts by way of timbre and tone color, by way of taste and rhythmic facility, contributing to the band's objective of integrated musicianship—great orchestral writing whether it's off the sheet or out of the horn. "I think in terms of horns," the Duke still says. Not stubborn, just a jazzman who knows.

You see the thing growing then, because every band worth its booking agent's headaches has its sidemen worthy of praise and worthy of being singled out and listened to by the jazz fans who were yesterday's hip children. Radio and name bands helped swing the pendulum, and record sales, which had dropped to an ominous low, began to climb so that by the 1940's they were around 112,000,000 copies per year. Quite a lot of shellac, in anybody's business! By that time jazz was out of the back room and into the parlor. Rye (N. Y.) High School's forward-looking Music Department, headed by Dr. J. H. T. Mize, has student bands from trios and jazz bands to concert groups, and Mize teaches music that way. The mimeographed briefs of his courses are used by close to 200 high schools and junior colleges and Rye has graduated music students into name bands and into bands of the American Armed Forces. Ellington's orchestral suite, *Black, Brown and Beige,* had its première not in Boston or Carnegie Hall, as many people thought, but in the auditorium of Rye High School.

Jazz obviously has become a part of American life. Morton Gould has done much to adapt it to classical forms but when we were discussing it with him he said, "If you ask me who's used jazz in the classics I'd put right near the top of the list Dmitri Shostakovich." That's a sign of the times, too, but the best sign is the widespread interest in the lowbrow stuff itself. In many areas of the world jazz takes first place in music-listener interest. Naturally, that's true first of all for Americans. With the inauguration of the Army's first all-jazz program, *G. I. Jive,* letters came in from various theatres of war. This was typical: "Although my two roommates and myself realize that your efforts are essentially for enlisted men—" (This was not true; actually the program was beamed for *all* Americans overseas.) "—we three girls, all of us lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps, couldn't smother the urge to write you of the great thrill we got when we unexpectedly tuned in *G. I. Jive.* Seven thousand miles away is an awful distance from home regardless of whether one is an enlisted man or an officer. For the program's duration we almost felt we were in our own



"Don't let underarm perspiration rob you of the happiness that is rightfully yours"

back yards in Pennsylvania."

Sure, and why not? Home is a hot dog and a jazz band and a dull B picture on a double feature. Home is Louis Armstrong and Bing Crosby and Coleman Hawkins and a record you pick up in a second-hand shop in Algiers or Casablanca or points north and east. Home is the two-beat jazz of a Dixieland band, the jump-off spot on a hot chorus, the succulence of the reeds and the bite of the brasses coming up behind Jim Rushing on a blues vocal.

That's what's happened in a decade and those of us who have been in the jazz business, whether as musicians or just plain writers, are proud of it. Not in the sense of "I was in the studio at the time" but in the broader view of this happening as a part of the coming of age of American music, all the way from its folk roots to its philharmonic fulfillments.

There was a time when the remark, "He paid fifty bucks for a record that cost a nickel," would send the hip crowd into mild hysterics. Today it would only evoke a *sotto voce* "Cut it out, pops, you're among friends!" Because today any collector knows that it's not the price, it's the panics between prices. Actually, collectors have, within this year of grace, paid cash prices of around fifty dollars for specific items. The highest price of the year was a trade in which a prominent collector gave records worth easily one hundred dollars for a single record on which Louis Armstrong played the accompaniment. Les Zacheis, another prominent collector, stumbled on a warehouse with a 10,000 record pile, the mother lode of which was worth about 5,000 dollars. That sounds like a formula for easy living but it isn't so. Les probably had spent the five thousand through many years of looking through dusty piles of records, a time-consuming, nerve-wracking business. Gordon Gullickson tells the story—I believe it happened to a partner of his—who got wind of a virgin pile of records. But when he got to the store, a small-town place, the proprietor took his toothpick out of his teeth and remarked, "Now there was a lot of records once. Funny how it happened. Bill and Tom got to drinkin' and scalin' them out the window. Dog, we had a time! Sailed out a few myself. Well, come see us again."

The small towns and cities are still the best sources and the warehouses, furniture and miscellaneous stores more likely prospects than most music stores. But you have to know what you're about, and unless you have *Discography*, a good file of Gene Williams' excellent (now temporarily suspended) *Jazz Information*, and such bibliographies as are appended to this article, you'll end up with an empty wallet and the Okeh laughing record.

How to pick and choose rare and musically-wonderful records has become a more arduous business as the usual piles of "junk records" have been shorn of their hot jazz items. A decade ago, honest, you could and many did, pick up Bix on Claxonola or even something as obvious as Oliver on Gennett. Today it's more subtle, involves locating records on which the band name is misleading, the composer's name faked and the record label esoteric. And the arguments between experts get hotter with the years.

Among the many famous controversies is that of the Teschmaker *Sister Kate-Jazz Me Blues* date. Avakian, now Sgt. Avakian, got permission to reissue some Paramount discs for Columbia, among them the alleged Teschmaker-Muggsy Spanier performance. The label came out with their names. Most of the experts, including Avakian, assumed the clarinet and cornet, respectively, were Teschmaker and Muggsy Spanier. Marshall Stearns, a collector and critic well known to the fans, doubted it from the start. Avakian kept after the story until he got the original men of the date in conversation. Stearns had been right. Clarinetist Morry Bercov and cornetist Charlie Altier had made that recording. So another Teschmaker item bit the dust, but the record, being Chicagoan anyway, is today out of print, the collectors having taken it into their collective maw.

One of the best collecting stories involves names that, though known in the jazz field, are perhaps not so well known to the general public. But the story is worth telling. Critic Bill Love, writing in *Jazz*, claimed the clarinet on Keppard's *Salty Dog* (*Jazz Information*—UHCA reissue) was no less a person than Oliver's and Armstrong's old sidekick, Johnny Dodds. Gene Williams, editor of *Jazz Information*, stated (in *The Record Changer*) that it was not Dodds but Jimmy O'Bryant in good form. When it seemed as though the controversy had slowed up, Love stated categorically, "If anyone can identify Dodds, I can." And, mind you, he had good reason to say this, having a good ear and knowing his jazzmen. But he went way out on a limb and claimed that Dodds—if you're not dizzy, follow me—was also on early Columbia records by King Oliver. Prominent jazz critics flooded *Jazz* with fuel for the fire, but it was Nesuhi Ertegun, son of the Turkish Ambassador, who burned the house down. On his own hunch, Ertegun played the disputed Columbias to old-time New Orleans' clarinetist Jimmy Noone (he helped to teach the Goodman). Noone listened attentively and recognized his own embouchure, to say nothing of his melodic ideas. Ertegun thereupon stated, "If anyone can identify Jimmy Noone, it's Jimmy Noone."

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

A general disclaimer: These are the reported best sellers; but the list hasn't the same meaning it used to have—and will have again—under normal conditions. The new songs aren't yet recorded, except a few with vocal background instead of instrumental; so best selling means only the best of a limited list. It means also that last month's bests are holding on.

Quick Ones

Boogie Woogie—T. Dorsey *A Slip of the Lip*—Ellington *Don't Cry, Baby*—E. Hawkins *Blue Rain*—Glenn Miller *Your Socks Don't Match*—Fats Waller (Victor and Bluebird)	These are samples from one catalogue—mostly holdovers from last time. They are standard fare; the other companies make the same tunes, with different bands. To conserve space, I list one company's output a month in this field.
Pistol Packin' Mama (Okeh—Al Dexter) (Decca—Bing Crosby)	Dexter's the original; Crosby's the first recording after Decca's contract was signed.
Sunday, Monday, or Always and *If You Please* (Columbia—Frank Sinatra) (Decca—Bing Crosby) *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning* and *People Will Say We're in Love* (Columbia—Frank Sinatra) (Decca—Bing Crosby)	These are the *Oklahoma* and *Dixie* song hits, recorded with choral background. Sinatra without squeals is better than with. Crosby's *If You Please* is matchless.
My Shining Hour (Decca — Glen Gray)	An attractive song from Fred Astaire's *The Sky's the Limit.* Deserves the best—and gets it.
What's Cooking, Cookie? (Columbia—Polish Merry-Go-Rounders)	On the reverse, another polka. Like hillbilly music and country dances, polka records satisfy a longing for simple pleasures. A psychological phenomenon of wartime, maybe?

Some Albums

Musical Orchids (Victor—Dinah Shore) *Waller on the Ivories* (Victor—Fats Waller) *Eddie Duchin Album* (Columbia—Duchin) *New Moon* (Decca—Voices and Orchestra)	More and more you will find albums available when single shots are not. It's economic determinism, my friends. There isn't enough stuff to go round—the companies put out singles of new ones, prefer albums for more economical selling. Not bad for the customer, either.

Special Event

Metropolitan Revivals (Victor—Caruso & Others) (Celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of the Met)	Here are eight of the 3, 4, 5 and 6 star offerings which made recorded music glamorous and respectable in the old days. Victor says they sound fine today. Recommended on general principles; not yet heard for detail. (Columbia's classic best sellers are the same as last month; also Victor's. Through an error in a recent listing of Victor's *Rhapsody in Blue*, Sanroma, the pianist, was listed as conductor. Fiedler conducted.)

Look Ahead For

Swing Low, Sweet Harriet (Columbia—Jane Froman)	This isn't even scheduled, so far as I know; it may not be made. But if it is, it will combine an attractive and tricky song with Froman's most engaging singing. (Report from hearing her on the air and on the stage.)

The jazz business has always had its comic relief. As jazz criticism got under way and made the slicks, writer George Frazier, now one of *Life's* editors, was greeted by guitarist-*bon motist* Eddie Condon with: "George, how are you? I've been reading your stuff—your spelling's improved."

But the best Condon story is still the one about the Fats Waller date on Victor in 1929. Victor wanted a carefully rehearsed and arranged date and slipped Condon some advance money on the grounds that he would see that the girth of the blues and a jazz band, too, would show up. Well, Eddie located the girth which was Fats and they reminisced Chicago and jazz and rent parties and Jimmy Johnson tunes (the grand old man of Harlem piano who helped teach Fats and Duke Ellington both) and life went on without benefit of calendar. The recording date hove into view like a bad morning and with a couple of hours to go, it was up to Condon to round up a band. He and Fats combed Harlem, got a group together, recorded *Harlem Fuss* and *Minor Drag* and they kicked solid all the way. After the first test the director said, "Wonderful, that's what I wanted!" but he never knew how the band arrived at it. What's more, in the confusion Victor mixed up the labels and the *Drag* is now the *Fuss*.

Collecting hot, like jazz itself, has come of age. The average collector has at least from 300 to 600 records, selectively chosen, making it impossible to indicate what a good collection consists of in an article. And your big-time collectors begin with 2,000 or so. Col-

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Collecting Hot: 1944

Continued from pages 27-99

lectors such as Hoyt Kline (Army Air Force lieutenant on overseas duty), Bill Russell and John Hammond have a minimum of around 5,000 records.

Taste in hot jazz has shifted from the so-called white jazz and Chicago jazz to the New Orleans bands. Books and reissues have helped along the process. Albums of specially recorded jazz have, too. And along with this has come an increased interest in the heretofore only moderately popular stuff—Mildred Bailey and her small-band-accompanied vocals, Billie Holiday ditto, and the innumerable small-band jobs made for the hot trade but now unavailable except from collector's lists. Of the band stuff, tastes vary. My own goes for the Muggsy Spanier discs with Rod Cless (clarinet) and George Brunis (trombone), some of the special New Orleans style discs featuring Bunk Johnson (who taught Louis some licks on trumpet), Sid Bechet, one of the greatest New Orleansians and certainly the outstanding soprano sax player, and Lu Watters and his Yerba Buena Band (San Francisco)—just a bunch of guys who liked the real jazz and found a night club to sponsor it.

There's lots else, of course. There's the ragtime renascence, still under way. This gave a lot more to jazz than is generally known, by way of piano players who follow races and red lights. And the specialized jazz band stuff of small groups headed by individuals with ideas—Goodman, Hodes, Bechet, etc., etc. One odd development is that Bessie Smith's blues discs are rare but not priceless (though they *are* priceless musically). Piano pressings are still sought after but boogie-woogie has dropped a bit off its peak of a year or two ago. The rise of Dodds, Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, particularly the latter, is probably the most impressive happening in the collecting field. A decade ago few collectors had so much as one Jelly Roll disc in their collections. Today no collector would be found without a couple of dozen.

Obviously there is no such thing as a complete collection. Transcriptions and home-made off-the-air discs make this practically impossible. And right now, another project has developed that makes it entirely out of the question. It's a project no collector is going to get sore about. It's known by the simple title *V-Disc* and it's the idea of the Special Services Division, U. S. Army. The objective: to make special recordings from available masters and to make original records for the exclusive use of overseas forces. One of the first was a jam session with an impressive array of talent, Bobby Hackett, Duke Ellington, Fazola, Billie Holiday, Lee Wiley—and many others. Another was a strictly improvised session with Teddy Wilson and some of the men from his band. Big Sid Catlett (drums) didn't bring them with him because someone thought Columbia had a set in the studio. So Big Sid made with the snares and the grimaces and Capt. Bob Vincent, putting it on the wax, looked out of the control room with an amused grin because he knew—what you and I know—that jazz music recorded that day in a studio on upper 7th Avenue was going to mean *home* to some guy thousands of miles away, in a PX or a foxhole.

Bibliography: *Records*

Recording plans of all companies are necessarily modified by wartime limitations of shellac. Both Columbia and Victor will undoubtedly resume their reissue plans and one should keep an eye open for such jobs as Victor's recent *Panorama* album on Duke Ellington. On Columbia, similarly, watch for more of the "jazz classics" series. (Some of the albums and individual records are still on sale. Your dealer may have a few in stock.)

Decca's Brunswick series is of course the big news. Their historical jazz albums on the Decca label also are important. Of the Brunswick Collectors' Series Albums, they got off to a good start with *Ellingtonia* but later albums produced items many collectors welcomed—*Red Nichols Classics, Pine Top's Boogie-Woogie, Boogie-Woogie Piano, Jimmy Noone, Chicago Jazz Classics, Barrel House Piano, Harlem Jazz, 1930, Riverboat Jazz.* And, looking into the future (which may be present when this goes to press): a Johnny Dodds album, a second Red Nichols album and a Louis Armstrong album. The *Riverboat Jazz Album* is a "must"—with Punch Millers and other rarities—but the whole series is good and there is even a Bing Crosby album—not hot jazz but many collectors will be interested in *Crosbiana.* Booklets are generally accurate, those by Eugene Williams being of special interest.

Amongst the "little" labels there are many items of interest—Commodore, Signature, Beacon, Jazz Record and Climax, etc. Commodore items—at least some of them, with Condon, Wettling and others—are still available. Information on the others should be procured from your dealer or from Commodore Music Shop, 136 East 42nd Street, New York. The Signatures (Bob Thiele originated this label) have turned out a half dozen or so fine discs. Beacon has been uneven in its choice of stuff. *Jazz Record* (once Art Hodes gets the shellac) can hardly miss—what with George Brunis, Rod Cless, Art Hodes (it's his label) and others. Black & White label No. 1 has Art Hodes' fine solo piano.

The Jazzman label (Jazzman Record Shop, Los Angeles) found some old Jelly Roll piano music—not ancient but at least five years old—that every Jelly Roll collector will want. They also have brought out several records by Bunk Johnson, the man who taught Louis but whose tone and style threatened to be legendary until Bill Russell and several other people raised funds for Bunk's new teeth—the mundane beginning of his working up a new embouchere. These records vary in quality and may be a little too much in that old fashioned groove for initiates or even for many sophisticates. But those who want to listen to jazz history can't very well do without *Moose March* and other discs in this series. He will find on the label many old-timers he thought existed only in books.

Climax, a label sponsored by Blue Note, is in the process of bringing out a wonderful series by George Lewis and his New Orleans Stompers. It may sound odd but these records—made within the present decade—are the best records ever made in New Orleans. For that matter, for a New Orleans fan like me they're about the most sincere and articulate hot jazz of the old small-band variety made in recent years. Frankly, I prefer not to make this as a sweeping comparison; I'm sure if I did my Muggsy Spanier Bluebirds would fall out of their cases some night and sock me over the head in my dreams. William Russell's indefatigable work for New Orleans' music must be credited with the production of this set of discs. The set begins with *Climax Rag* and *Deep Bayou Blues.* Then up come: *Milenberg Joys & Two Jim Blues; Just a Closer Walk with Thee & Just a Little While to Stay Here; Fidgety Feet & Dauphine Street Blues; Don't Go Way Nobody & Careless Love Blues. Just a Little While to Stay Here* and its coupling are funeral marches, very exciting. That's the way most of the records shape up. *Careless Love Blues* is an amazing development of the tune as we know it out of a traditional 12-bar blues. The astounding fact about these fine New Orleans records is that they bring us live jazz, solid rhythmically and melodically, by musicians quite obscure, most of them, outside the city. Maybe that's why. They never got that "Who was Buddy Bolden?" look in their eyes.

As this article went to press, another important event took place in jazz recording. Asch Recordings brought out two solo sides by James P. Johnson—*Boogie-Woogie Stride* and *Impressions.* This will be followed by a Harlem piano album for which I have been asked to do the material. James P.'s true stature in jazz is becoming increasingly obvious—he's one of the jazz greats.

Bibliography: *Magazines*

I need not give addresses for popular jazz magazines, such as *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, but will mention briefly a few of the "little" magazines of the jazz world. *Jazz* is the most inclusive of these magazines, includes articles, bibliographies, record reviews, etc. Editor, Bob Thiele. Address: Jazz Magazine, P.O. Box 147, Forest Hills Station, New York. *The Record Changer* carries wants and disposition lists of collectors' items; an accurate and reliable guide in a field where stumbling is easy. Editor, Gordon Gullickson. Address: The Record Changer, Fairfax, Va. *The Jazz Record* carries articles, including many articles by musicians within the limits of its limited page space, jam session information, and other specialized information of the world of *Le Jazz Hot.* Editor, Art Hodes. Address: The Jazz Record, 236 West 10th Street, New York City. *Jazz Quarterly* publishes interesting background articles and also carries reviews. Editor, Jake Trussell, Jr. Address: Box 38, Route 2, Kingsville, Texas. There are also local bulletins, such as that put out by the Hot Club of San Francisco—and Commodore Music Shops strictly for the *Bugle Call Rag*, of the Armed Services.

These "little" magazines of the jazz world are, as the back room boys say, "righteous," sometimes to the point of humorless zeal but often with a humor of their own. Once you've become a hot collector most of these become indispensable to a hot education. Fun, too. ⌗

MEROOW!
RAT-TAT
!!!!PFSSST
MOOOO!!!
OINK!!OINK
HONK!!!!HONK!!

The Following Is a Transcription

"MEROOOOOW! PFSSSSST! YEOW-OW-OW-L! Hear those cats, folks? Do the things you put in your stomach fight like a couple of cats? Then take Hypo-Sootho, the digestion-aiding remedy that fixes you up in a jiffy and makes everything smooth and contented. Like this: PU-R-R-R-R-R-R-R!" That was the first radio transcription I ever wrote. Since then, folks, you've heard hundreds of them. It didn't take me long to get the knack. First you give them a good loud sound effect, and then you tie up the sound effect with the product. For instance:

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! BANG! BOOM! C-R-U-M-P! It's war! Yes, sir, it's war on soggy breakfast foods! And Krispy Krunchies are winning that war hands down! Buy a package today, and sound the death knell of mushy cereals! DING! DONG! DING! DONG!!!" That one ran on the Amalgamated Network for eighteen weeks. And then I wrote:

"CLOPPETY CLOPPETY CLOPPETY CLOPPETY CLOP! A gallop, folks! And Boamer's Beer wins in a gallop in competition with all other beers on the market. More flavor! More collar! And less harmful ingredients to irritate the sinus passages! Boamer's Beer makes a ten-strike every time! R-O-L-L CRASH!" See how easy it is? Any kind of sound effect goes with any kind of product if you tie them up properly. But the main thing is that the sound effect is loud and startling enough to knock grandpa, ear trumpet and all, out of his armchair. Like:

"OINK! OINK! MOOOOOOO! COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! Hey, what's going on in the barnyard? Even the cows and pigs are talking about Gooeygobs, the new fudge-coated candy bar that sells for only a nickel! Get one today and lead the parade in your town! BOOM! BOOM! TA-RA-TA-RA-TA-RA!"

"HOOOOOOOWL! WOOF! WOOF! HONK! HONK! ZAM! QUACK! QUACK! TIMMMMMMM-BER! BEEP! BANG! CRASH! G-R-R-R-R-R-ROAR! ALL ABOARD! HELP! MURDER! AAAAAA-AAAAAAAAH! TWEET! TWEET! SMACK! SWOOSH! WOA! HEE-HAW HEE-HAW!" . . . What? . . . What's this one going to be? I haven't made up my mind yet. Just doing a little practicing to keep my hand in.

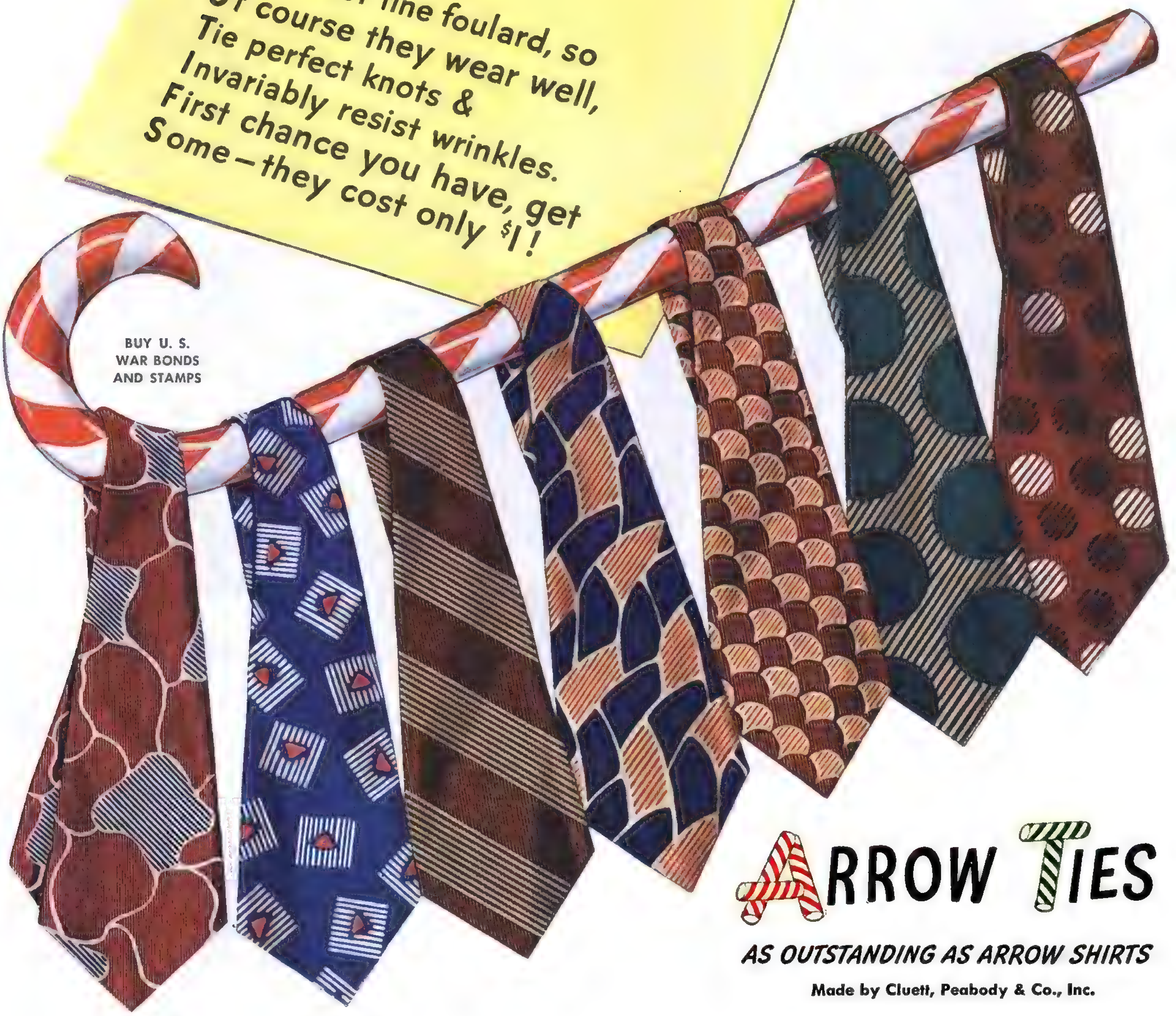
—PARKE CUMMINGS

CANDY STRIPE MOTIFS

Are very handsome
New neckties. They're
Designed by Arrow, & we bet
You never saw candy

Stripes in such variety.
There are stripes in bold
Round figures, stripes
In squares, even stripes in
Patterned dots! What's more,
Each and every tie is

Made of fine foulard, so
Of course they wear well,
Tie perfect knots &
Invariably resist wrinkles.
First chance you have, get
Some—they cost only $1!

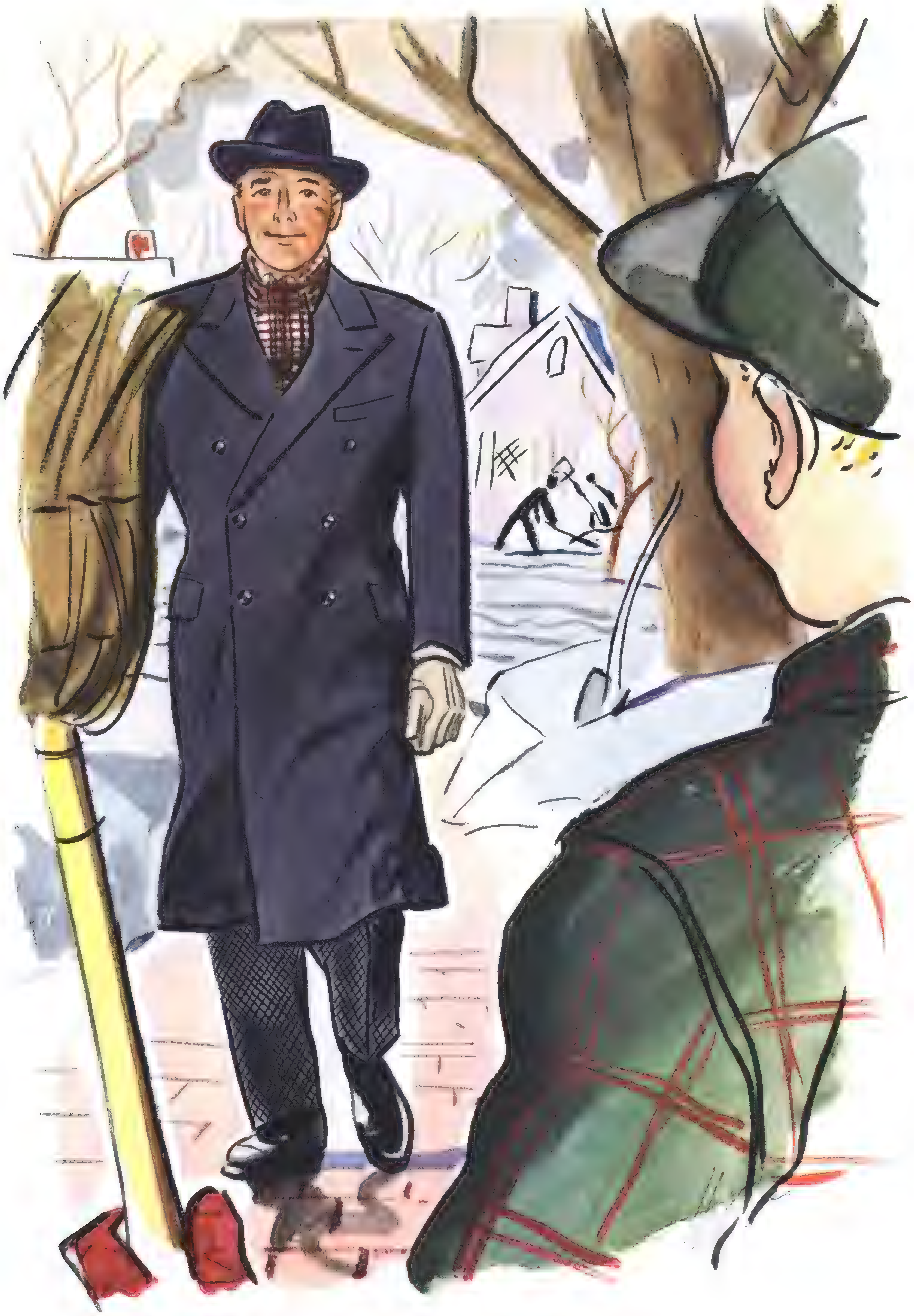


BUY U. S.
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

ARROW TIES

AS OUTSTANDING AS ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



a clean sweep for simplicity

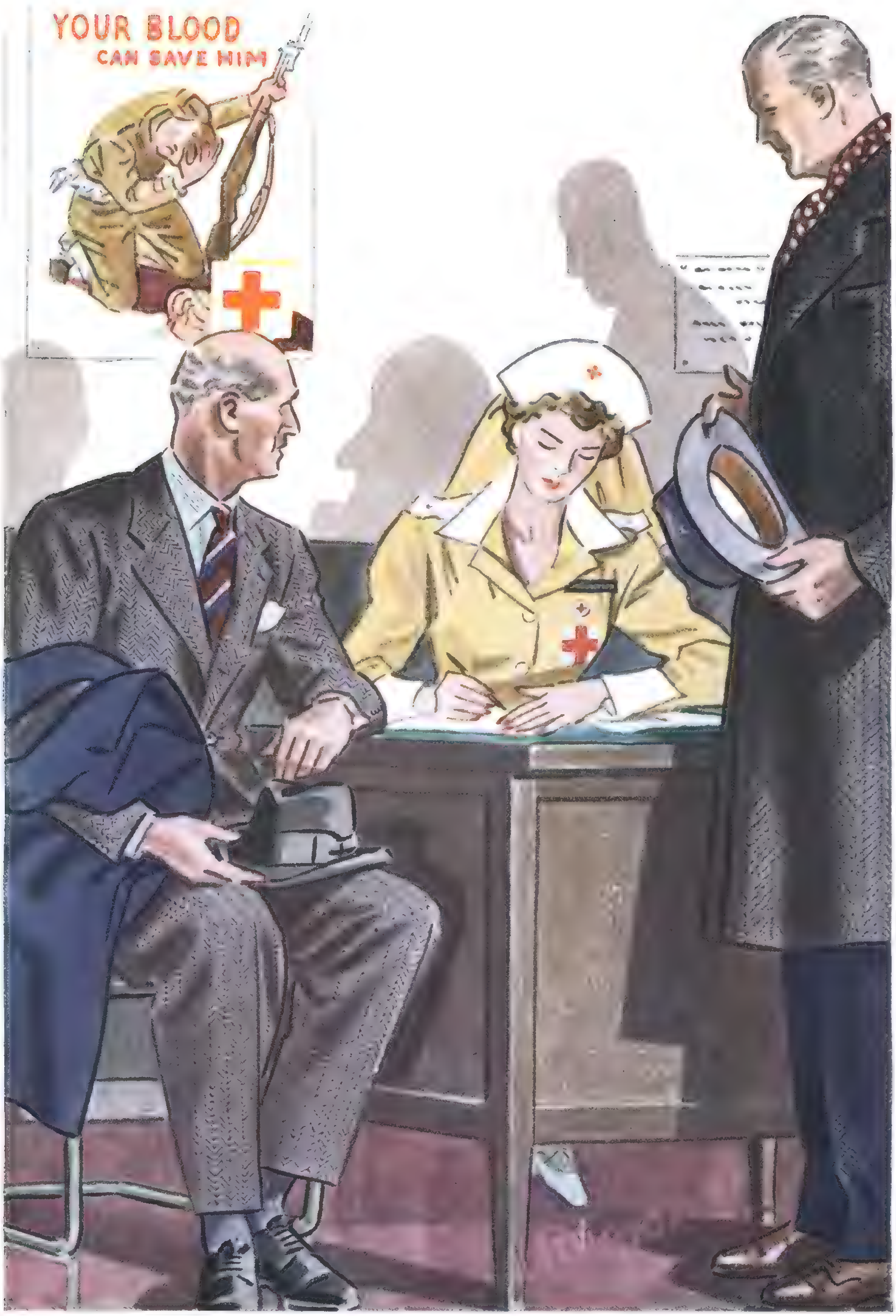
Wartime compulsions have stripped us of our gew-gaws—and enriched us by the robbery. When an article of apparel, for example, becomes as functional as a snow-shovel and as efficient as a broom, fashion can well afford to tip its top hat to the WPB. As a matter of fact, though, authentic *men's* fashions have always been well ahead of the game. Good fashion always eschewed the superfluous—the fancy back, the leather buttons, the zoot effect. Take, for example, this well styled overcoat. The plain sleeves, moderate length and simple style were accepted as good taste long before the conservation crew made them compulsory. (Incidentally, this garment patriotically does double duty, being appropriate for both business and formal wear.) Equally simple is the rest of the outfit—Homburg hat, plaid wool muffler, sharkskin suit, chamois gloves and straight tip shoes on a town last.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

For Men of Perspective...**LORD CALVERT**

For those who can afford the finest, Lord Calvert is "Custom" Blended. A whiskey so *rare*...so *smooth*...so *mellow*...that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America...every bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



praise the Lord and pass the plasma

There's only one investment in the world today better than a War Bond, and that's a deposit in the blood bank. In case you've overlooked this patriotic opportunity, visit the nearest Red Cross center and open a life-saving account now. . . . The depositor at the left is appropriately attired for almost any town occasion, including blood-letting, in a grey herringbone worsted suit with dark red stripes, striped broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, Campaign Color tie, blue ribbed half hose and black straight tip shoes. The dark blue overcoat and black Homburg hat complete his outfit. The other volunteer, whose red blood count is going to do duty where it counts most, wears a dark grey herringbone worsted overcoat, maroon and white dotted rayon muffler, grey felt hat, dark blue sharkskin suit (a hard-wearing fabric, durable for the duration) and dark brown shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.)

Nothing Is Sacred

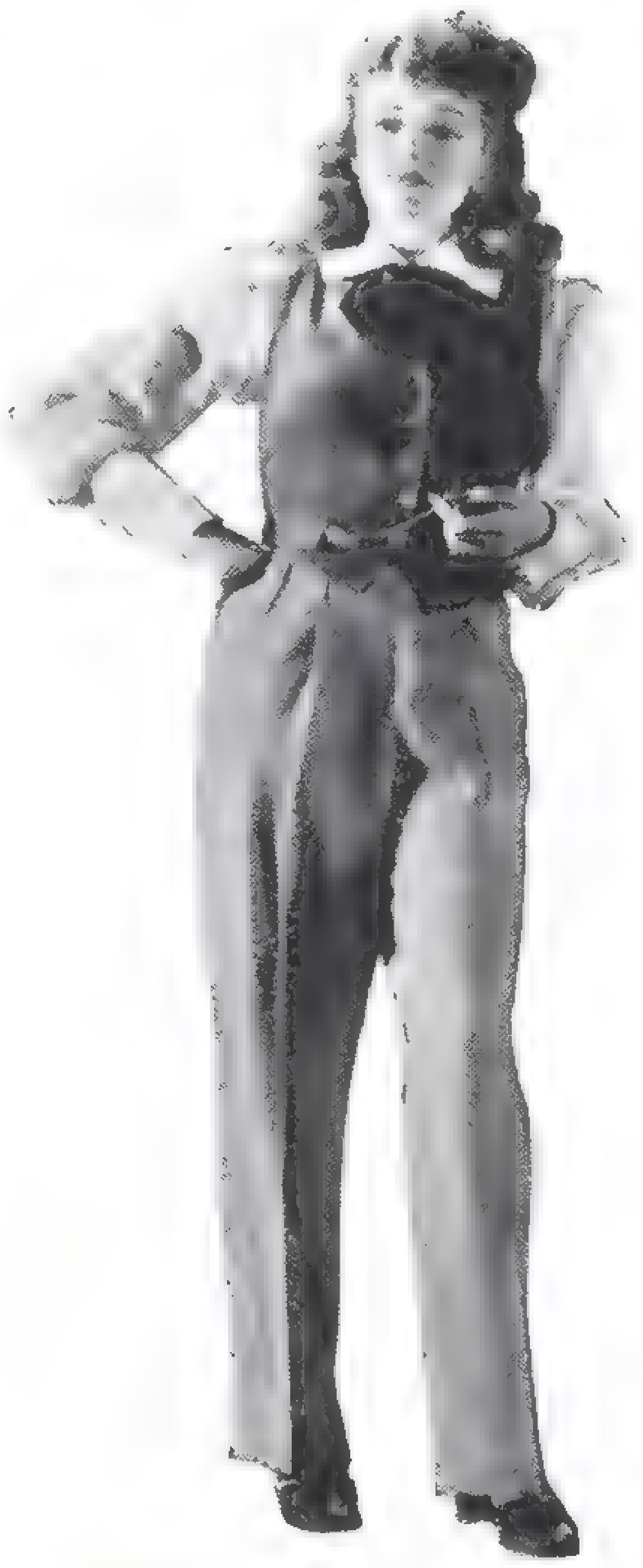
Gals, bless their acquisitive little hearts, are taking the shirts off our backs, et cetera

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •

When you see women streaming out of airplane factories or shipyards, you are struck by the terrific influence of men's fashions on women's dress in these purposeful days. The gals have taken over not only the riveter and acetylene torch but also man's shirt and slacks. In nearly all fields of civilian activity the ladies have adopted some idea from masculine attire.

Tailored suits incorporating the lines of a man's jacket appear in mutually approved tweeds, flannels, worsteds and gabardines. The broad-shouldered jacket and soft drape are high fashion.

As for outer coats, called topcoats by the imitative darlings, consider the Chesterfield, which is fast becoming a classic. Women's covert cloth topcoats look exactly like our own. And their processed cotton raincoats adopt the same raglan shoulders and light shades. Finger-tip box coats had quite a flare some time ago. Leisure jackets, sport shirts and slacks have feminine advocates from Florida to California. Play shorts have been sensibly accepted by women for active sports and for the serious business of sun bathing. Shetland sweaters, both pullover and cardigan styles, are campus apparel for sharp apples and slick chicks alike. Moccasin slippers, pioneered by comfort-lovin males, are now feminine favorites and going strong according to signs both commercial and astrological. Women need no longer wince with pain as they walk—and a good thing, too, with the shortage of taxicabs. #



Rita Hayworth, star of Columbia's Cover Girl, *poses in a pair of black and white checked slacks and green postboy vest. I. Magnin.*

The man's dinner jacket inspired Berman to turn out this suit for Leslie Brooks, Columbia star. Also worn, an ivory shirt and burgundy bow tie.

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords

Style 2124
Parade Last
Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush
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FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

Consider this one thing above all else — Nunn-Bush craftsmanship is sired by a strong love of quality. When leathers are in good supply Nunn-Bush uses the finest selections. When they are limited, selections are less choice. But a love of quality stands guard to keep your Nunn-Bush shoes at the highest possible level of fineness. We believe such a love of quality is your most dependable assurance of shoe satisfaction.

Most Styles $10 to $13.50

BUY SAVINGS BONDS

Style 4322
Brewster Last
Leather Sole
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Private Stock

Great All-American Whiskies harmonized into one have made it *America's Luxury Whiskey*

FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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Mysteries of the Fathomless Sea

Continued from page 43

each side of it." He further stated that on top of the head, near the eyes, were two small horns or barbs, and it was with these the reptiles seemed to strike, rather than with the teeth. He did not examine the specimen he had retained very closely, being naturally averse, he said, to handling such a dangerous subject and preferring to leave the matter to the experts.

Upon the *Batallha's* arrival in Surabaya, however, where the story caused some sensation at first, he was informed by two medical men who had been appointed by the Dutch authorities to inquire into the incident, that they had no records of any similar case, and, although they were reasonably familiar with tropical reptiles, they were doubtful if the specimen he had offered them was a true sea-snake at all, as they were familiar only with the well-known yellowish, spotted variety common to the coasts, which had characteristics totally dissimilar to those apparent in the specimen he had brought them. Nor did they recognize the symptoms he had outlined as having been experienced by the stricken men, and upon his insistence that the facts were as he had stated them and were also vouched for by Captain Herrando and the other officers, they suggested with some asperity that the unfortunate victims had probably been bitten by a cobra or some equally potent land reptile that had been concealed in the cargo.

The *Batallha* was held up for some time to enable a thorough inquiry to be launched at the instigation of the British consul, who was concerned in the case of Ellis and Manuel, both of whom had been British subjects. However, nothing came of the matter and the ship was finally allowed to proceed. Captain Herrando insisted on sworn depositions being taken from himself and Mr. Huston and all the surviving men, and left these, together with a copy of his logbook, with the Dutch authorities in case any charges or claims should later be brought against him or the ship. The reptile Mr. Huston had so carefully preserved was retained by the examining doctors who declared they would forward it to other experts for further study, but a careless native servant threw the specimen out one day and it was never recovered. The general opinion simmered down to an agreement that while something very curious had certainly occurred on board the *Batallha*, the likelihood of her having been attacked by a sea full of poisonous serpents, which must have been numbered in the millions at the most modest estimate, was highly improbable. No other explanation, however, was forthcoming.

On an October morning in the late 1930's, the United States liner *American Shipper* arrived in New York from Liverpool after a long-drawn battle with a hurricane that left her unharmed, though another liner, the *President Harding*, fighting through the same hurricane, had suffered considerable damage, and had been shaken and tossed about so erratically that seventy-three of her passengers had been injured. Questioned about the severity of the storm, the *American Shipper's* master, Captain Robert Sullivan, dismissed the matter with a smile and stated he had been through a good many stiff blows in his time, and did not consider them worthy of any particular comment, as they were just an expected part of a sailor's life.

He observed, however, that some 1,200 miles out of Liverpool he really had had an experience which he thought was unique. Steaming ahead one afternoon at about 18 knots, under an overcast sky and through a light swell, the *American Shipper* had come into violent collision with an enormous whale, the largest the captain had ever seen. The ship's bow was so firmly impaled she had to reverse her engines and then go ahead several times, with abrupt changes of helm, to shake off the great mammal, a procedure which took perhaps half an hour. Captain Sullivan estimated that the chances of spearing a whale dead center, as the *American Shipper* had done, must run to about one in a billion or more.

The ship reporters expressed some belief that a vessel of the size and speed of the *American Shipper* would be more likely to shear clean through a whale, if she struck it at the angle indicated, rather than retain it on her bow. The captain referred them to the detailed entry in his logbook, and to clinch the matter showed them a buckled forward plate, an injury sustained, he affirmed, by the force of the collision. The executive officer and the chief engineer bore out his statements in every particular, and a junior officer observed that a yielding object was a good deal harder to shear through than an object offering stiff resistance. The reporters appeared satisfied.

Some three hundred miles west of the Fiji Islands, about 3:30 a.m. in the middle watch, (exact date not given) the Standard Oil tanker *R. J. Hanna* was making a steady 11 knots on her voyage from San Francisco to Melbourne, Australia. The sea was smooth and clear in the moonlight, and the somewhat drowsy second mate on the bridge was thinking more of the approaching eight bells that would relieve him to turn into his bunk than he was thinking of anything else, when he was suddenly aware of a dark, low-lying mass directly athwart the ship's course. At the same time the lookout rather uncertainly reported there was

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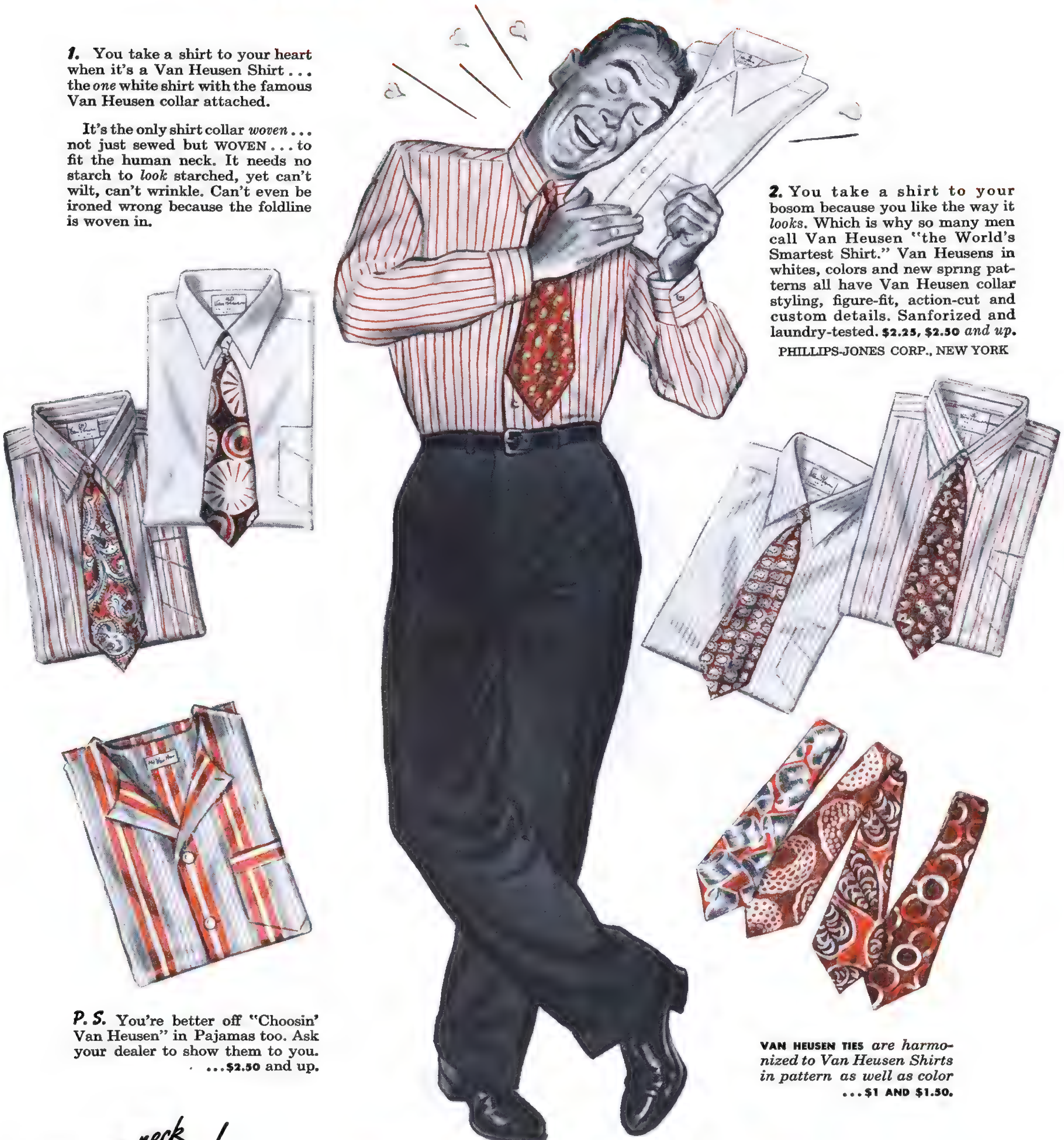
WHY A MAN FALLS IN LOVE WITH A SHIRT!



1. You take a shirt to your heart when it's a Van Heusen Shirt . . . the *one* white shirt with the famous Van Heusen collar attached.

It's the only shirt collar *woven* . . . not just sewed but WOVEN . . . to fit the human neck. It needs no starch to *look* starched, yet can't wilt, can't wrinkle. Can't even be ironed wrong because the foldline is woven in.

2. You take a shirt to your bosom because you like the way it *looks*. Which is why so many men call Van Heusen "the World's Smartest Shirt." Van Heusens in whites, colors and new spring patterns all have Van Heusen collar styling, figure-fit, action-cut and custom details. Sanforized and laundry-tested. $2.25, $2.50 *and up.*

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P. S. You're better off "Choosin' Van Heusen" in Pajamas too. Ask your dealer to show them to you. . . . $2.50 and up.

VAN HEUSEN TIES *are harmonized to Van Heusen Shirts in pattern as well as color* . . . $1 AND $1.50.

Give your neck a break!

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

BEST BUY

you ever made!

ATTACK ATTACK ATTACK
BUY WAR BOND

Never in your life, have you made a wiser investment than in the War Bonds you're salting away every payday! Another swell buy (we know you'll agree) was your wise selection of a fine new Alligator Raincoat, to guard your wartime health and clothes in wind and rain! Like a War Bond, it will see you through for years to come. For style, quality, dependability and value—truly "the best buy in rainwear"! If you're not yet an Alligator owner, see your dealer, as limited stocks *are* available. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Mysteries of the Fathomless Sea

Continued from pages 43-106

"something funny" ahead, and the startled officer, who had just come from the chartroom and would have staked his life there were no islands in the vicinity, bolted back for another look to make sure he had not gone out of his mind. It needed but a hasty glance to assure him of what he already knew. Unless the Hydrographic Office of the United States had made a terrible blunder in engraving the charts, the Pacific Ocean immediately ahead of the *R. J. Hanna* was entirely clear, unmarred by even a minor reef, let alone by any substantial area of land.

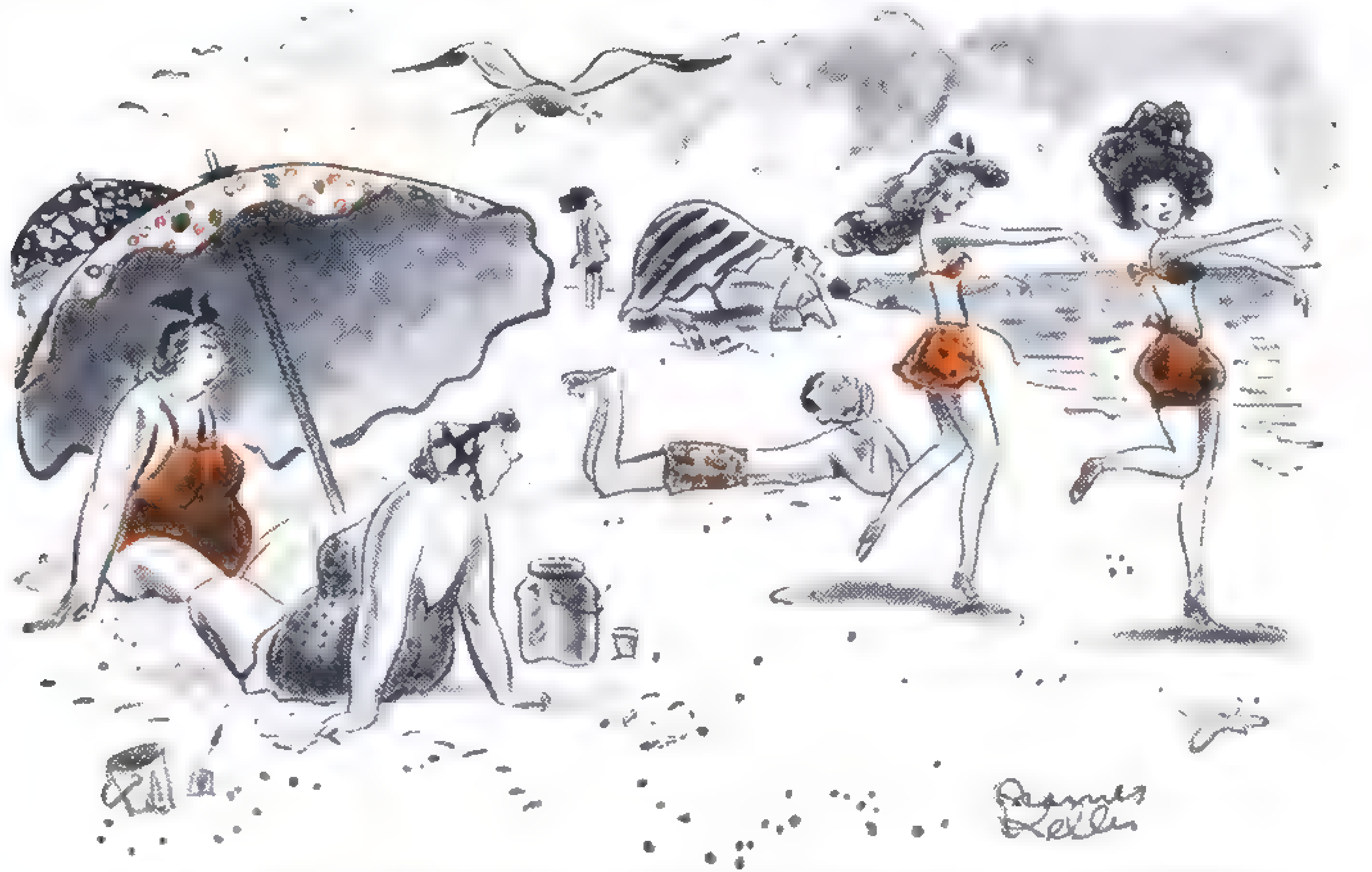
Rather obviously the Hydrographic Office must have made just that terrible blunder, for out on the bridge again the now thoroughly alarmed officer had to believe the evidence of his own eyes, which told him that the solid, dark mass he had seen before, extending now far to port and starboard of the ship, was practically under the tanker's very bows. She was still ploughing steadily ahead and there seemed not the slightest chance of preventing a collision, but the second mate did everything that was humanly possible. He set the engines at hard astern, gave the warning siren to waken the sleeping crew, and sent a quartermaster to call the captain. Very probably he felt pretty sick too, and wondered why he had been so insane as not to take action before. If he ever lived to face a Board of Inquiry it was a safe bet his ticket would be cancelled with dizzying promptness. But it was too late now.

The ship's master, Captain Sullivan (another Sullivan) appeared on the bridge just as the tanker reached the mass ahead, and, like his second mate and hastily roused crew, the astonished man gripped the rail with paralyzed fingers and braced himself for the shock, while the propellers frantically churned the water astern to try to check the still moving hull. There was not the slightest chance to check it in time.

The *R. J. Hanna* surged ahead and struck, but the expected crash did not materialize, and the braced legs of the wide-eyed staring men felt suddenly weak under them as the ship sliced through something soft that parted unresisting before her, making a faint hissing noise that was plain even above the pounding of the racing engines. In a few seconds the dark mass had closed behind the ship while she slowly came to rest and a dazed and uncomprehending second mate automatically rang the telegraphs to stop. The engine noise died and the familiar squeaks and creakings of the hull were hushed as the moonlight shone on the strained faces of the awe-struck crew. The tanker drifted through the strange looking sea and the mysterious hissing noise against her sides continued, broken now and then as a nervous man cleared his throat or muttered to himself. There was a nightmarish quality about the whole thing, an out-of-this-world quality.

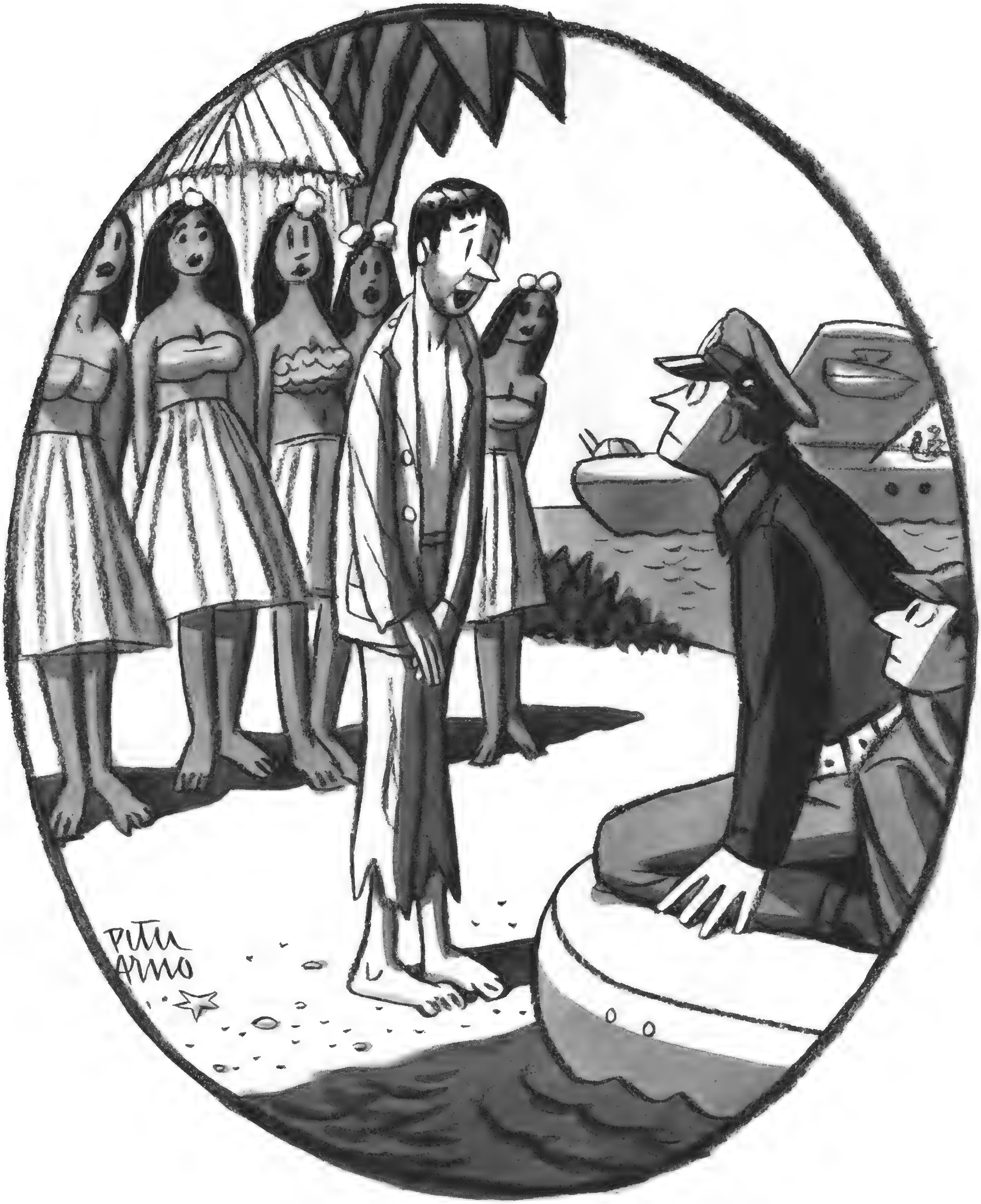
It is not unlikely that for a moment Captain Sullivan wondered if it were not in order for him to send out an s.o.s., or at least let some word out of what he had encountered, if only as a precaution against some urgent need for aid that might yet develop. But his ship was still obviously sound under him, and curiosity as well as common sense insisted that he make an investigation before taking any steps at all. He ordered buckets cautiously lowered to test the strange sea, but it was found at first they merely rested on their sides and floated empty upon whatever it was they floated on. So they were raised and weighted and lowered again, and what they brought up eased the tension considerably even if it did not at once dispel the mystery. For the buckets were found to be half filled with the familiar sea water, but floating on top of it was a grayish mass of powder and small stones, which, taken in the hand, were unbelievably light. Convinced finally that there was nothing ahead that seemed likely to endanger his vessel, Captain Sullivan started the engines again and got back on his course, with

Continued on page 110



"He just got back from North Africa—you'd think he'd hate the sight of sand"

One of a series of advertisements by Peter Arno for Pepsi-Cola Company.



"If there's no Pepsi-Cola aboard, sir, I'd just as soon stay right where I am."

TRADE MARKS
Give you double protection

THEY ENABLE YOU TO SELECT AND TO REJECT

You get the best values when you choose the dependable brands you prefer, identified by trade marks which have stood the test of time. When you say "I want Paris," you exercise your American privilege of Freedom of Choice. Preserve it by insisting on getting the brand you select and refusing to accept a brand you wish to reject. • Paris Belt illustrated—No. MB341—Smart pigskin and twill combination. Choice of five handsome colors $1. Other Paris Belts $1 to $5. A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS ★ BELTS
"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Mysteries of the Fathomless Sea

Continued from pages 43-106-108

caution at first but with growing confidence as time proceeded.

For the better part of the following day the *R. J. Hanna* sliced through that curious gray mass that floated upon the sea, stretching without break or pause in every direction to the very horizon, as the glasses showed even from the crow's-nest. Captain Sullivan had served in tropical waters and in the mysterious South Seas for a considerable number of years, but he had never personally encountered an experience exactly like this. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew he had the explanation, but it eluded him at first; one of those irritating fragments of knowledge that when needed seem only to bury themselves deeper in the blank spots of memory. When he did finally set a finger on it he had to wait until he had docked the tanker in Melbourne to verify it; a tale he had heard so long ago he had all but forgotten it entirely, and had only half believed it when it had been told him.

Some two hundred miles to the south and east of the *R. J. Hanna's* position, when she had encountered the area of lifeless gray sea, there existed, he found, two large submerged volcanoes thrusting upwards from the very ocean floor. At rare and uncertain intervals they erupted, and the molten lava, coming into contact with vast steam pockets in the water, was simultaneously solidified and made porous, so it floated as pumice stone. On such occasions in the past, the masses of this stone had been known to cover areas extending several hundred miles, varying in depth from a mere film of dust to a solid-appearing two feet.

It is nowhere mentioned that the second mate of the *R. J. Hanna* gained his first white hairs that tropic night three hundred miles west of the Fiji Islands. But it is not at all unlikely.

On a sunny day in April, in the year 1937, the freighter *Lewis Luckenbach*, Captain F. Fink commanding, was proceeding off the west coast of Mexico, bound south heavily laden with a cargo of steel. Suddenly the ship was checked as by a giant hand and slowed down to almost half her normal speed. At the same instant the lookout in the bows, who had been idly watching only a clear smooth sea ahead, was astonished to note a white surge of water lift at the ship's very forefoot, climb upwards to the rail and topple over on to the fo'c'sle-head, giving him a good wetting. The white surge subsided momentarily, and the startled watch officer, going forward to investigate, peered over into a heavy roil of churning blue water to see an enormous sting ray or giant manta (known also as the devilfish or batfish) wrapped thrashing about the ship's bows. The diamond-shaped, flat monster, which must have weighed into the tons, dark-mottled snuff color above and shading to veined marble below, he estimated as measuring a full thirty feet across from wing-tip to wing-tip, and its razor-sharp, serrated and whip-like bony tail, with the poison barb at its root, ran a full twenty feet by itself, whipping savagely about and capable of cutting a man to ribbons with one vicious blow.

The great ray did not appear to be injured, but instead of making an attempt to escape, it retained its position and drove savagely against the ship's forward progress. As has been stated, the *Lewis Luckenbach* was riding low with a heavy cargo of steel, and she was herself a heavy, full-powered vessel; but even under forced draft and with considerable maneuvering, she was not only unable to rid herself of the limpet-like mass that clung to her but was totally unable to get back to her normal speed again. Nor was that all.

The infuriated beast began to work its way up the bow, despite the frantic efforts of the crew to pry it loose with jabbing boathooks and crowbars, and they had to work with extreme care because of the flailing sweeps of that deadly tail. They fought until it was dark to get rid of the incubus, and then, no longer being able to see to dodge when the tail whipped at them, they were forced to quit. It was hoped the ray would tire and drop away during the night, but it remained in position and, incredible as it seems, fought the freighter for every foot of progress she was able to make.

In the morning Mr. Ahern, the chief engineer, and others of the black gang finally contrived a machine of sorts by which means they were able to lower grappling hooks fastened to strong steel cables which led back to the ship's windlass. It was tricky and even more dangerous work now, for the giant ray's fury and energy seemed unabated, and it was little short of a miracle that no one was seriously mangled by the rain of blows. The men maneuvered the grappling hooks under the edge of the massive body at last, however, and literally tore it away from the ship's plates with full steam power on the windlass. It resisted to the last, but when finally ripped clear it shook itself free in one last vicious flurry and plunged back into the sea and out of sight, beaten at last and probably wholly exhausted from battling the strange steel monster that must have ploughed into it while it was asleep just beneath the surface.

Yet, in a way, the victory remained with the defeated. For it was probably one of the few times in the annals of the sea where a mere fish had caused a full-powered, full-laden freighter to dock hours behind schedule. #

Tired? Then Sprint

Silly or not, this is the formula with which Billy Hayes has made champions

by **L. C. TOLBERT**

▪ SPORTS ▪

"Where is everybody?"

BILLY HAYES, who coaches track champions at Indiana University, believes that body and mind, being habit-forming machines, should be trained and developed into the habit of recognizing utter exhaustion as merely a signal to start working harder.

A typical workout for his athletes will run something like this: A group is grinding out two miles in fast time, and at the finish the boys are ready to rest a while. But, no, Mr. Hayes doesn't have that in mind. He says, "All right, boys, take a couple of fast 220's." Now mind you, these runners are weary and they want to rest. They don't get to. They sprint the two 220-yard dashes. They are exhausted! But the coach says, "Now, take three straightaways (about 100 yards) and then toss the medicine ball for twenty minutes."

Cruel? Inhuman? To the contrary. The human mind and body are closely correlated and when your mind tells you you're tired, your body says, "Yes, Hallelujah! I *am* tired, let's quit." Billy Hayes says no; it's a state of mind. He develops in his athletes the habit of sprinting when they're tired, developing it to a point where sprinting is their reaction to tiredness. This tired-then-sprint habit becomes so ingrained that it is almost a reflex action.

Mild, soft-spoken, retiring yet friendly, Billy Hayes, silvering behind thirty years of devotion to the task at which he has become a master, always minimizes his own importance and advises his boys to do likewise on the grounds that they have ever so much improvement in front of them, regardless of past accomplishments. Improvement, improvement; that is always his objective. "I will coach any boy who shows a genuine interest and is willing to work," he says, "but I insist on improvement."

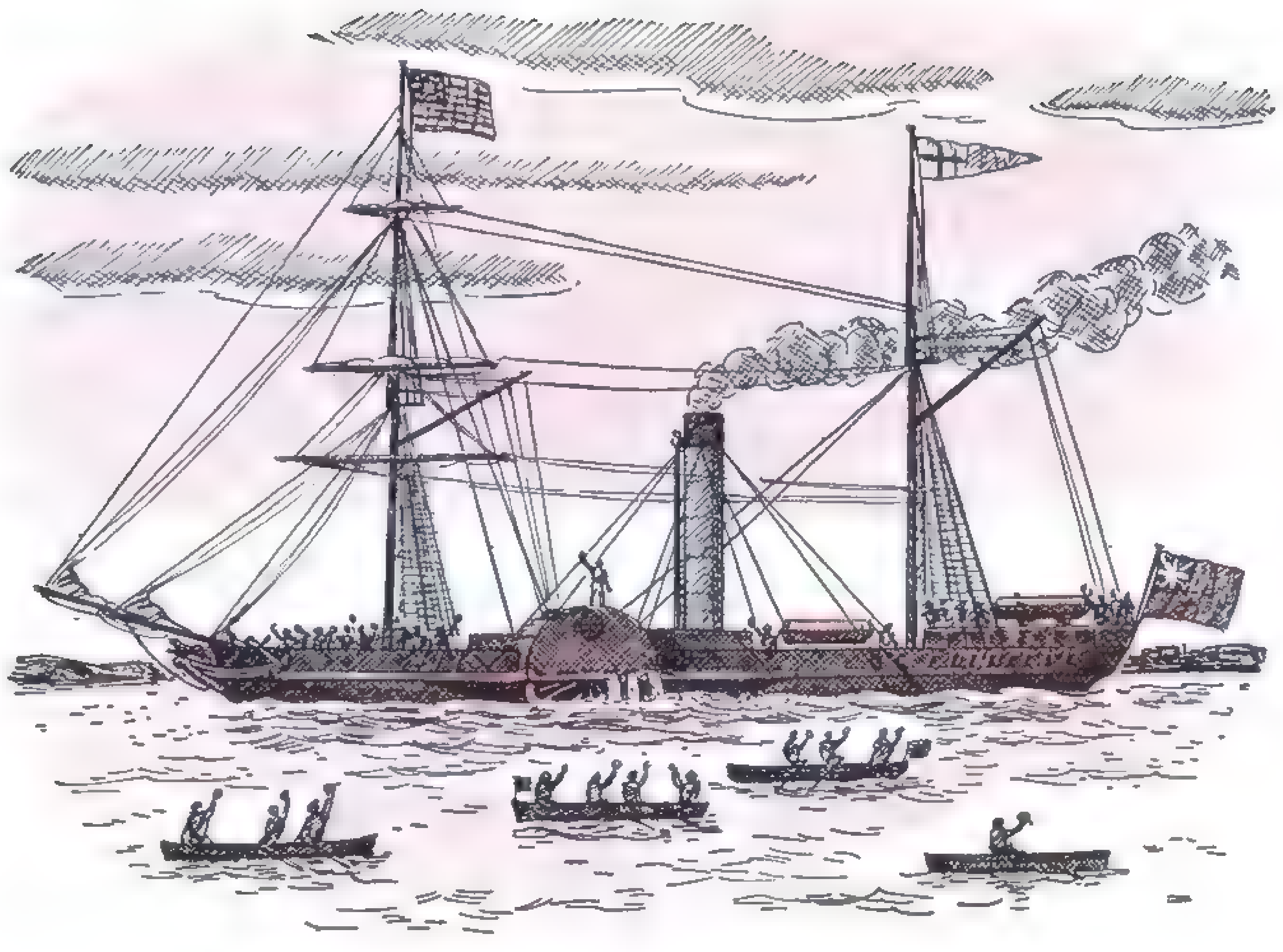
The main satisfaction stocky, keen-eyed Billy Hayes gets out of life is the number of his track men who have earned their places among the cinder track's greats. "The greatest source of satisfaction to me professionally," he says, "is the number of my boys who have made under 4:20 in the mile—twenty-one in all, with eight of them going under 4:13, and Don Lash doing 4:07.4. Of this group, eight have qualified in the 'under 9:20' group for the two-mile; four have gone to the 9-minute class, and Mel Truitt with 8:53 indoors and Don Lash with 8:58.3 outdoors are tops."

Hayes' tired-then-sprint system has produced an amazing and impressive list of champions, including Henry Brocksmith, Charley Hornbostel, Ivan Fuqua, Don Lash, Tommy Deckard, Mel Truitt, Roy Cochran, Campbell Kane, Archie Harris, Fred Wilt and Earl Mitchell—most of whom have set Big Ten, National Collegiate and World records.

The maximum tiredness in any endeavor (including foot racing) quite logically comes on the last lap. That is the time to turn on the sprint. However, if this sprint works on the last lap what are you going to do if you start getting tired, say on the sixth lap, the tenth lap, or any lap that isn't labelled last? Don Lash got to wondering about this. He had acquired the habit of sprinting on the last lap in the mile and the two-mile. He became so proficient that he set Big Ten records in both events. Don found, however, that in the two-mile the tired feeling came before it was due. Don reasoned that if sprinting worked on tiredness on the last lap it should work any time during the race. The result was that watching Don run a two-mile gave the effect of seeing the Boy Scout pace (walk 50 yards, run 50 yards).

Here is a coach who produces champions consistently by the tired-then-sprint method. Why don't you use it? Perhaps a scientist would tell you that this formula is simply a method of increasing your body's power to manufacture adrenalin. But whatever the scientific answer is, the darned thing works. So just hitch on to it. The next time you get tired, *sprint!* ⧺

The Ship is different today



English Steam Packet of the early 19th century

BUT this Passenger is still the same!

Still as distinctively mellow and smooth as the day it first came over from Scotland...that's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
Still going strong

Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Blended Scotch Whisky
Highest Awards

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD — *Both 86.8 Proof* — BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

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BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

"Fasten it tight, Enright!"

ENRIGHT: Sure will, Jockey! This name plate will tell Army Ordnance men at the fighting fronts that even though their *own* men have checked this mortar, we *guarantee* it 100%. And when Victory is won, you'll see our name plate on some surprising *new* products, too!

JOCKEY: Lots of good things are bound to come from lessons learned in war production, Enright. And the famous name plate of your company will help sell *yours* to a waiting world. It's a trade-mark, just like I'm the trade-mark of Jockey Underwear. Both of us tell the public that the products that bear us are the *best* that can be made!

ENRIGHT: I wear Jockey, so I know what you mean. I sure have had to shop around lately, though, to *find* it!

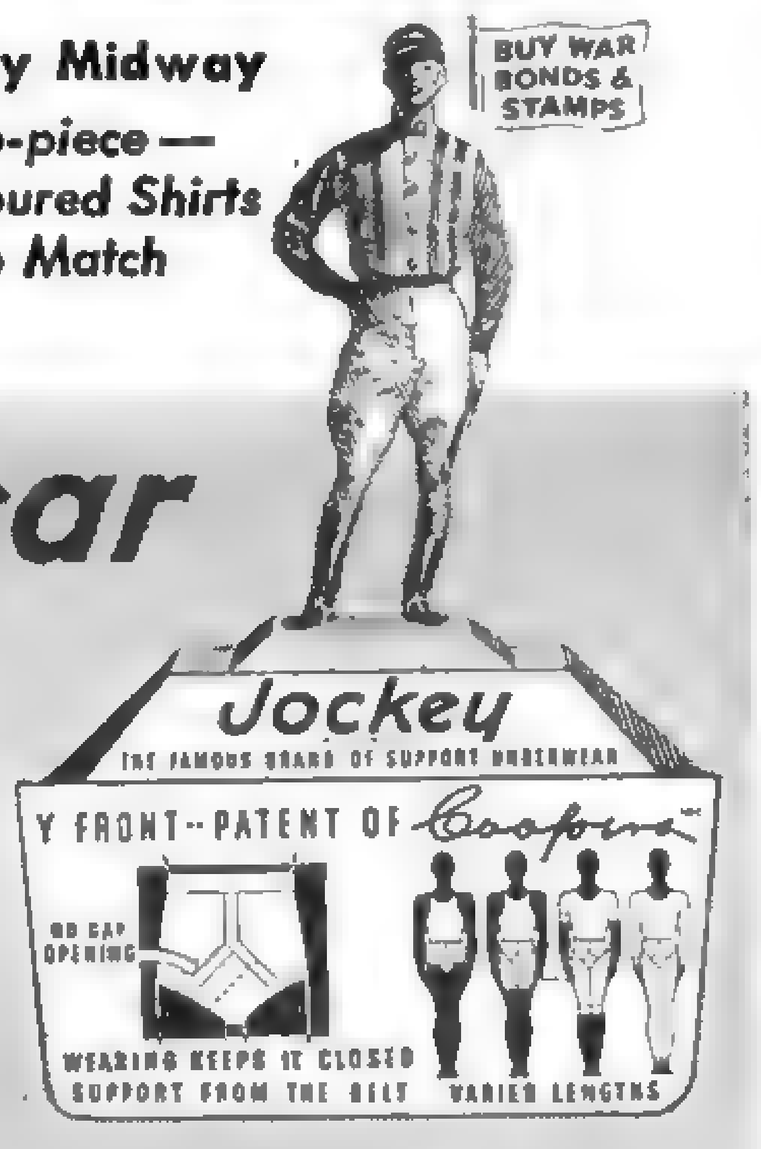
JOCKEY: You have to shop for most branded products these days, because the government rightly has first call on the best raw materials, and because the demand is greater than ever.

ENRIGHT: I'm not complaining—even though I did get stuck recently with some unbranded merchandise that was supposedly "just as good." I switched stores, but then I got *another* inferior article which might have come from the same "nameless" maker!

JOCKEY: You can't be *positive* of getting your money's worth, Enright, unless you buy by trade-marks you know and trust. So keep looking for Jockey Underwear—it's worth it!

ENRIGHT: Check! And I'll keep working for the day when wartime restrictions are unnecessary and private enterprise can make all of the good things people want!

Jockey Midway
Two-piece — Contoured Shirts to Match



Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S.1.

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hath Charms to Soothe

Continued from page 44

bound with suprahuman energy.

Dmitri's magic G-sharp key was still working, but it irked him to play with the others, so he waited for the breaks and solos which they heaped upon him in plenty. His solos were long and varied. Some would imitate the wind for a while and then the storm and then the sun breaking through the overcast with one of those glowing musical cadenzas which no one there had ever heard before. Or he would imitate two clarinets playing a duet. One would play the background while the other passed through a complicated counterpoint to emerge with the original tune clutched between its teeth. Or he would play the same short piece over and over and over until the repetition of the five notes had built the nervous tension to the limit of human endurance, and then he would break the spell with a long slow phrase of melody.

But it got late and the dancers went off, not realizing quite yet what had happened. The musicians prepared to leave. But they could not find Dmitri. After a reasonable search they left without him. He was as yet untired, or, if he had been, the magic key would give him release from such an earthly failing. He had walked off along the ninth fairway until he came to the fifth green.

Dmitri sat on the top of a sand trap and looked at the clarinet between his hands. After a while he began to play. Not the fast keyed-up music of a while ago but a slower, more subtle rhythm which still held all the shades of expression which had made the other unforgettable. Originally these were the Blues, and Dmitri gave them their original scope again, a mood of despair and wailing indignation. Yet they were more powerful, more universal the way he played them. They seemed to include all living matter instead of just the oppressed portion of mankind. And the animals in the woods seemed to feel this too. He saw them creep singly and in pairs from their night resting places and gather about his feet in the dim light of the half moon. There were squirrels and rabbits, woodchucks and field mice, even a few moles here and there throughout the group. In the half distance he could see a small group of timid deer standing and watching. They were the only ones who were grouped according to species. The others were piled helter-skelter about him, reunited by the all-inclusiveness of the music. As he played, the wail of the notes resolved themselves into one stream of complaint and progressed to one of reconciliation. The war dance changed to the peace dance, but there was still a threatening mood under the surface. A quicker tempo introduced the deity and showed that things might not be so bad if they were viewed in the correct perspective. The animals sat up and looked as though they were happy. In the far distance Dmitri chanced to see a group appear. At first he thought they were men from the club in search of him, and the music faltered, but then he saw that they were not men, but animals. He had never seen their like before but he took it for granted. With them were a group of very white things that might have been young girls, but Dmitri became interested in the music and did not see them dancing together. The shade of the music had passed through the zone of reconcilement to one of unmitigated joy, not the wild frenzied joy of the dance, but a quieter, deeper sort, true joy to Dmitri's tired mind. He played and played, the animals of the fields running around him, until finally he dropped off into a full sleep.

When he awoke, the sun was two hours high and the dew had almost dried from his clothes. He was lying atop the sand trap. His clarinet lay in the sand at the bottom but it was smashed into a thousand splinters. All around were the cloven hoof prints of some very large deer. ⌗

Late Last Night

Late last night I
Sat on my steps and cried.
Wasn't nobody gone,
Neither had nobody died.

I was cryin'
Cause you broke my heart
in two.

You looked at me cross-eyed
And broke my heart in two—

So I was cryin'
On account of
You

—Langston Hughes

"Ah-h-*just ze kiss of ze hops*"

Rare delicacy of flavor *without sacrifice of true beer quality* has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

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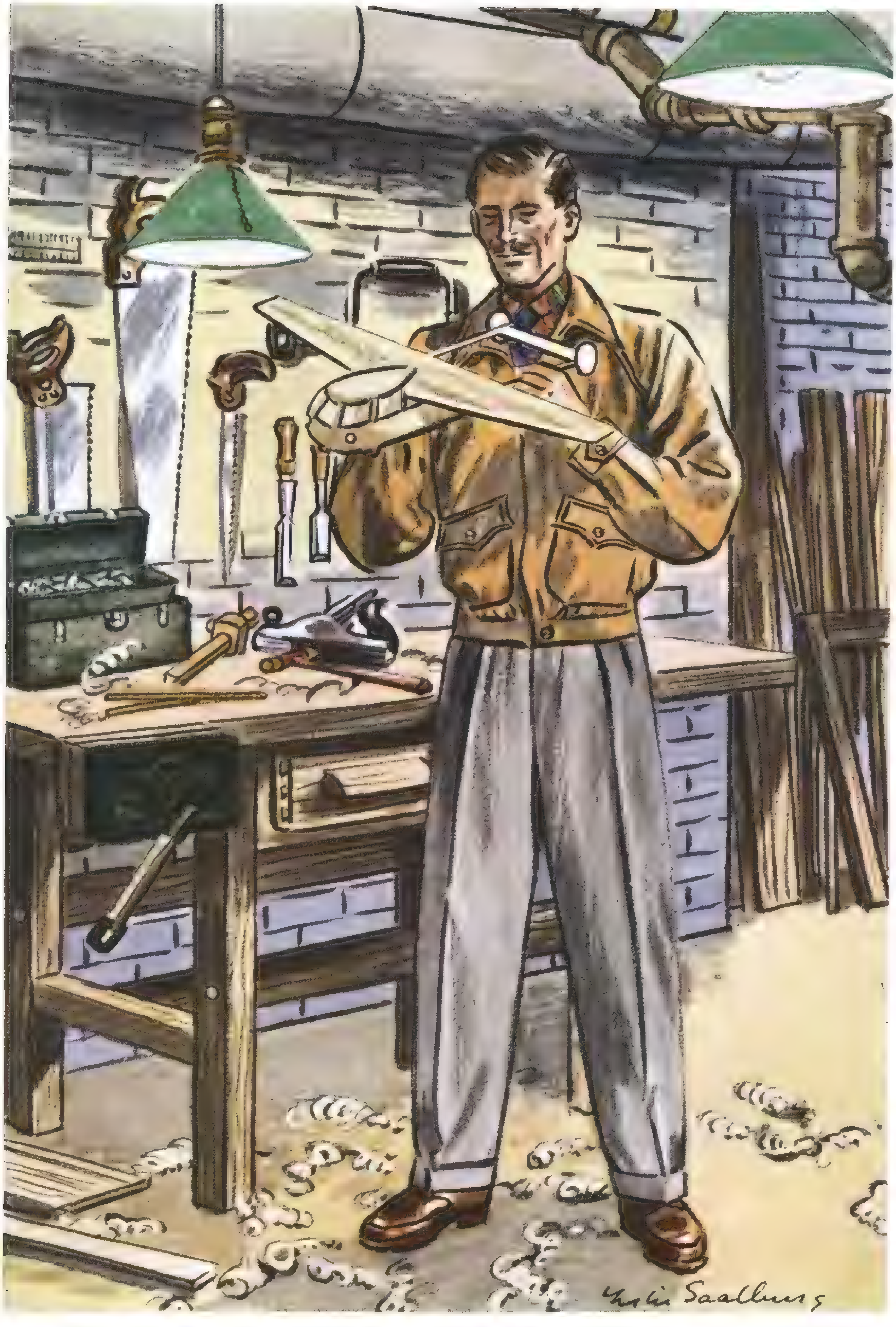
JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



model citizen

Isn't he clever—with his model aero-car that whizzes through the air and then, with detachable wings and tail detached, careens along the highway like any automobile, only better. At least it would have been clever of him, had not designer Stout thought of it first. . . . However, it's not only the white heat of somebody else's inspiration that keeps our hero warm in a low fuel winter. It's quite sporting these days to dress for golf even when you're not playing it, and in fact the conventional golf outfit proves its worth and warmth on a surprising variety of occasions. This processed rayon blend sports jacket, with raglan shoulders and button fly-front, is particularly snug. There's lots of room across the shoulders and it fits neatly at the waist. The plaid woolen shirt, plain wool homespun tie, flannel slacks and moccasin pattern shoes are also in there pitching.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

A Friendly Forum

Psychiatrist and two college professors solve the case of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Johnson

by PARKE CUMMINGS

"You've found his weakness—he can't hit your right eye"

ANNOUNCER: Presenting another in our series of *The Forum on Marital Problems!* Tonight we have with us as experts Jerome C. Fuller, Professor of Sociology at State University; Dr. Herman J. Nixon, noted psychiatrist; and Professor S. Wilber Thompkins, author of that noted best-seller, *Marriage Is Team Work.* And the first couple to present their domestic differences are Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Johnson of this city. Mrs. Johnson will give her side of the controversy first. Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson: I want a divorce. We've been married twenty-three years, and everything was fine until last November. Mr. Johnson changed then. Before that he always told me how much he loved me and how nice I looked. But now it's different. Most of the time he hardly looks at me or says a word. His thoughts are miles away. He hasn't kissed me for the longest time. Maybe it's just a coincidence, but all this started when he hired a new secretary in his office, a good-looking one—if you like that type. I guess I can put two and two together.

Announcer: Thank you, Mrs. Johnson, and now—Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson: I want a divorce too, but what she says about my secretary is baloney. She may be a keen look—er, I mean she isn't exactly homely, but she doesn't mean a thing to me. It's Martha—I mean *Mrs.* Johnson who's become indifferent. She hardly ever even says hello when I come back from work, and it's easy to see her mind's on something else. The reason I don't kiss her is it would be like kissing a fence post. And speaking of coincidences maybe it's just a coincidence that all this coolness towards me came up when a former high-school boy friend of hers happened to move into our neighborhood. That's all.

Announcer: Thank you, Mr. Johnson. And now we'll turn over the discussion to our experts who I'm sure can set this couple straight. Will you start, Professor Fuller?

Prof. Fuller: Glad to. First of all I think I can safely say that this is a problem on which we can swiftly arrive at a solution. How about you, Professor Thompkins?

Prof. Thompkins: Oh, absolutely. A brief discussion should quickly clear things up and enable us to set Mr. and Mrs. Johnson straight. Do you agree, Dr. Nixon?

Dr. Nixon: Emphatically. In fact, without meaning to offend Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, I'd say this was a routine case. We can start on the assumption that Mrs. Johnson has unfortunately developed a persecution complex, and until—

Prof. Thompkins: Did you say *Mrs.* Johnson? You meant *Mr.* Johnson, didn't you?

Prof. Fuller: Aren't you both getting a little ahead of yourselves? It seems to me the important factor here is Mr. Johnson's mental attitude towards his job. If that happens to be warped, it can readily account—

Dr. Nixon: Yes, and that in turn depends on the kind of job he has. His attitude under private employment might be quite different if he were working for the State.

Prof. Thompkins: Just what are you advocating, Dr. Nixon? Some form of Communist collectivism? Because if you are—

Dr. Nixon: Hold on there, Thompkins! I'm not advocating anything. I merely remarked—

Prof. Fuller: I happen to be familiar with your writings, Dr. Nixon, and I know how you stand on Russia.

Dr. Nixon: Well, personally I think we owe a great debt to Russia and her magnificent stand, and I don't think criticism of her at this time—

Prof. Fuller: Wait a minute! I'm not criticizing Russia's war effort. In fact, instead of curtailing lend-lease aid to her as Thompkins apparently would, I'm in favor of—

Prof. Thompkins: What! I never said a thing against lend-lease for Russia! I'm all for sending her everything we can—food, ammunition, guns, heavy bombers,

Continued on page 116

Marlboro
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For treasured leisure, a negligee with luscious sleeves of marabou...a cigarette with luxurious *Ivory Tips.* MARLBORO* ... so much more pleasurable ... more distinguished...for merely *pennies* more!

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A Friendly Forum

Continued from page 115

tanks, fighter planes, trucks—

Prof. Fuller: Not *heavy* bombers as I see it. Light bombers and fighters, yes, but we should send every heavy bomber to England for—

Dr. Nixon: What would you do about Japan?

Prof. Fuller: Don't keep interrupting me like that, Nixon! Kindly let me finish—

Prof. Thompkins: I think we're getting too far off the subject. It seems to me that home front questions come first.

Dr. Nixon: That's right. For instance if we don't stop inflation before—

Mr. Johnson: You said something! I'm telling you if we get real inflation—

Prof. Fuller: Excuse me, Mr. Johnson, but that's a rather involved subject for you to attempt to discuss. It—

Mrs. Johnson: Huh? How's that? What do you mean it's too involved for him? He understands it just as well as you people, and probably a lot better. He—

Prof. Thompkins: Quiet, Mrs. Johnson, we—

Mr. Johnson: Hey, don't be telling my wife to keep quiet! She's got just as much right to talk as you have, and besides—

Announcer: Er—pardon me, Mr. Johnson, but it's the custom on this program to leave the discussion to our experts until *after* they've arrived at their agreement when there will then be a general question period open to you. And now, gentlemen, if you'd care to proceed—

Prof. Thompkins: Good! And let's stick to the subject instead of wandering miles astray, the way some of us have been doing.

Dr. Nixon: Don't look at me, Thompkins. It was you who got off the subject by attacking Russia.

Prof. Thompkins: What! You're quite mistaken, Nixon, I—

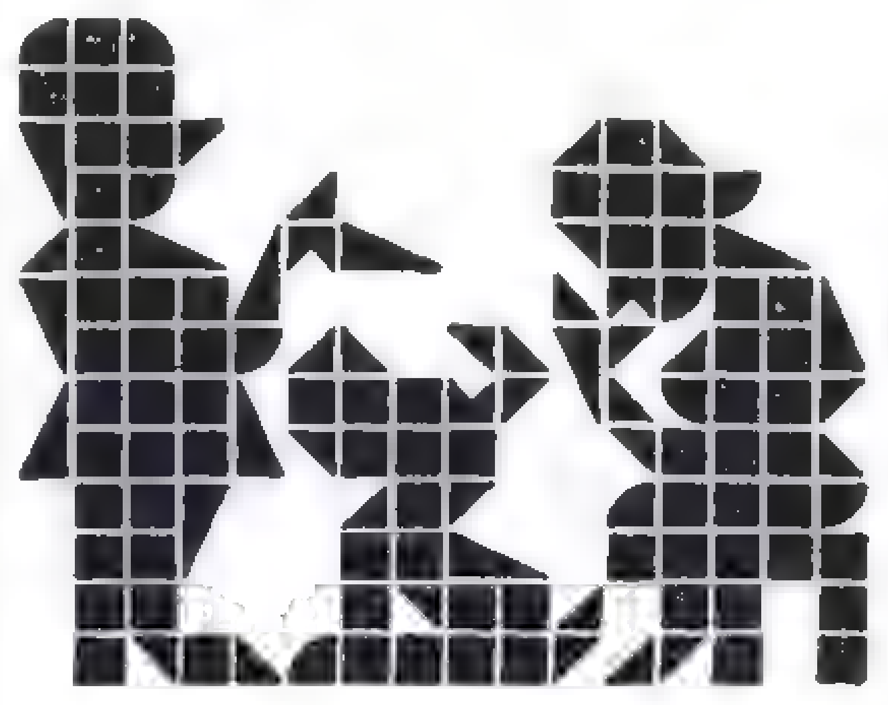
Dr. Nixon: Look here, Thompkins, I'm not in the habit of being called a liar! You distinctly—

Prof. Thompkins: Nobody's calling you a liar. I merely—

Prof. Fuller: I wish you gentlemen would refrain from going off half-cocked all the time. What we need—

Prof. Thompkins: You're a fine one to talk, Fuller, after—

Prof. Fuller: Will you kindly not interrupt? What we need here is calmness and sanity and unity. Especially unity. Until we get it we're never going to get anywhere. And incidentally we can stand a lot more of it in our war effort too.



Lesson in Horticulture

A man makes many a mistake
As he flits round the cosmic terrene,
But the greatest mistake he can make
Is assuming grass-widows are green.

Mr. Johnson: Now you've got something! We've all got to stop bickering so much here at home. That's the least that Bob's got to expect.

Dr. Nixon: Bob? Who's Bob?—And by the way, weren't you two told to keep out of—

Mrs. Johnson: That's our boy. He's in the Army. He was in the African campaign—ever since it started last November. He's over there somewhere now.

Mr. Johnson: I think of him all the time—from morning till night. I can't get him off my mind.

Mrs. Johnson: Me neither. The first thing when I wake up, and—

Announcer: Mrs. Johnson, if you'd kindly not interrupt—

Prof. Fuller: Right. And speaking of Africa that's one instance where our State Department completely—

Prof. Thompkins: I disagree, Fuller. It did the—

Prof. Fuller: How can you know what I was going to say when you won't even let me finish? It displayed—say, what are Mr. and Mrs. Johnson trying to do?

Dr. Nixon: They're kissing each other, Fuller. I should think that would be fairly evident even to you inasmuch as it's taking place only about three feet from—

Prof. Fuller: Look here, Nixon, there's no need for that cheap sarcasm—and I've put up with all I intend to from—

Announcer: May I interrupt, please? Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, at this time in our program it is usually customary to have our experts make their recommendations to the couple under discussion, but that will be impossible inasmuch as Mr. and Mrs. Johnson already seem to be reconciled and have gone out of the studio arm in arm. And I've seldom seen a couple who seemed happier and more in love with one another than—hey! Gentlemen! Please! Dr. Nixon! Professor Fuller! Not in here! Help me, Professor Thompkins! —No, no! Don't hit them! Just grab their arms!

Second Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, due to circumstances beyond our control it will be impossible to bring you the balance of *The Forum on Marital Problems*. At this time you will be entertained by our studio pianist, Mr. Igor Patchinik, and for his first selection Mr. Patchinik will play MacDowell's tenderly beautiful composition: *To a Wild Rose.*

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 85

list spread out, including in addition to almost all the well-known sports heroes, nominations for F.D.R., General MacArthur, General Eisenhower and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

"Without question," insisted **John O. Hjelle,** Bismarck, North Dakota, *Tribune*, "the greatest living sports personality in the world today is Johnny Doughboy, the embodiment of all a sports-loving America holds perfect in sportsmanship."

"Babe Ruth's peculiar contribution to baseball," said **Add Penfield,** WSB, Atlanta, "has no counterpart in any other sport." **Bob Cantrell,** Bonham, Texas, *Daily Favorite*, added: "Ruth did more to popularize baseball than any other man, and it was his influence that helped Americans forget the Black Sox scandal."

"When 60,000 people turn out to see a guy who quit the game nine years ago take a 'batting practice' swing," wrote **Don Hill,** WAVE, Louisville, "he must be the greatest—Babe Ruth." Following somewhat the same train of thought, **John O'Donnell,** Davenport *Democrat and Leader*, contended:

> When a person stops active participation in a sport, nine out of ten times his name drops to zero as a box-office attraction. Jack Dempsey is the exception. The former heavyweight champion of the world, thirteen years after his last big fight, still possesses the magnetism which makes the turnstiles click. If you want to compare Jack with any other personality just watch how the autograph-seekers still flock around. Dempsey, thirteen years after losing to Gene Tunney, can outdraw any boxer in the business at the gate—and all he has to do is to make an appearance as a referee.

"The peculiar part of Jack Dempsey's status in the sports world," remarked **Dick Freeman,** Houston *Chronicle*, "is that his greatest popularity came as an ex-champion, rather than when he was champion. He was in Houston as referee for a War Bond amateur tournament and contributed a large part in drawing 10,000 people each of the two nights of the show and selling 4,500,000 dollars worth of War Bonds for admission." Somewhat the same story comes from **Al Warden,** Ogden *Standard-Examiner*, who reported that, "Recently on a visit to an Italian prison camp near Ogden, Utah, scores of Italian prisoners sought Lieutenant Commander Jack Dempsey's autograph. They recognized the Manassa Mauler from photos that had appeared in newspapers in Europe."

The man who twice conquered Dempsey was the choice of **Sergeant Henry N. Dorton,** Sheppard Field, Texas, and **Vincent X. Flaherty,** Washington *Times-Herald*, who noted that:

> Although Commander Gene Tunney was disliked by many of the shady characters of boxing, mostly because he refused to associate with them, he has been the greatest credit to the boxing game. He has done his best to better himself all the way, has kept clear of scandal and is just about the highest type athlete to emerge from American sports. He was the first great sports figure to join the armed services, going into the Navy two years before Pearl Harbor.

Eddie Dowling, star of *Manhattan Nocturne*, said: "George Bernard Shaw. No kidding. To me G. B. Shaw is the best sport alive. With all the world busy at slaughter, this great old man keeps his sense of humor and hates no one. He should be at the peace table."

"I picked Captain Eddie Rickenbacker," wrote **John Berkebile,** Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-Eye Gazette*, "because he is more than a great sports personality. As the most daring auto racer of our century, he was that, all right. But also he is a great American. Physically, morally, spiritually and intellectually Eddie is made of real stuff. He is time-tested—panic-proof." **Arthur F. Hughes,** *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, St. Louis, said: "Connie Mack is my selection as I believe that the length of his career, the universally high standard of conduct which he has displayed, his technical mastery of the sport in which he is engaged and the humanness of the man have placed him on a very high plane in the sports world. There is plenty of color in him, too, although it is of a different type from some of the more flamboyant figures in sport."

Jim Schlemmer, Akron *Beacon Journal*, commented: "I pick Judge Landis as the top sports personality of our time because he is unpredictable in his actions; eccentric to an extreme in his behavior; mysterious always, but so honest and sincere in his operations that he maintains the full respect and deepest appreciation and admiration from those who normally would be antagonistic to him." **Bob Switzer,** Galesburg, Illinois, *Register-Mail*, spoke for Thorpe. "While there are so many evanescent sports personalities, all great, Jim Thorpe's abilities seem to outshine perennially the play of any one star of today." **Richard Kishpaugh,** Battle Creek, Michigan, *Enquirer-News*, said: "A. A. Stagg has been the greatest living sports personality since the death of Knute Rockne in March, 1931."

QUESTION IV

Do you think that the present spotlighting of high school athletics will serve to stimulate them for some time after the war?

The Public	**Yes 83.17%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 86.58%**
Sports Editors	**Yes 84.97%**

This question brought up another argument; whether the athletes make the crowds or the crowds develop star athletes. In many sections where war industry is active and the wage earners want sports entertainment, high school football and basketball have registered great increases in gates. Despite curtailment of news-

Continued on page 118

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 85-117

paper sports section space the high school sports are receiving a greater percentage of publicity than before the war. There again you have a debatable proposition. Is the judgment of the sports editors based on a foresighted play for circulation that will stay and grow for a paper when the high school student players and fans get older, or is this allotment of space made because the over-all crowd appeal of high school sports is temporarily stronger because of the lowered quality and number of competing sports attractions?

"The war has been no stimulus to local scholastic football," explained **John Van Sant,** WSAN, Allentown, Pennsylvania, "for even before the war our larger schools in the Lehigh Valley (Allentown, Bethlehem, Eaton and Phillipsburg) have held the interest for more than ten years against the colleges (Lafayette, Lehigh, Muhlenberg and Moravian)." **Robert M. Feldman,** WMAS, Springfield, Massachusetts, maintained that, "High school sports deserve as much space in the newspapers as pro sports, considering the obvious values to the country of each." **Joe Miller,** Lewiston, Idaho, *Tribune*, said: "High school football boomed up here in the Northwest. This newspaper has taken the lead in promoting high school sports as actively as possible, and we run an estimated fifteen columns of type per week, where five were formerly run."

"In defense plant areas," reported **Elbert L. Fulmer,** Dixon, Illinois, *Evening Telegraph*, "night high school football has little appeal, while bowling does." **Bill Kinney,** Rock Island *Argus*, thought: "Sports fans are beginning to realize that there is rich entertainment in high school sports. Since the curtailment of college football, the customers who used to go on Saturday treks to major grid centers are learning they have pretty fair substitutes in their own back yards. I believe the prepsters will keep a large percentage of their new-found followers when the shooting's over." **Eddie Raymond,** De Kalb, Illinois, *Chronicle*, stated:

> We ran a survey of high schools of northern Illinois and found the coaches and superintendents sold on the idea of sports. Sports, in the minds of superintendents and coaches, have proved their worth in the high school curricula and will remain there.

Zipp Newman, Birmingham *News*, reported that, "Attendance at local high school games has jumped to an all-time high. Fans are learning that the prep stars can be just as exciting as the collegiate stars." Contrariwise, **Pete Lightner,** Wichita *Eagle*, found that: "Strangely enough, here where college football has been suspended, high school sports have not gained. The lads are just too small to suit the fans who have become accustomed to college games."

QUESTION V

What, in general, do you think will be the result of the discontinuance of football at many schools: Will it de-emphasize football after the war, or will there be a race to get back into the picture again?

The Public	**Race 84.85%**
Sportscasters	**Race 84.81%**
Sports Editors	**Race 89.14%**

Furtive jealousies accounted for no inconsiderable degree of faculty objection to collegiate athletics before the war. That might have been minimized by hiring better players and taking a cut out of the gate to increase academic salaries. But it wasn't done and there was no use second-guessing in wartime.

Cute cracks by one of Plato's most successful disciples bum-rapped college football, too. It was strange that the profs went overboard for that line in view of what Plato wrote in Book IV concerning the concord of faculties of the mentality and meat.

Plato had Socrates saying:

"Then we may assume that our athletes will be able to fight with two or three times their own number?"

To which Adeimantus replied: "I agree with you, for I think you are right."

But we will stop that right here. We have enough against us without becoming Plato-punchy.

"There will be a determined effort by some college presidents," said **Sec Taylor,** Des Moines *Register*, "to take advantage of the situation created by the war to de-emphasize athletics and perhaps eliminate them, but they will not get far so long as students, alumni and the public want college sports." **Gene Kemper,** Topeka *Capital*, agreed that, "Presidents against football will use emergency to deflate."

Roi Partridge, the etcher, commented:

> I am opposed to the idea of sports as a spectacle. I am indifferent or opposed to sports "performed" by a professional class or by a similar class of so-called amateurs who "perform" for the amusement of others. I do, however, favor the participation in sports by all for recreation and self-improvement. In consequence I don't care a tinker's dam whether intercollegiate sports continue in their present form after the war—unless it is to hope that they don't. I hold that sports—and also art—should become activities shared in by all, instead of being, as at present, followed only by a few special groups. This, it is certain, would lift both the mental and physical qualities of our people.

William V. Reddy, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, testified: "It's easy to tell the answer to this question from here, because there's a real hunger for college football in this city, where Syracuse University isn't playing for the first time since the '90's. When it comes back, it ought to be bigger than ever." **F. R. Jugenheimer,** Sigourney, Iowa, commented: "Without competitive sports this nation would not have the fighting spirit that is carrying us over the rough spots today. The great problem today is to find men to coach high school sports. I believe the government should give qualified men leave of absence to coach football."

Harry Keck, Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, insisted that, "The colleges should reorganize on a sounder foundation, but they won't do it." **Bob Reynolds,** WEIM, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, commented:

> I firmly believe sports will boom after the war. War breeds the competitive spirit in boys. A wounded veteran at Fort Devens (without a leg) told me that had he had the opportunity to have taken part in athletics, he would still have his leg today. You see, in a "strafing" attack the rest of the boys reached the foxholes in time—he didn't! He couldn't run quite fast enough.

Don Unferth, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, *Tribune*, wrote:

> Athletics act as a tremendous drawing card to male students. This has been proved time after time and cannot be disputed. Any school which has dropped football and is slow about resuming it in the post-war world will find its capacity as a drawing card impaired very much. One of the best talking points in getting on-the-line students to attend your high school is your athletic program. Take that from a fellow who had six years of teaching experience in Wisconsin high schools. Smart principals and superintendents realize that fact and act accordingly.

"Discontinuance of football," said **Jack Martin,** WKBH, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, "is like cutting off your main press agent. Even for schools it pays to advertise." **Kenneth Jones,** Peoria *Journal-Transcript*, reasoned: "Everyone seems agreed that the pronounced aerial aspects of the war will serve to stimulate interest in air travel after the war. The boys who are flying for Uncle Sam won't allow their wings to be clipped with peace. By the same line of reasoning the 10,000,000 athlete-soldiers, -sailors and -marines won't tolerate any de-emphasis of physical contact sports when they get back home."

"If the end of the war finds football and varsity exchequers at low ebb and individual wealth seriously reduced," suggested **J. E. Wray,** St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "it will be impossible to resume football—or anything—where we left off. Furthermore, football having been de-emphasized by war, certain hostile faculty groups will fight hard to stall off its recovery." **Bob Kelley,** WGAR, Cleveland, thought: "Most service men returning from overseas and those writing home express almost unanimously that 'we are fighting to come home to the same kind of home we left.' Assuming that this includes the same sports, it is my opinion that college and high school football will rank in popularity much as they did before the war."

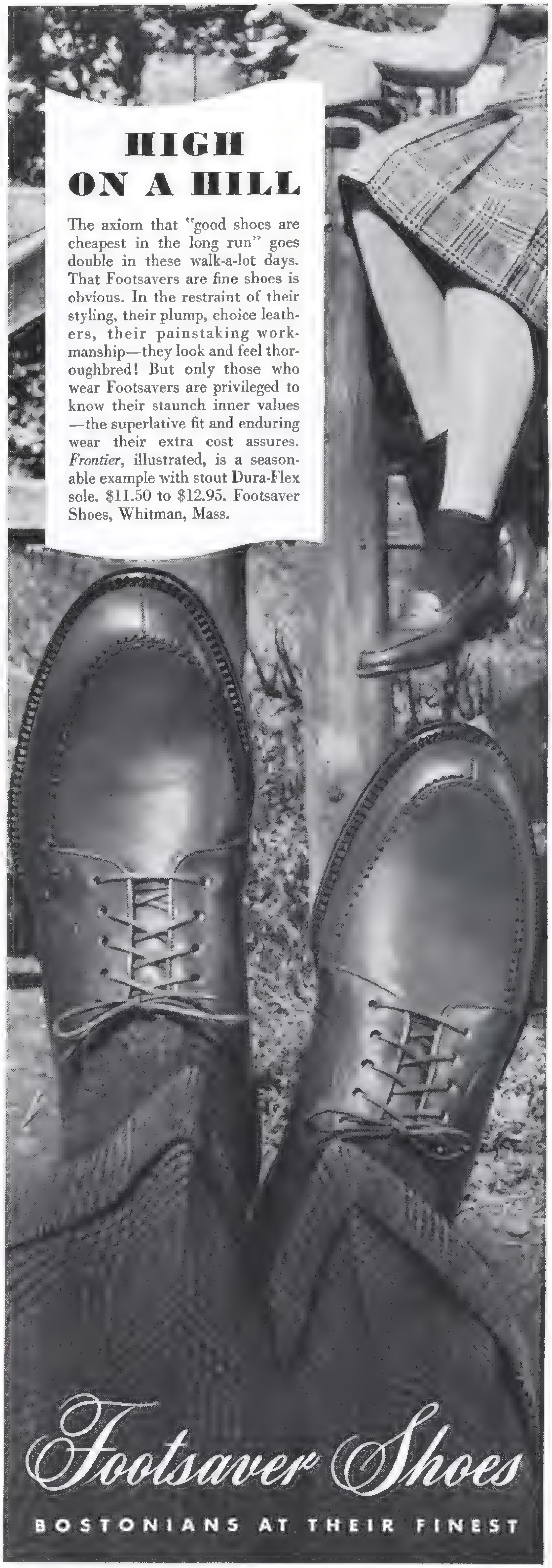
"It will neither de-emphasize football nor will it result in a post-war race to get back into the picture," judged **Private T. Norman Palmer,** Lowry Field, "but schools and colleges that dropped the game will begin to pay the price in smaller enrollments and a general over-all decline in all athletics as young athletes seek out the institutions which offer the greatest opportunity in athletics. Obviously their thoughts will not turn to those schools and colleges which were out of the picture during the preceding years." **Private Robert Carson,** Lowry Field, commented that: "The view held by Army authorities on football is disgusting to those of us in the Army. We admire the stand of the Navy. It makes for better interest in the game. Football would have been an excellent physical training program for the Army boys. We like it, and wish schools with Army personnel could have had their chance to compete."

"If you could have been in the barracks while the airing of the Notre Dame-Army football game was going on," reported **Corporal Harry H. Sohnis,** Sheppard Field, "you could easily see why football should be continued as something important and valuable to the services. Few things get the men as a football game can grip them. I'm all for the continuance of sports. They really are a stimulant for the men out here."

Among those who thought college football has seen its best days were: **Orville Henry,** Little Rock, Arkansas, *Gazette*; **Phil Dorweiler,** KVFD, Fort Dodge, Iowa; **K. H. "Pop" Simmons,** Bristol, Connecticut, *Press*; **Dale Stafford,** Detroit *Free Press*; **Jimmy Hodgson,** Salt Lake City *Tribune*; **John E. Bonifacio,** Schenectady *Gazette*; **Al Albinger,** WKWK, Wheeling, West Virginia; **Bill Gaynon,** Niagara Falls, Canada, *Evening Review*; **George Farrar, Jr.,** Woonsocket, Rhode Island, *Call*; and **Randolph Bean,** WCHV, Charlottesville, Virginia.

J. G. Taylor Spink, editor of *The Sporting News*, St. Louis, felt that, "The policy of the Navy in permitting V-12 trainees to engage in college sports has proved particularly valuable, not only to the boys and the colleges, but also in centering public attention on the value of athletics in making young men fit."

Clyde E. McBride, Kansas City *Star*, also hoped "the game will come back to a saner basis, taking its proper place in the general scheme of our colleges. All too often it has been the dominant feature of college life." **William R. Watkins,** Tucson *Star*, observed that: "Every living society has to stage various kinds of shows and pageants. Football will come back because it is an expression of the American spirit." **Earl Jones,** Liberal, Kansas, *Southwest Daily Times*, contended that: "The struggle sports are having to continue is just another proof that we as Americans are determined to keep this nation as nearly the same as we've all come to know it, despite hell or high water. To keep this land as it is now is one of the things for which our boys are fighting wars on other shores." ✠



HIGH ON A HILL

The axiom that "good shoes are cheapest in the long run" goes double in these walk-a-lot days. That Footsavers are fine shoes is obvious. In the restraint of their styling, their plump, choice leathers, their painstaking workmanship—they look and feel thoroughbred! But only those who wear Footsavers are privileged to know their staunch inner values—the superlative fit and enduring wear their extra cost assures. *Frontier*, illustrated, is a seasonable example with stout Dura-Flex sole. $11.50 to $12.95. Footsaver Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Comedy from the Fields of Sport

Humor is the backbone of the popularity of athletics among the American people

by RALPH CANNON

A catholic boy went to confession and selected for his confessor an old Irish priest. This priest absent-mindedly that day had taken into the confessional a piece of chalk and, absent-mindedly too, as various infractions were related to him, made a mark with the chalk on the sleeve of his cassock.

The young fellow said, "Father, I have been guilty of a rather serious thing. I lose my temper."

The priest made a mark on his sleeve with the chalk and said, "Loss of temper, my boy, will cause you to lose many friends, lose money, perhaps lose a job."

The young man answered, "I know that, Father, but that isn't all. The other day I knocked a fellow down, and when he was down, I kicked him in the face. I know I shouldn't have done it."

The priest, making another mark with the chalk, answered, "You have a serious problem, my boy. Place it before you. Analyze it. Break it down. You've got to conquer this impulse or you will be a social outcast."

The boy replied, "That isn't all, Father. Last Saturday afternoon I bit off a fellow's ear."

The priest made a heavy mark on his cassock and said, "That's inexcusable! What on earth made you do such a terrible thing?"

"We were just playing football," the boy said.

"Who were you playing?" asked the priest.

"The Southern Methodists," muttered the boy.

Brushing the marks off his sleeve, the priest replied, "Well, of course . . . boys will be boys."

—Jim Conzelman
St. Louis Browns

Meusel Wouldn't Arbite

In a Yankee-Browns game at St. Louis back in 1929, with Gehrig on first, Bob Meusel at bat, and Geisel umpiring behind the plate with Hildebrand in the field, Meusel hit an easy grounder to Red Kress at short. Hildebrand, rather stout, squatted with his big back to first to see the force-play at second. But Kress changed his mind and threw to first, getting Meusel by about twenty feet. By the time Hildebrand rose from his squat, Meusel had crossed the bag, but since Hildebrand hadn't seen the play, he couldn't call it. He motioned to Geisel to call it. Geisel with a shrug confessed he was getting balls from the ball-well behind the plate at the time. Hildebrand then asked Meusel to call himself out. Meusel sneered, as only he could:

"You're gettin' nine grand a year. Let's see you start earnin' it!"

St. Louis players stormed and Yankee players laughed. Meusel was out a mile, but the umpire couldn't call it and so Meusel was safe; not only safe, but got a base hit!

—Arthur Mann
Cherry Plains, New York

Not What, But Where?

I made my start as an umpire in the Blue Ridge League, a Class D organization made up of towns in the Blue Ridge Mountain territory.

Things were breaking badly for my partner, an old-time player who was trying to make a go of it at umpiring. After a very bad day he decided to relax and forget his troubles of the afternoon by breaking training that night. Apparently he did a pretty good job of breaking training because when he reported for the game the next afternoon, there still remained a bit of the hangover. The heat of the day, plus the exercise necessary as the base umpire, stirred things up.

Late in the game the umpire had a close play at second base—ball, runner and baseman all arriving at the same time—making quite a mixup. Incidentally, by this time the umpire became quite dizzy as he raced down to second to get the play. Instead of rendering a decision, he just stood there, staring blankly at the situation.

The manager of the home team, coaching at first, rushed down to second base yelling, "*Well . . .* what *is* he?" He believed that the runner had beaten the play and was trying to influence the decision by rushing out on the field.

"*That* isn't what's bothering me," said the umpire. "*Where* is he? *That's* the question!"

—Bill McGowan
American League Umpire

For Whom the Bell Told

A few years back the smaller colleges in Louisiana began to take their boxing seriously, and soon the rivalry grew so keen that coaches' jobs and reputations and

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salaries depended largely upon the success of their teams.

One coach, Jim Malone of Northeast Center Junior College at Monroe, decided that he really was going to assemble a crack mitt squad.

He scoured the country, wandering as far as the Pacific Coast, and rounded up an assortment that included one or two truly tough pugs. Leading them into his sedan, he started the long drive back to Monroe to enroll them, covering about 700 miles a day.

On the last night out, near midnight, this party of coach and boxers drove up in front of a small hotel in a small Texas town. The coach entered the hotel and walked up to the desk, his newly-acquired talent trailing behind.

Finding out that rooms were available, the coach registered while all his crew looked around the lobby, inspecting the cigar counter and the pinball machine and the pictures on the wall.

"Any baggage?" inquired the clerk.

"Yep, it's in the car," Coach Malone answered.

"I'll send the bellboy for it," said the clerk. Whereupon he banged the bell resting on the desk at his right.

Instantly, at the sound of the bell, one of those punchy fighters came weaving "out of his corner," flicking his nose with his right fist, kayoed Coach Malone with one bop right on the button, flattened the clerk and started a battle royal that wrecked the lobby.

It was Coach Malone's first and last excursion for the purpose of seeking talent.

—Fred Russell
Nashville Banner

Some Fun with Dave Altizer

Dave Altizer of Pearl, Illinois, came out of soldiering in the Philippines in the Spanish-American War to enter a long career as a big league shortstop. Known as "Dare Devil Dave" when a member of the Chicago White Sox, Altizer was the victim of the funniest incident I have ever seen on the ball field. Nick Altrock of the Sox, the Cleveland Indians, and Comiskey Park were the stage props of the show.

Altizer had just gone from the Cleveland club to the White Sox on waivers. Playing against his old club, he was eager to make a good showing. Going into the seventh, Cleveland was leading 2 to 1. The first man up went out. Altizer followed with a base hit which pleased him immensely. His was the tying run. George Stovall at first base was playing proper baseball and holding Altizer close to the bag. The hit-and-run sign was flashed on the next pitch. The batsman drove a liner directly into Stovall's hands standing on first base, completing an automatic double play and retiring the side.

Altizer, a very fast man, was off with the pitch. Nick Altrock, coaching at third, grasped the possibilities of the situation. Altizer was out but entirely unaware of it. Nick yelled for Dave to slide into second. Dave, with his back to the play, had no idea that he had been doubled. He followed Altrock's instructions. Then Stovall, who had completed the double play, sensed what was up and threw the ball over Shortstop Terry Turner's head as he covered second.

"Third!" yelled Altrock. Getting to his feet, Altizer dashed for that base and again followed Altrock's instructions to slide. In the meantime, Joe Birmingham, playing center field for the Indians, had recovered the ball and thrown it to Third-baseman Bill Bradley, who obligingly let the ball get away from him and roll to the stands.

"Home!" yelled Altrock, later followed by: "Slide, Dave, slide!" All of which Altizer did. Bradley, recovering the ball, threw to Catcher Nig Clark who had Altizer out by a yard at the plate but purposely missed him. Umpiring alone I had followed Dave around the bases. I then climaxed the travesty by calling him out! The crowd was in an uproar. Dave proceeded to manhandle me in a way that would have got him life had the affair been legitimate. One inning later, after learning that he had been the goat of the whole show, Dave still couldn't resist stopping at the plate on his way to shortstop and barking: "I still claim it was the lousiest decision I ever saw. He hasn't touched me *yet!*"

—Billy Evens,
President, Southern Association

One For Himself

Manager John McGraw of the Giants and Roger Bresnahan were trying to teach a Cuban rookie how to hit. In a close game the Cuban was called out on strikes without moving his bat off his shoulder. Fuming, McGraw asked the rookie why he didn't try to hit the ball. "You signaled me to take the first strike," explained the rookie. "And Bresnahan tipped me to take the second."

"But how about that third strike?" yelled McGraw. "Who told you to take that?"

"Then," said the Cuban, "I decided to take one for *myself!*"

—J. G. Taylor Spink
Editor, The Sporting News

Bertie Biddleton. *As a child he was kissed by Queen Victoria, but he never knew the advantages of radio, motor cars, or Balanced Tailoring.*

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Some men always look so well dressed that each time you see them you think, "Another new suit!" Yet the suit you *think* is new may actually be a year or two old. Why do some clothes manage to keep their smartness so long? The secret lies in the tailoring . . . in needlework that stitches in the style for keeps. Such needlework used to be high priced. But now, thanks to Balanced Tailoring . . . a modern technique perfected by Timely of Rochester, you can have the same long-lasting good looks, the same assurance of *always* appearing your best, at modest prices. Timely Clothes are about $35 to $65 at good men's shops.

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The Wheel of the Law

Continued from page 51

and Geoffrey's reaction to it had proved that she was right. Had she made a mistake in marrying him?

"He is twenty years older than you, Sis," her brother had said when he came to London to attend her wedding half a year ago.

"I love him," she had replied. "He has the maturity of a man whom I can trust."

"He is Othello who has bewitched you with the tales of his adventures in foreign countries. Be careful, little sister! Desdemona's fate was not a pleasant one," he had warned her once more.

She had laughed. She was sure of herself. And now it was the other way round! She was jealous, and this for a woman who was married and thousands of miles away. It was ridiculous!

The calm moon-night went wild with clamor. It seemed as if all forces of hell were set free to transform the clear air over London into an inferno. Kathleen heard the rolling machines roaring nearer. At the same time, the anti-aircraft guns opened up, spitting their fire fiercely against the approaching danger. Useless to stay here, she thought, grasping the fence of one of the small suburban houses; I had better take shelter. Involuntarily, she winced at the bellowing sound of the guns which burst long stripes of flames into the air. She ducked and ran off, keeping close to the fences. Two more blocks to Golders Green station! She heard splinters showering on the roofs when she finally dashed over the last crossing. Sprinting over the deserted street, she glanced over to the right. Aha! They were over Hendon. Hundreds of burning flashes dropped by the Germans as guides for the following high explosives whirled through the night. The dark was devoured by fire.

Kathleen found a public shelter near the station. Breathlessly, she leaned her back against the cold damp wall for support. Her legs trembled and she feared she would fall. She closed her eyes and pressed her hands against her heart as if to suppress its strong throb.

"A nasty night, lady," she heard a voice near her ear. "Have a sip."

She opened her eyes and took the proffered bottle with a grateful smile. The donor was a plain-clad man of about fifty who looked encouragingly at her. The brandy flowed down her throat like a reviving stream restoring her quickly to her spirits.

"Thanks a lot," she said handing the bottle back. "This was the right thing at the right time."

"I should say so!" the man replied pocketing the bottle. "Make yourself at home," he added humorously.

His words cut her deeply. At home! Here? She looked round. About twenty-five persons were assembled in this shelter to spend the night in comparative security. A blue electric bulb dangling down from the ceiling gave a dim light. Two small holes in the wall were meant to supply the crowded room with fresh air. But Kathleen choked with nausea. A penetrating stench proved that the two holes were insufficient for the supply of fresh air during seven or eight hours.

"You've never been in a public shelter before?" the man asked as if he had guessed her thoughts. She shook her head.

"Hum," he made. "That's our contribution to the war. Staying here every night and not grumbling! We know what's at stake."

Kathleen felt a pang in her heart. The simple words of this man awakened her to the senselessness of her flight. She turned to the entrance.

"No, no, lady!" the man said getting hold of her arm. "You can't leave now."

"They're overhead!" a young lad called from the peephole in the right wall as if to justify the other's precaution. "At least three squads," he added with a sort of triumph in his voice.

"That's our strategist," the man explained in a whisper. "He will tell you the number of the planes and their make by the noise."

The bombers howled across over the sheltering hut while new ranges of the ground defense tried desperately to stop them on their way of destruction.

"Heading for the city!" the expert announced as the drone faded southward.

His words resulted in an easing of the tension. An audible sigh of relief went through the people. Mothers fondled their children into sleep from which they had been aroused by the din of the machines and the guns. Men, tired from their daily work and worn out by sleepless nights, relaxed on the dusty ground.

"Another wave's coming!" the fellow warned from the lookout.

A new tension was perceptible in the sultry room. The mothers clasped their children closer, bending over their tiny bodies as if to protect them from a mortal blow The men raised themselves half up, resting on their elbows and attentively listening to the ap-

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proaching drone. Others paid no attention to the possible danger and remained motionless on their backs with their hands crossed behind their necks and staring into vacancy.

"For God's sake! Stop him from warning the people," Kathleen whispered with strained nerves to the man who had offered her the drink. He shook his head.

"No, lady," he said. "The children are all right. They fall asleep after a while when they are tired enough. But the grown-ups agreed upon this warning system. They want to face the peril and to have a chance of saving themselves and their children in case this shelter is hit. They wouldn't know about it if they were asleep. In the course of time, they have grown accustomed to short dozes between the single phases of an air raid."

The rolling was overhead again. A wild barrage went up. Splinters cracked on the roof. Kathleen held her breath with the others. Cold sweat wetted her forehead. She felt miserable. It was not fear, though, that made her slender figure tremble like an aspen leaf. It was shame. What had she known of her people's struggle? What of their mute, determined heroism? She did voluntary war work, to be sure. But the office in Golders Green, where she dealt with the distribution of food ration cards, was comparatively safe. So was her house. Here she was in the midst of permanent danger which threatened working men, their wives and children. And they took it! While she had run away from an imaginary danger! How petty she had been! Separated from the man whom she loved and who loved her—now, in this hour! She could have cried.

Kathleen thought of the cause of the quarrel. She thought of the rotating wheel, of the cat that had moved it. She couldn't help smiling. Yes! The misfortune would turn out all right. She would return to her husband. She would apologize for her misbehavior. She would try to understand his ideas. Ellen? That was over. Her gift was nothing but a conclusion of their friendship, not a reminder. All this appeared now in a new light to her, and the wheel of the law would lead her back to the place where she belonged.

"All right!" the youngster announced, as the noise died away and the barrage slackened down. Kathleen turned again to the entrance.

"Just a moment, lady," she was stopped by the guard. He listened a short while, then said, "A single coming back."

These words startled the crowd. A single bomber coming back so quickly meant that it had detached itself from its squad either because it had run short of fuel or because it was hit. If he had a bomb left, the jerry would drop it on his flight . . . somewhere.

All were in anxious expectation, on the point of rushing out if necessary. Slower and lower than usual, the heavy plane drew nearer.

"Machine trouble," the expert whispered . . . "it's dragging along to the left . . . passed!"

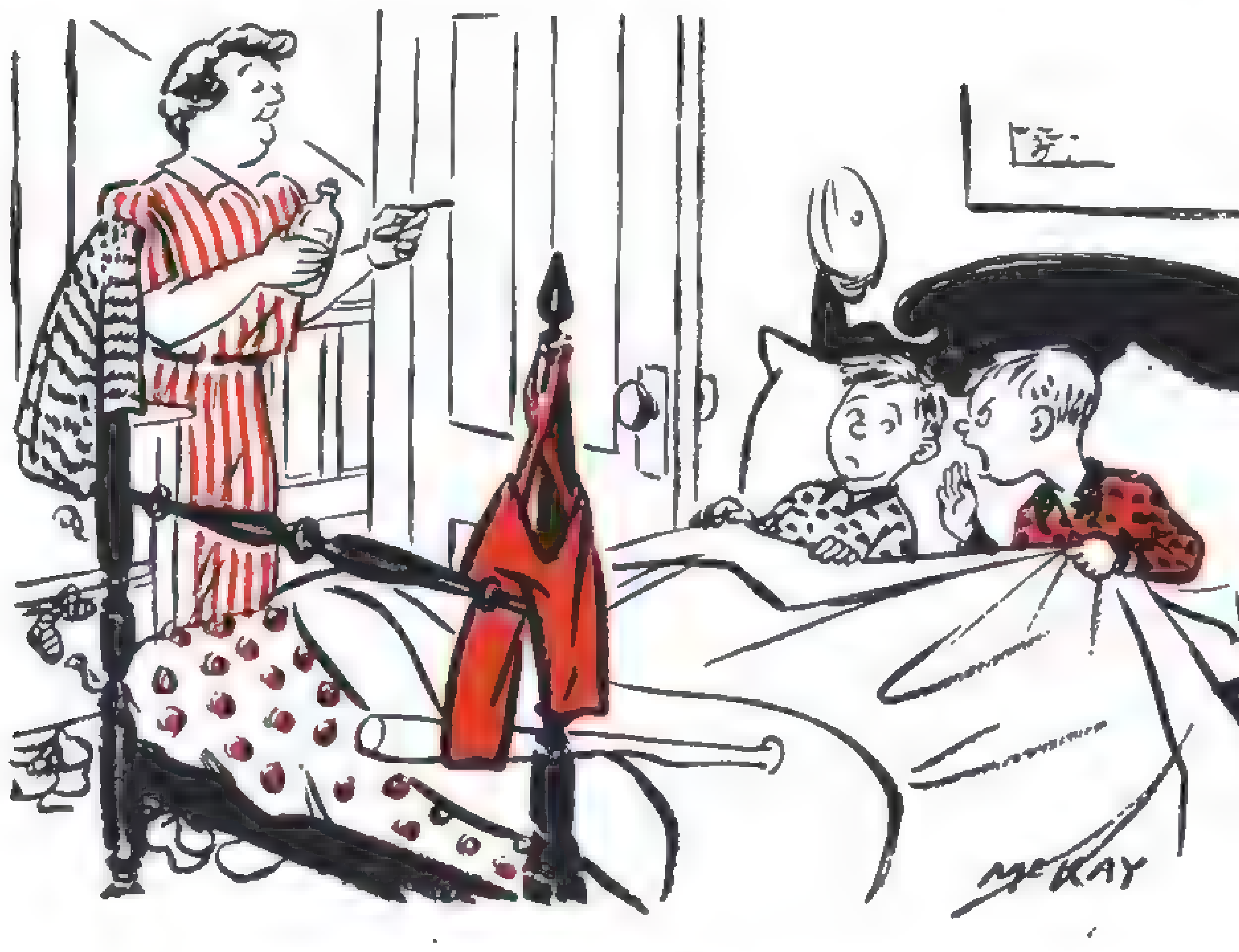
Then it came. It screamed through the air. One, two seconds of uncertainty where it would fall. A young woman kissed her baby that slumbered in her arms. A man embraced his wife. An old woman began to murmur prayers. The man with the bottle took a sip. Kathleen clutched her fingers round the door frame. She heard her fingernails break. Then came the explosion. The blast shook the hut but it stood. Small pieces of mortar rained from the ceiling. The blue bulb tossed in the wire net. They heard the clatter of smashed windowpanes outside. They breathed again.

"All right, folks!" the shelter-expert registered. "A 200-pound high explosive, about a hundred yards to the northwest."

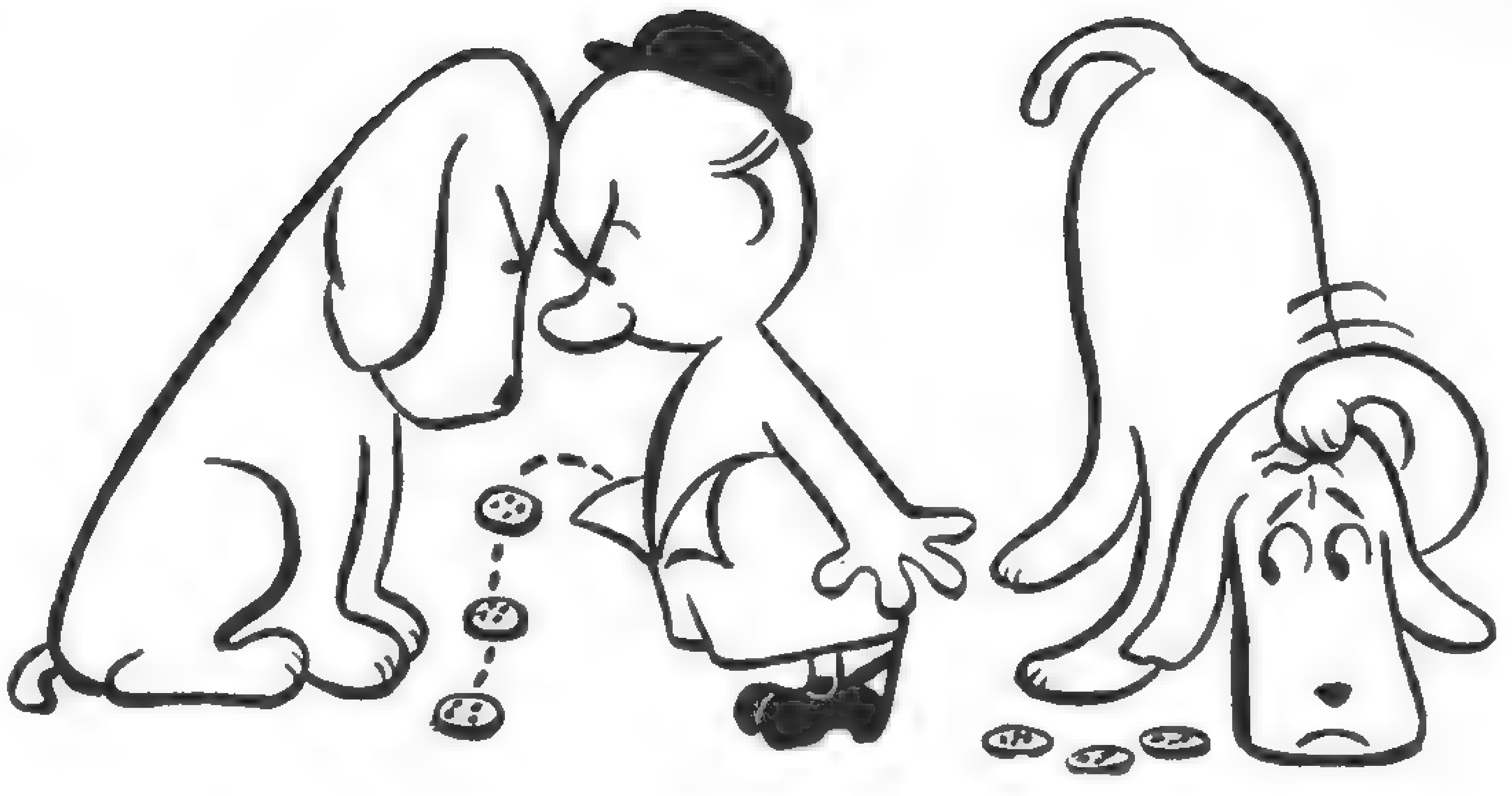
Kathleen ran out. "Good luck, lady!" she heard the man's voice calling after her. "Good luck!" she shouted back and raced on. She didn't turn round. She didn't see the sky over the city glowing from the raging fires; nor to the left the black smoke hovering over Hendon, darkening the moon. The air was filled with the biting smell of burning materials.

The policeman was returning

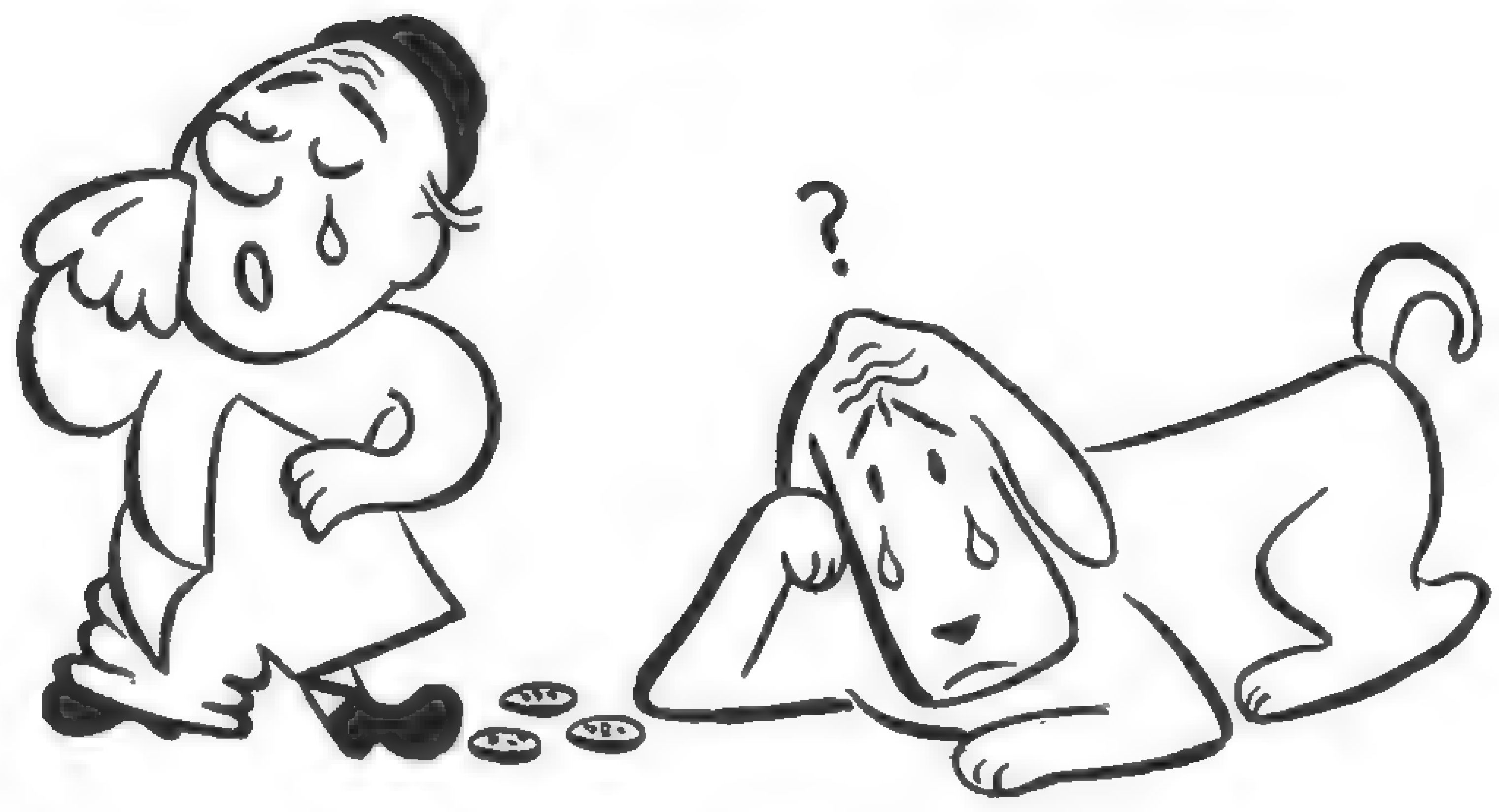
Continued on page 124



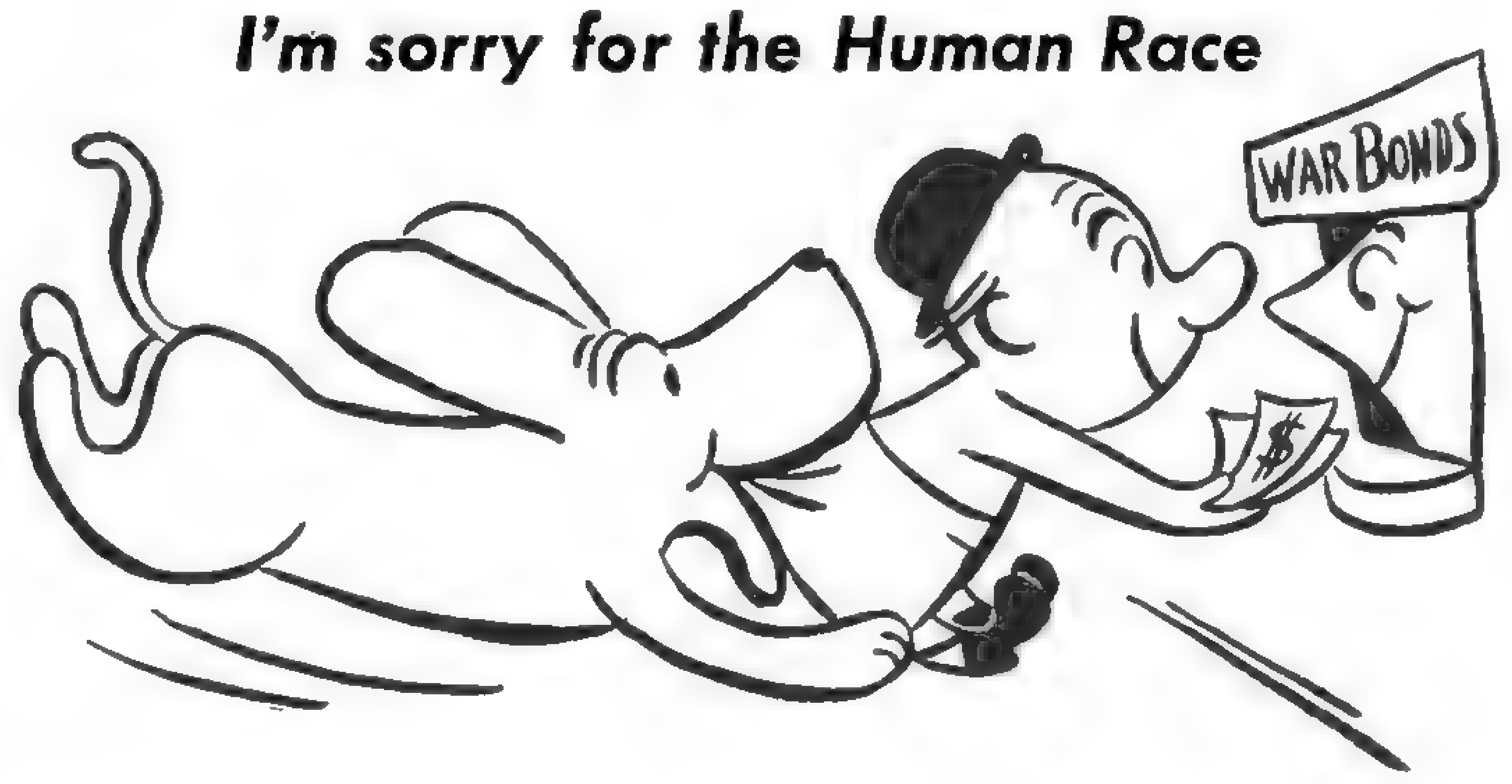
"So help me, if she tries to tell me General Doolittle likes castor oil!"



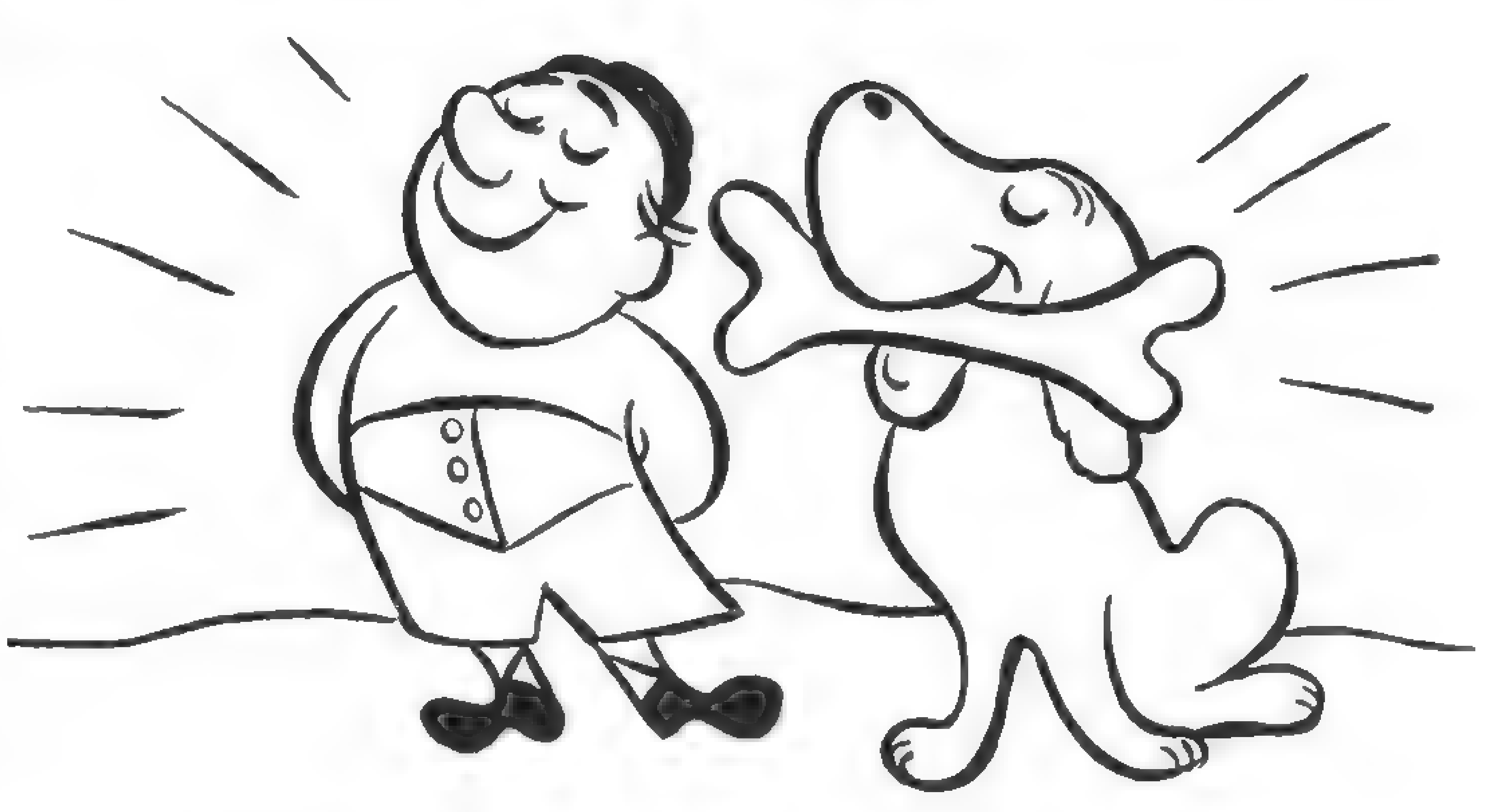
With buttons poppin' everyplace . . .



I'm sorry for the Human Race



Come Master! . . . Buy some Bonds to win . . .



GRIPPER FASTENERS BACK AG'IN!

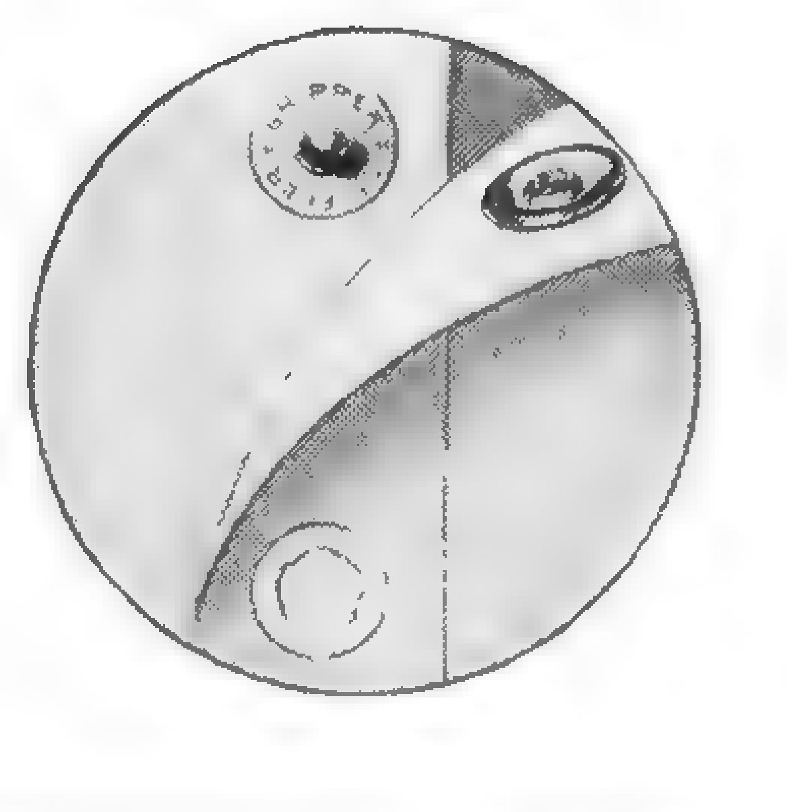
Look forward to V-Day! Gripper fasteners will be back on more kinds of clothing than ever. Until then our men and machines are working night and day on vital war materiel, doing their share to get the war won *sooner!*

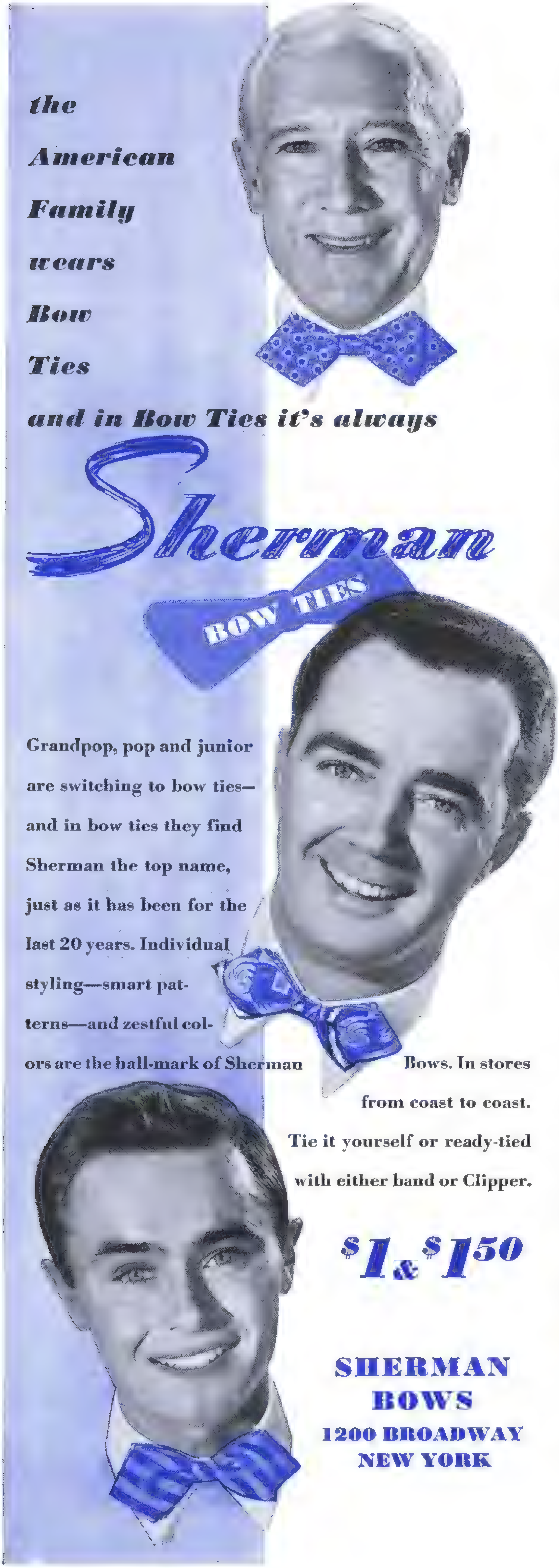
GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS




the American Family wears Bow Ties and in Bow Ties it's always

Sherman BOW TIES

Grandpop, pop and junior are switching to bow ties—and in bow ties they find Sherman the top name, just as it has been for the last 20 years. Individual styling—smart patterns—and zestful colors are the hall-mark of Sherman Bows. In stores from coast to coast. Tie it yourself or ready-tied with either band or Clipper.

$1 & $1.50

SHERMAN BOWS
1200 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

The Wheel of the Law

Continued from pages 51-123

from his patrolling tour. He remembered the speedy lady in slacks and yellow pullover.

"Lady, lady!" he raised his finger warningly. "You shouldn't be outdoors tonight!"

"Going home!" She stressed the word joyfully.

"Good luck—and thumbs up!" he said as he watched her hurry along the darkened street and then disappear into the gloomy shadows beyond.

She flew round the corner. Home! Geoffrey, I love you, she thought. Then she stopped short, horror-stricken. Her limbs became stiff. Her eyes opened wide, her lower jaw dropped. She pressed her right fist into her mouth, felt her teeth digging in but felt no pain. The house was gone!

A tall figure stalked cautiously over the heap of ruins. On his shoulders a black cat, wagging a bushy tail. As through a veil, Kathleen saw the figure approaching her. She staggered into his arms.

"Geoff . . ." she murmured, ". . . you are alive . . ."

"More than ever," he replied calmly, "now that you are back . . ."

"But how . . .?" she clung to his neck to make sure of his corporeal existence.

"Very simple," he explained. She drank his manly, calm voice that gave her the feeling of shelter and safety. "Very simple. When I heard the sirens go, I ran after you. Fluffy followed me. I went to Finchley Road and walked up and down in the hope of seeing you. Then I heard the whistling and threw myself flat on the soil. I returned and knew where the bomb had landed."

They were interrupted. The street became animated with people who came out of their houses after they had got over the first shock. They wished to see where the bomb had hit, they wished to help. The air raid warden accompanied by two assistants came rushing to the spot.

"Who is it? Mr. Clifford?" he shouted before he could see him.

"Yes!" Geoffrey called out to him.

"Are you all right?" the warden asked again as if he didn't trust his eyes when he saw the place where the Clifford house had stood a few minutes ago.

"Perfectly all right," Geoffrey replied. "And my wife, too!" he added.

The warden cast an astonished look over the place.

"Nobody under the ruins?" He seemed incredulous and wanted to be on the safe side.

"Nobody," Geoffrey reassured him with a smile. "We were both out for a walk when it came."

"That's what I would call a happy escape," the warden said.

"Very happy," Kathleen confirmed, pressing Geoffrey's hand.

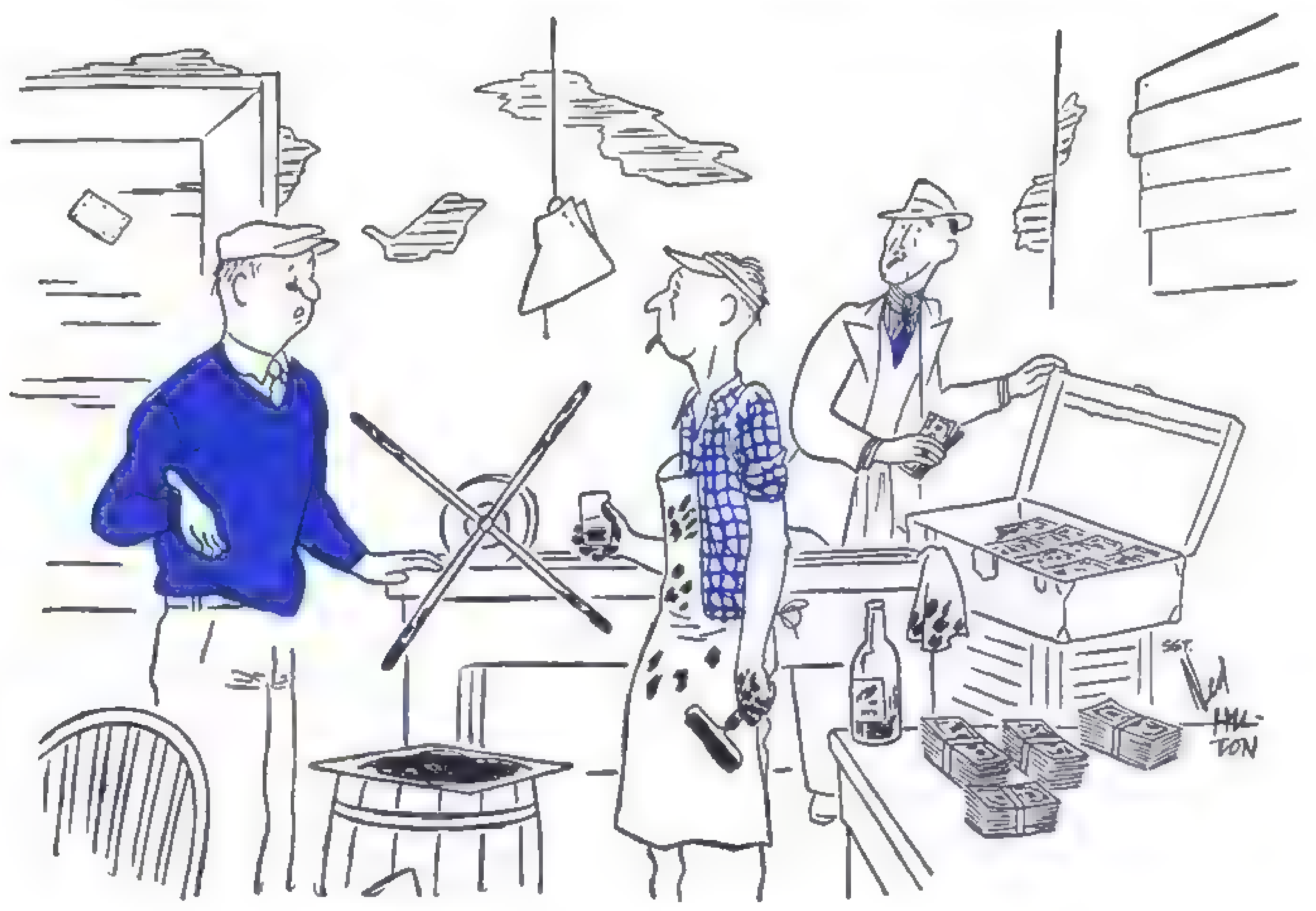
"All right!" The warden addressed the crowd. "Go home, please. We'll come back tomorrow morning and dig for undestroyed belongings." He turned to Geoffrey and Kathleen. "You go over to my house for a cup of tea and have a nap for the rest of the night. I guess you need it."

He continued his tour of duty and people left for their homes. The smoke dispersed and the full moonlight fell on the place of destruction. Before following the warden's invitation, Geoffrey and Kathleen stood a little while in front of their ruined home, silently watching the remnants of their once beautiful possession. Suddenly Geoffrey stooped to pick up from beneath the debris an object that had caught his eyes. It was the prayer-wheel broken in halves.

"It has done its duty," he murmured, holding the thing up. Kathleen nodded. The silly quarrel and the evening's terrors flashed through her mind for a second, to be replaced by a deep content.

"The misfortune turned out all right. Without the wheel of the law, we would now lie buried under the ruins of our house."

Geoffrey threw the broken wheel back on the heap, and the pair went happily across the street. The sirens sounded the all-clear. #

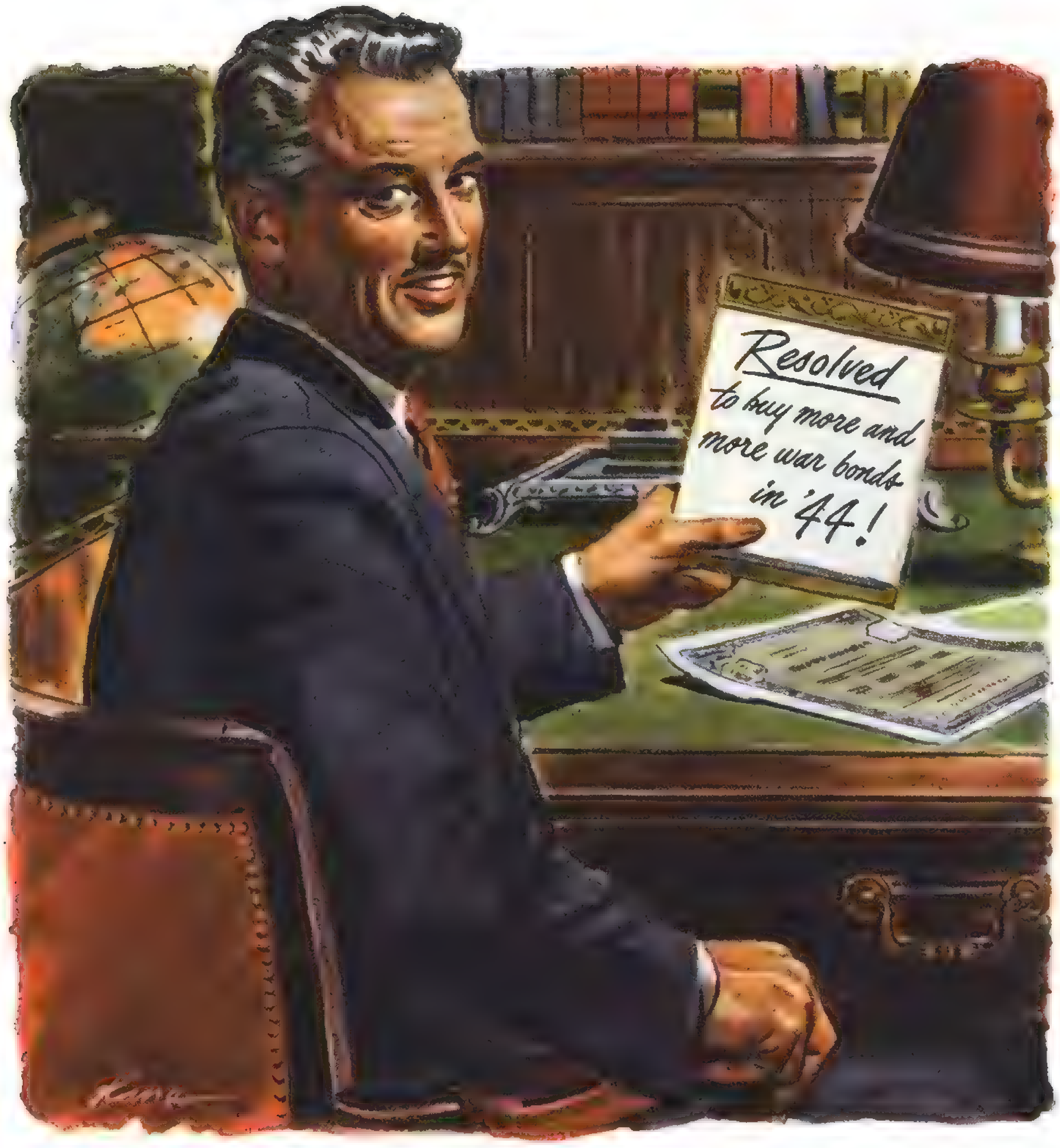


"Maybe we'd better print an extra million or so —just in case there is inflation!"

Answering your Question...

"WILL I BE ABLE TO GET SOME SCHENLEY IN 1944?"

Royal Reserve



WE'RE GLAD you asked that question . . . because the answer's mighty cheerful . . . *yes, you will!* Not only this month, or next — but *for the duration* — if enjoyed *in moderation.*

Our distilleries are *still* devoted to the production of war alcohol (and will be, until the war need is over) ... but pre-war reserves are sufficient to make it fairly certain that you'll find SCHENLEY Royal Reserve at your dealer's a lot more often than you'd think! So—ask for SCHENLEY always. And *always* — enjoy it *in moderation.*

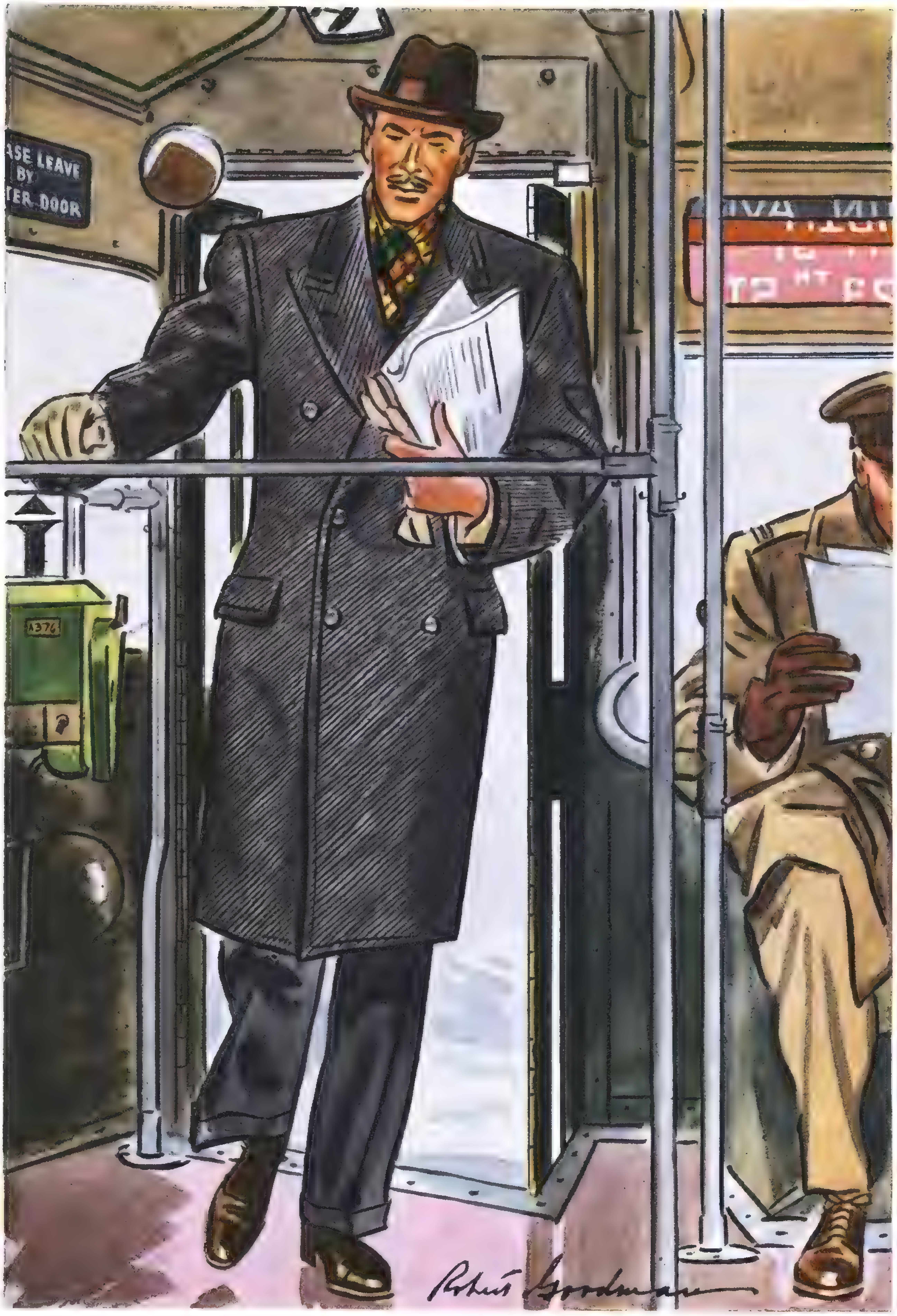
BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

There will still be enough available

---to enjoy in moderation!

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

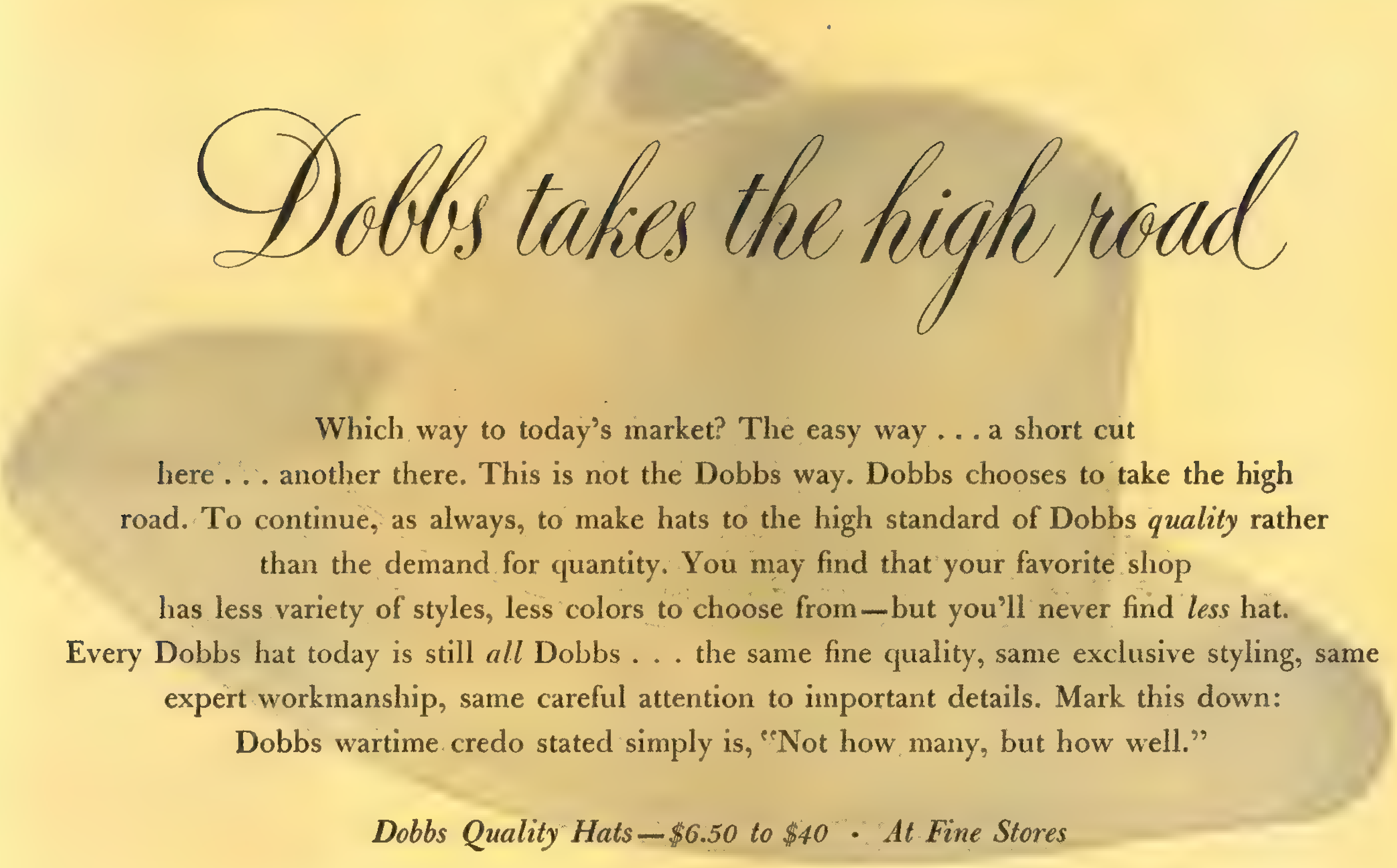
BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof • 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains • Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City



fare and warmer

Maybe he isn't exactly being transported with joy, but this ex-sedan fan isn't complaining. When the wintry breezes curl the edges of your Homburg, a bus is a mighty handy gadget to have around. But we won't start rubbing two sticks together to keep our cash customer warm. The cozy black and grey diagonal pattern overcoat does a better job of it. It follows the trend toward simplicity without sacrificing warmth. Such restraint permits more latitude in the selection of colorful accessories. No sooner said than done, in the form of a soft wool Tartan muffler. The gloves are grey mocha, the hat and shoes in harmonious tones of brown, the suit is Oxford grey and the half hose are of maroon ribbed wool. Note the effective combination of brown and grey. And pipe the cuffs—perfectly permissible if there happens to be enough surplus material hanging around.

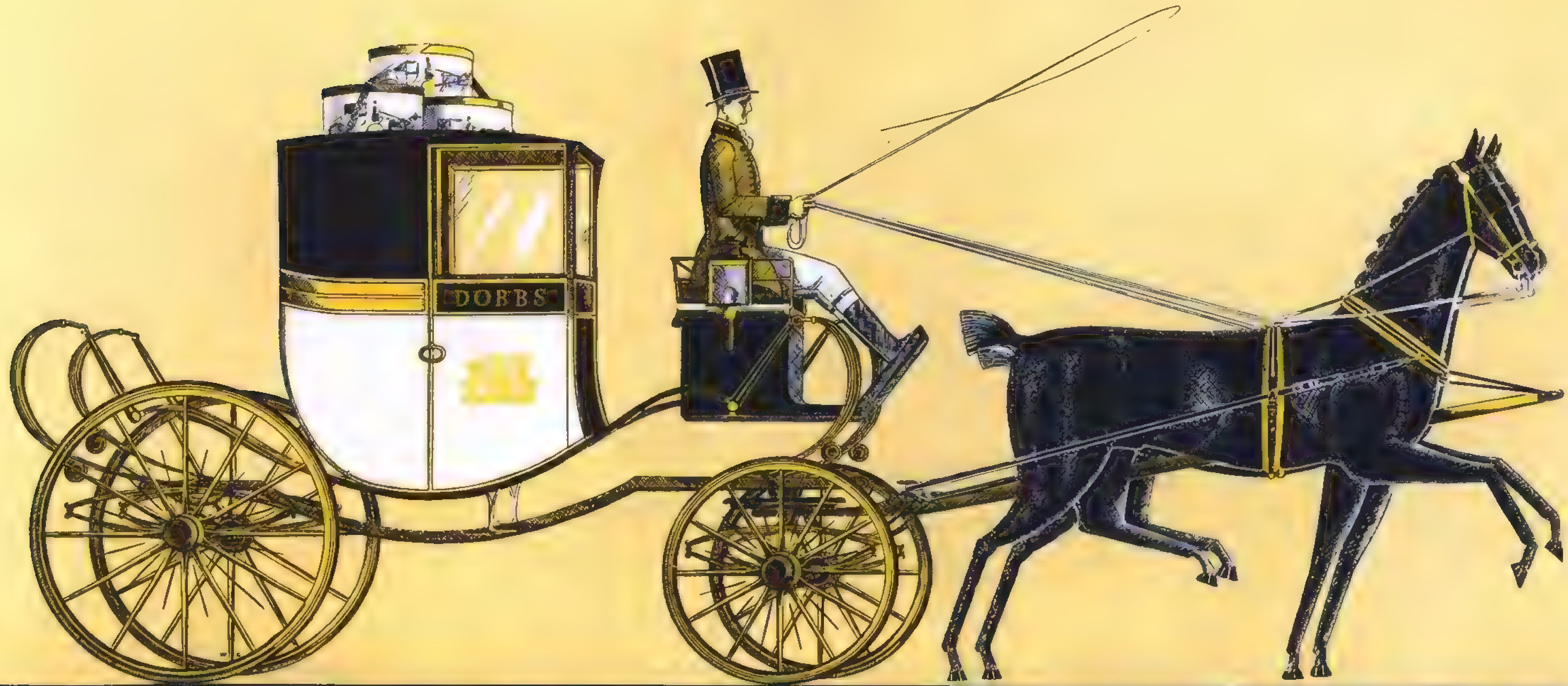
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Dobbs takes the high road

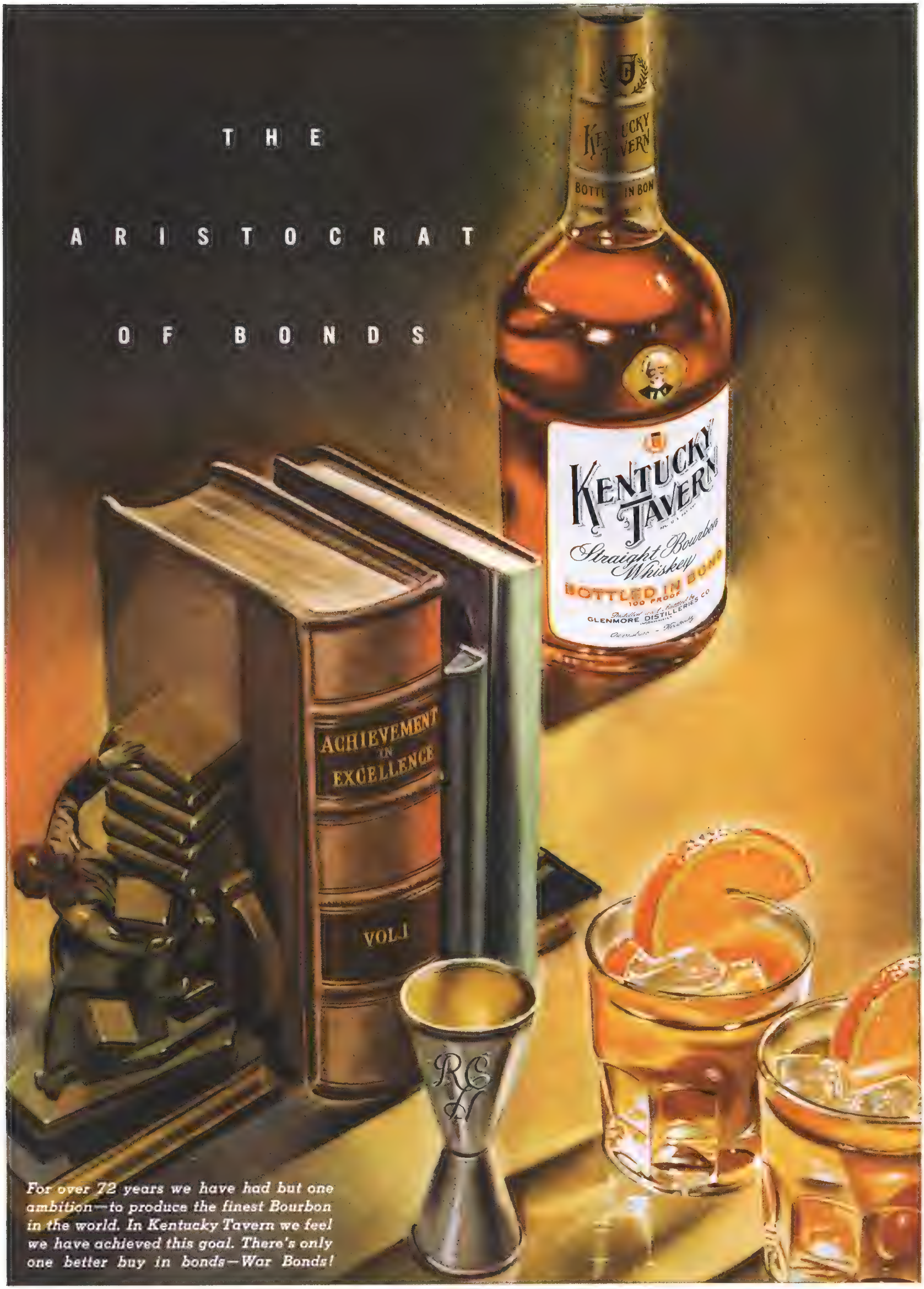
Which way to today's market? The easy way . . . a short cut here . . . another there. This is not the Dobbs way. Dobbs chooses to take the high road. To continue, as always, to make hats to the high standard of Dobbs *quality* rather than the demand for quantity. You may find that your favorite shop has less variety of styles, less colors to choose from—but you'll never find *less* hat. Every Dobbs hat today is still *all* Dobbs . . . the same fine quality, same exclusive styling, same expert workmanship, same careful attention to important details. Mark this down: Dobbs wartime credo stated simply is, "Not how many, but how well."

Dobbs Quality Hats—$6.50 to $40 · At Fine Stores



DOBBS *Hats*

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • PARK AVENUE AT 53RD


THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS
KENTUCKY TAVERN
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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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100 PROOF
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ACHIEVEMENT IN EXCELLENCE
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For over 72 years we have had but one ambition—to produce the finest Bourbon in the world. In Kentucky Tavern we feel we have achieved this goal. There's only one better buy in bonds—War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Jazz Is Where You Find It

Continued from page 35

Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Ina Ray Hutton, Harry James, Glenn Miller, Tony Pastor, Teddy Powell, Louis Prima, Don Redman, Raymond Scott, Bobby Sherwood, Freddy Slack, Charlie Spivak, Jack Teagarden and Jerry Wald.

In a class by itself, of course, is Duke Ellington's Orchestra, as far ahead of the field today as it was when Duke first mounted the Cotton Club bandstand in 1927. Ellington maintains a homogeneous style because he seldom changes his musicians, and because this is one of the few instances in which the bandleader himself is not only a fine instrumentalist, but a great composer and arranger who writes with the individual styles of his soloists constantly in mind.

Who are the great jazz soloists?

They are too numerous to mention. A small network of jazz fanatics, devoted to the study of Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet and other pioneers, will tell you that the popular swing-man cannot be compared with any musician who has the advantage of being dead, or broke, or working in a hashhouse. The truth happens to be that countless musicians have used the groundwork laid by the Armstrongs and Beiderbeckes and have built up from those fine foundations. Their vast strides in technique, range, and harmonic feeling have given them greater means to express the inspiration they inject into their improvisations. Today you may find a tenor sax man in Joe Doakes' band who can make music just as great as anything Coleman Hawkins did in 1929; you can listen to each of the five trumpet players in Lionel Hampton's band, and every one of them will take a chorus which, had it been discovered on some obscure old record, would be hailed as genius by the Jelly Roll network.

In short, jazz today is where you find it, and you find it in the most unexpected places. Never before has any branch of music made such rapid progress, and never before have there been so many superlative jazzmen, or so many first-class bands. The experienced and discerning jazz listener, whose ears are attuned to more advanced ideas in orchestration and improvisation, laughs at the attempts to deify the badly dated relics of the 1920's.

Why can't we hear the melody?

Because, children, it is assumed you know it already, if there was one. Your pleasure in hearing good jazz comes from an appreciation of the way the soloists or arrangers create variations, sometimes weaving vaguely around the melody, but often forgetting it entirely and merely using the basic chord structure of the tune. The Blues, most popular and traditional theme in all jazz, doesn't have any specific tune at all; it's just a series of chords. And *Honeysuckle Rose*, if I may be briefly technical, is not *Honeysuckle Rose* at all to the swing-man; it's just a series of G Minor 7th, C 7th and F chords on which you can play anything you like, as long as it doesn't clash with those chords. The swing-man, then, creates a new and far more complicated melody of his own, and it's this combination of melodic and rhythmic appeal which should be followed, studied and enjoyed.

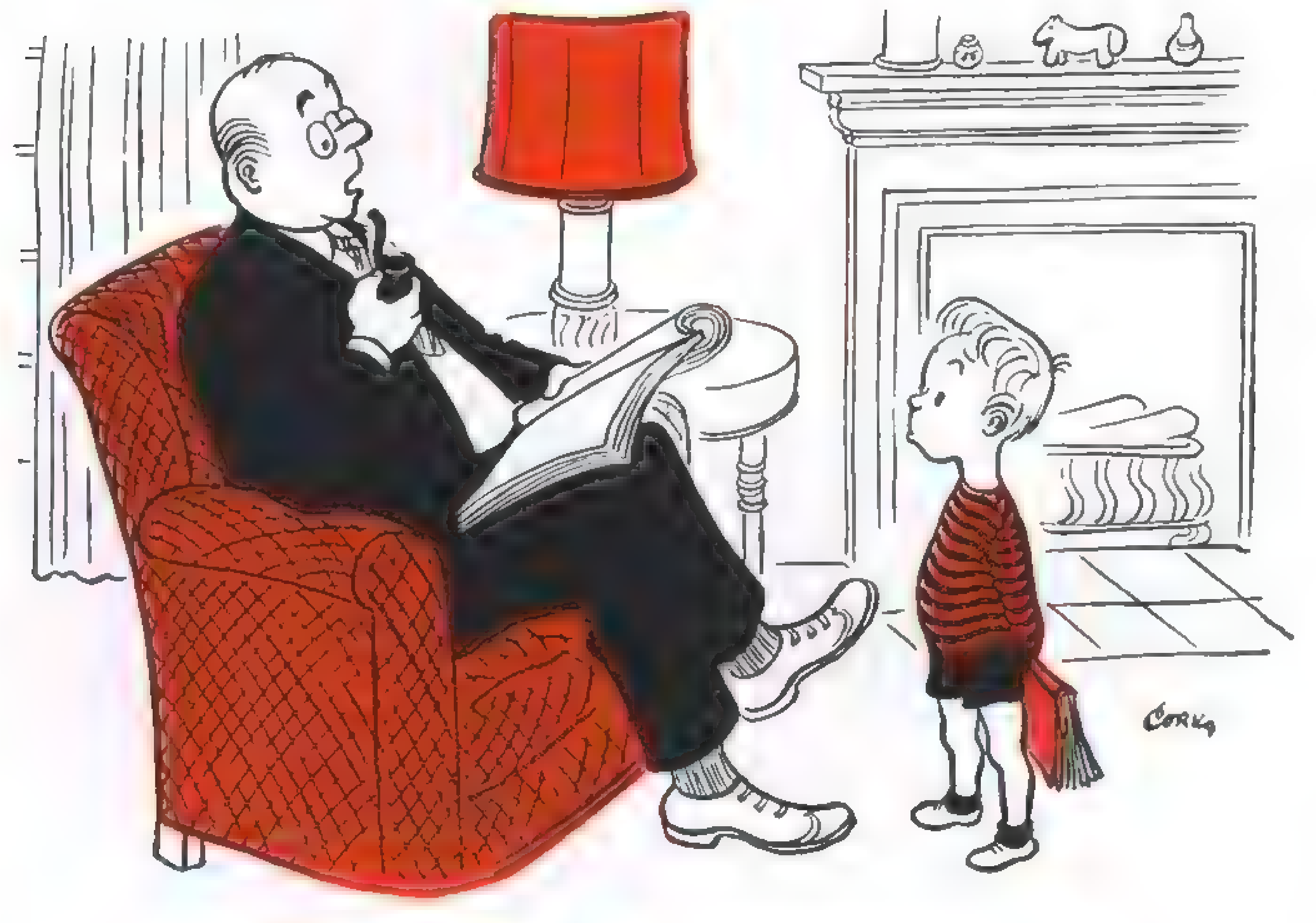
Is boogie-woogie swing?

Boogie-woogie is any kind of jazz or swing, solo or orchestral, generated by certain eight-to-the-bar rhythms, mostly using the twelve-measure Blues pattern for a theme. The term has been horribly abused, and has even come to denote a species of jitterbug dance. Buy any of the boogie-woogie record albums for a clearer view of this department of jazz.

Do musicians really talk in jive language?

Don't believe all you read in the daily papers and the fan magazines. Very few of the terms attributed to musicians are now in use. The word "hep" is "hip" in

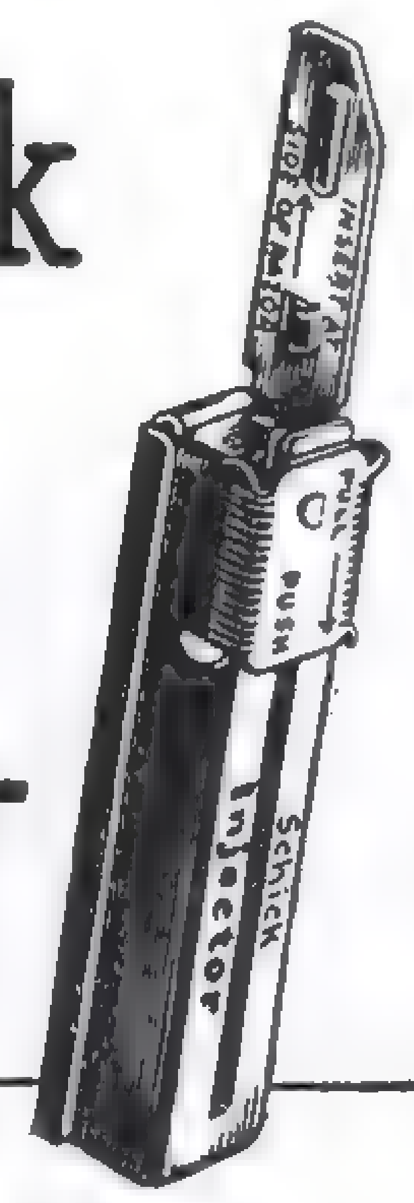
Continued on page 130



"Why, yes, Sonny—I can remember the time when Mr. Roosevelt wasn't President"

If you own a Schick Injector Razor...

YOU CAN START CHEERING—



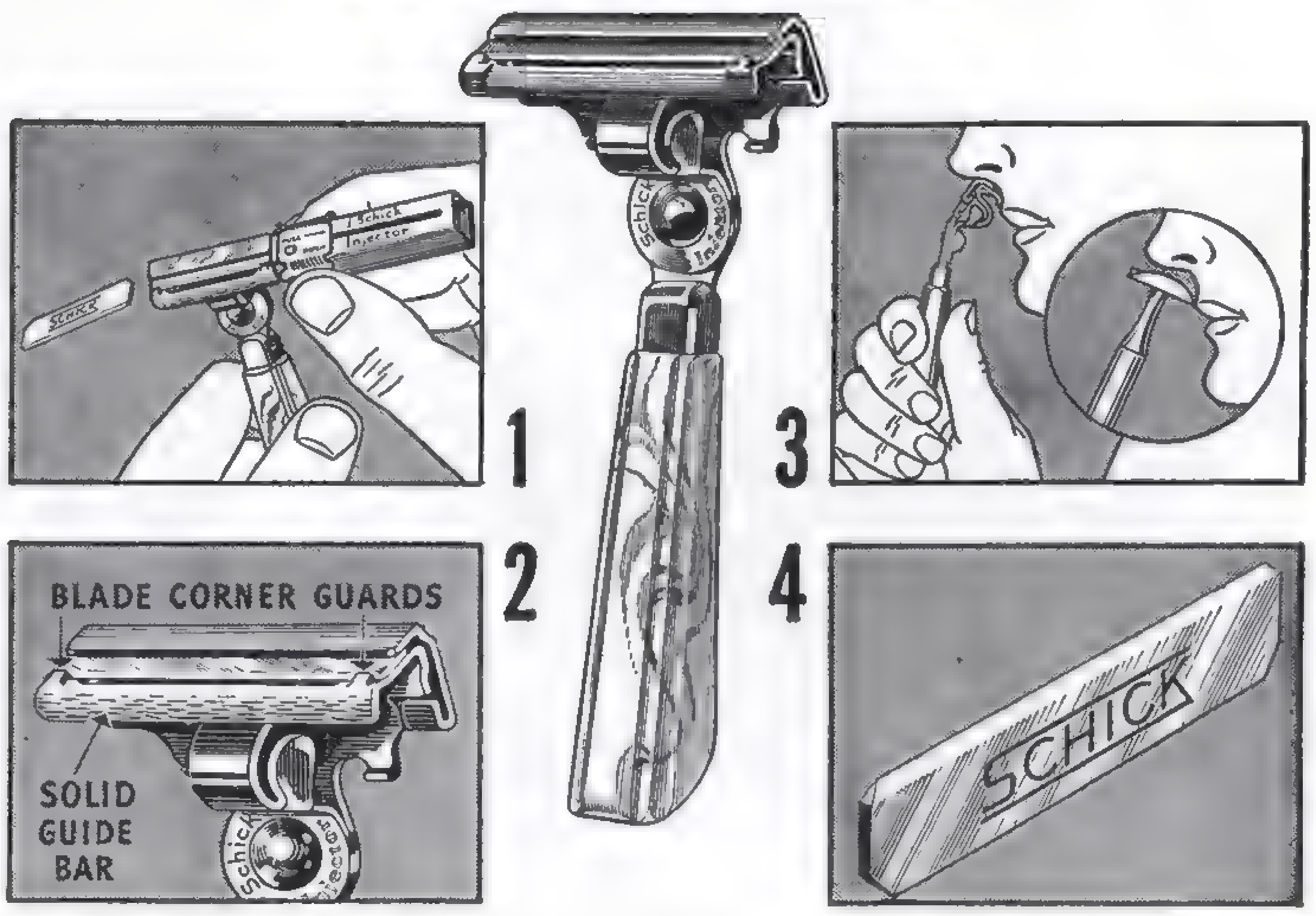
Schick Injector Blades Are Back!

Yes, those quick-shaving, easy-going Schick Injector Blades are back . . . at your dealer's.

Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the blades we could make for the armed forces.

But now our production is sufficient for both military and civilian needs.

So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor



Discover again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

They are the only basic improvements in safety razor design and construction in 40 years. See what they can do to make your shaving a pleasure instead of a punishment. Once more you can—

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

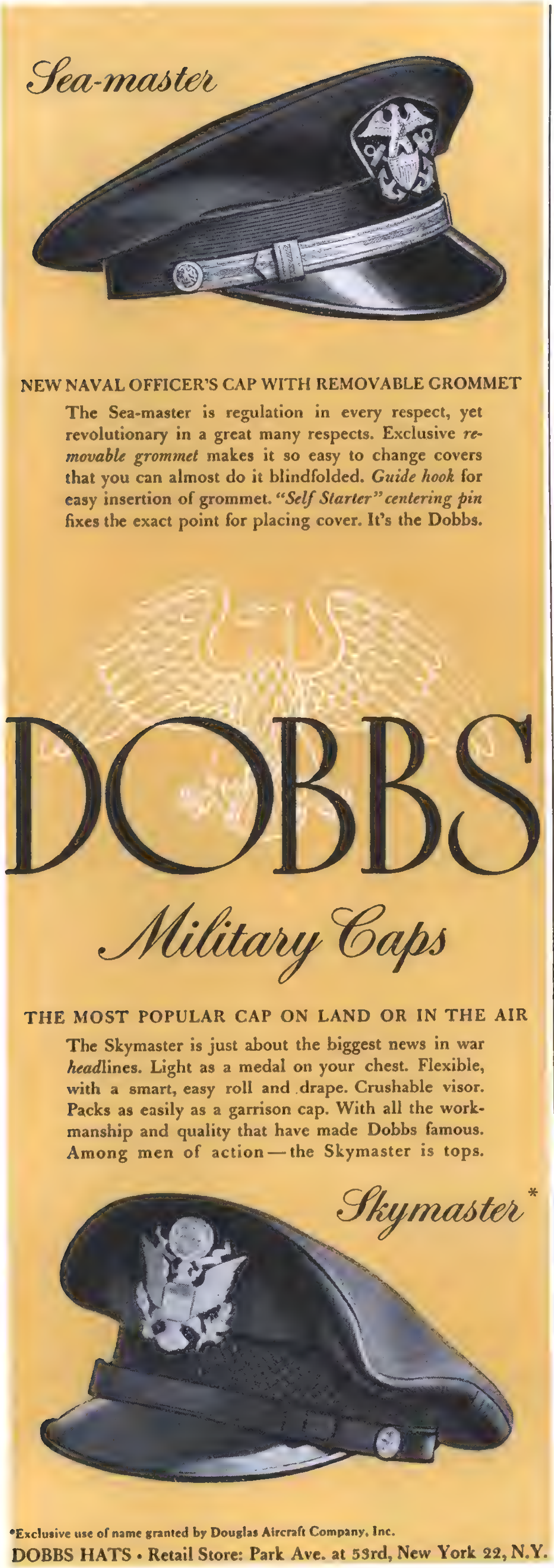
3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.



Sea-master

NEW NAVAL OFFICER'S CAP WITH REMOVABLE GROMMET

The Sea-master is regulation in every respect, yet revolutionary in a great many respects. Exclusive *removable grommet* makes it so easy to change covers that you can almost do it blindfolded. *Guide hook* for easy insertion of grommet. *"Self Starter" centering pin* fixes the exact point for placing cover. It's the Dobbs.

DOBBS

Military Caps

THE MOST POPULAR CAP ON LAND OR IN THE AIR

The Skymaster is just about the biggest news in war *head*lines. Light as a medal on your chest. Flexible, with a smart, easy roll and drape. Crushable visor. Packs as easily as a garrison cap. With all the workmanship and quality that have made Dobbs famous. Among men of action—the Skymaster is tops.

*Skymaster**

*Exclusive use of name granted by Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.

DOBBS HATS • Retail Store: Park Ave. at 53rd, New York 22, N.Y.

Jazz Is Where You Find It

Continued from pages 35-129

Harlem, which is where most of this jargon originated. Musicians do say "groovy" (fine), "nowhere" (not so fine), "dig" (understand) and "jive" (several different meanings, commonest being "to kid"). However, if you throw around such terms as "alligator" and "gobstick," you will be considered a "square," which means you are by no means hip.

How, when and where can we hear the best jazz?

If you don't get to hear Esquire's concert at the Met, or any similarly exciting events, I can recommend the phonograph as the next best medium for listening to the artists involved, or for studying jazz in general. Most bands sound their worst on the stage, where they play strictly for the squares; and they sound best on records, where they're assured of good acoustics and balance, and no interruptions by jitterbugs.

The best way to hear a band in person is a dance date, when it can let its hair down. Radio is a poor medium for jazz; the small jam bands seldom get on the air at all, and race prejudice keeps the great Negro bands off sponsored shows. Even the best white swing bands, if they land a commercial program, are kept under wraps. Sustaining programs by bands on location are sometimes exciting, but the sound is often badly balanced.

For intimate jazz groups, wander along 52nd Street if you're in New York (Onyx, Three Deuces, Kelly's Stable, Famous Door) or to similar havens in other cities.

Where can I read about jazz?

If the Esquire jazz number has whetted your appetite, you'll find more jazz features regularly in these pages henceforth. By now, of course, you should all know about *The Esquire Jazz Book*, of which further details will be found in this month's editorial. And Robert Goffin's *Jazz—from Congo to Metropolitan* (Doubleday Doran) is due any day now. You can also turn to the two specialized media of swing news and opinion, *Metronome* and *Down Beat*. For a good pen-picture of the background to this music, try the book *Jazzmen*, also the *Jazz Record Book*. For a rough summary of the jazz scene, Wilder Hobson's *American Jazz Music;* for a more personal approach, *The Kingdom of Swing*, Benny Goodman's autobiography. And for the muddled but dogmatic views of a Frenchman who has scarcely ever heard the real jazz, try Panassié's *The Real Jazz*.

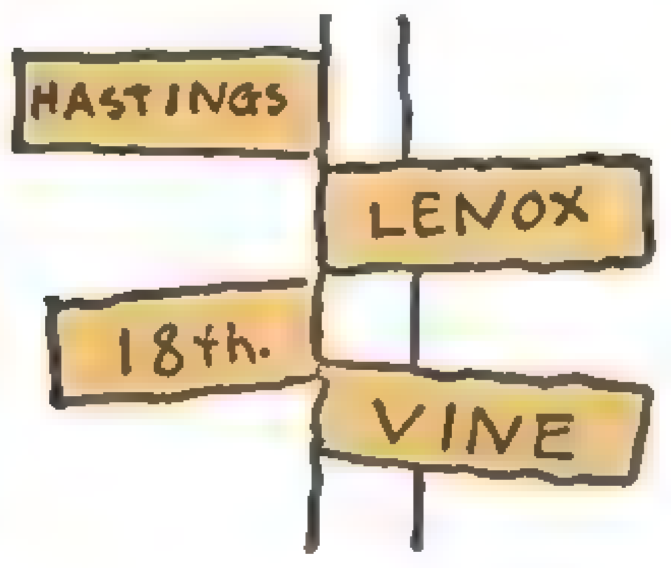
Will jazz merge with the classics?

Come, come, you've been reading subversive literature again. The fact that Benny Goodman has lectured at Juilliard, or that bands sometimes try to swing the classics, can't be construed as a sign that jazz is going to blend with any other musical idiom.

Jazz has come a long way from the Original Dixieland days. The public's partial acceptance of "swing" has encouraged even such former Mickey Mouse maestri as Shep Fields and Jan Garber to modernize their style. All these advances have been made along swing's own path; the peculiar rhythmic characteristics of jazz, and the strong element of improvisation, have been untainted by any merger with what are loosely known as "the classics."

Then too, the fact that jazz remains a utilitarian art, and is in fact the most important dance music produced in the twentieth century, will tend to prevent any such fusion. Jazz will continue to improve and expand, and will continue to exert its world-wide influence as the most original and fascinating new art form ever produced in America.

Class dismissed. ⧺



Could Be Blues*

Could be Hastings Street,
Or Lenox Avenue.
Could be 18th & Vine
And still be true.

Could be 5th & Mound,
Could be Rampart—
When you pawned my watch
You pawned my heart.

Could be you love me,
Could be that you don't.
Could be you'll come back,
Could be you won't.

Beale Street is weary,
Also Wyle Avenue.
Any place is dreary
Without my watch and you.

—Langston Hughes

---

*Put in your own streets, Jack

The Fourth Reich Casts a Shadow

Continued from page 49

attaché during the last world war, until in 1915 he was sent back to Germany because of his activities in sabotage and espionage. A convinced conservative, he first fought against Hitler, and then, after he saw the way the wind was blowing, blew with it. Today he is once again changing his political course. He does not need Schacht or Meissner. Ankara, where he resides, is an excellent strategic point from which to start negotiations with the Allies.

Erwin Planck is even more successful at intrigue than Herr von Papen. He started in the Army Ministry as a private secretary to General von Schleicher, who was the famous unknown quantity behind the scene until Hitler took over and had him murdered in the blood purge of 1934. Schleicher "lent" his private secretary to Chancellor Bruening with the idea of having a dependable spy in the Chancellor's office. Planck proved "dependable" not only to Schleicher but also to Hitler, to whom he turned over all the inside information the Fuehrer needed.

1. Conservation note: Due to scarcity of metals, return wire hangers to dry cleaners.

In 1934 Planck resigned and went into big business. For years he made trips to Asia and in Europe. He always made it clear to his friends in international business circles that he by no means approved of everything Hitler did. Some of those friends have been receiving indirect communications from him lately, signs that Erwin Planck is extending his own personal olive branch, if only at the end of a ten-foot pole.

Another group of men who hope to survive Hitler are the "experts" in various fields.

In industry there are, for instance, Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach and Fritz Thyssen. Krupp had been a close friend of the Kaiser, then collaborated with the Republic and finally became a pal of Adolf Hitler. Needless to say, the Fuehrer could never have embarked on war without the help of Krupp and other gentlemen who manufacture the materials of war. Fritz Thyssen was one of the men directly responsible for Hitler; he financed him while he was still struggling upwards. On the other hand, Thyssen came out against this war, quarrelled with the Nazis and even left Germany. In 1939 and 1940 he was more anti-Hitler than any industrialists outside Germany, even in Allied countries. But his record is somewhat blurred by the fact that when Hitler invaded France he made no attempt to escape. He was arrested, returned to Berlin, and neither put into a concentration camp nor executed. Today he lives at the fashionable Hotel Adlon in Berlin. The Fuehrer usually does not put his enemies up at the Adlon.

The industrialists claim that only *they* can prevent total chaos in Germany. That if *they* are not allowed to go on running their factories, millions of jobless workers will walk the streets and revolution will hamstring the Allied reconstruction program. More or less the same reasoning is put forward by the experts in finance, who are headed by Count Lutz von Schwerin-von Krosigk.

Very few people know he is Hitler's Finance Minister, for he is a master at keeping out of the limelight. He never became a member of the Nazi Party though the Party conferred an honorary membership on him. The Count's post-war sales talk will emphasize the fact that he has never been mixed up in the bloody side of the Nazi business. He will certainly not admit that as Finance Minister he was, of course, responsible for the Third Reich's financial policy which, in turn, gave birth to the rearmament program.

There is, finally, the clique of bureaucrats, those who, in Germany, have for generations attended to the technical side of running the government; the drawing up of laws, international treaties, the arranging for conferences, etc., etc. Most of them are old men. Some of them served under the Kaiser. The Republic could not get rid of them because they could not be replaced. Hitler could not get rid of them for exactly the same reason. Now they figure that this is why they are going to survive Hitler.

The most important group of men who are scheming to remain in power are the men who believe firmly in *Deutschland ueber alles*.

The former Foreign Minister, Baron Konstantin von Neurath, is the most prominent figure in this category. His diplomatic career started under the Kaiser and continued under the Republic, though he showed his dislike for democracy so strikingly that he created open scandals. He became Foreign Minister under von Papen and stayed on under Hitler. When von Ribbentrop came in, he went out—but not down. For some time he was Protector of Czechoslovakia; lately little has been heard of him. He was never a real Nazi and this is why he hopes there is a top-rank future for him now.

Von Neurath believes in German

Continued on page 132

a man is known
by the company he keeps
STEBCO

A man needs everything he's got these days to keep abreast of business : and when you contact The Man—you, of course, carrying a STEBCO briefcase—he is just naturally going to give you priority on ALL business . . . Look : the little stebco man goes EVERYWHERE . . . carrying a nation's secrets . . . carrying your own brief, quick-spoken efficiency. Let the stebco man put you on the right track . . .

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The Fourth Reich Casts a Shadow

Continued from pages 49-131

world domination, not in Hitler or the Kaiser or any other individuals or regimes which strive for it. This is the point of view of the old German generals. They, too, broke their oath to the Kaiser, they stayed on under the Republic, they betrayed the Republic for Hitler, and they are certain to betray Hitler if they get the chance. And the same goes for a great number of so-called intellectuals, university professors, high school teachers, and all those hypnotized by what was once a dream of future world domination by Germany.

This category would not be complete without Pastor Niemoeller. Because the Nazis put him into a concentration camp a lot of people in and outside Germany are convinced that he is an anti-Nazi. But Niemoeller was never anti-Nazi. He was only against certain outrages committed by the regime and, above all, he was against the efforts of the Party to dominate the Church in Germany.

During the first world war, Niemoeller was a prominent U-boat commander and a fierce nationalist. After the war he became even more nationalistic. He hated the Republic and everything it stood for; he considered socialism, communism, unionism, "isms" which had to be done away with, no matter by what means. He was—and this is often overlooked—one of the very early members of the Nazi Party.

When World War II broke out, Niemoeller was in a concentration camp, but he immediately volunteered for U-boat service. He issued a statement to the effect that now that Germany had been "attacked," he would gladly fight. He, and all the men who believe in *Deutschland ueber alles*, have only one real complaint about Hitler: that he failed.

The men who are plotting to survive Hitler all have alibis. Baron von Neurath can say that he was replaced as Foreign Minister because he did not approve of Hitler's policy of blackmail. He can say that he was replaced as Protector of Czechoslovakia because he did not approve of the crimes committed there by the Gestapo. Thyssen and the gentlemen of I. G. Farben can plead that they did not approve of the war.

The generals can say that they did not approve of the pogroms. Altogether they will insist that they were forced into doing what they were doing. And all of them will point out that they were not responsible for outright murders or crimes, such as were committed by leaders like Goering and Himmler and, of course, Hitler himself.

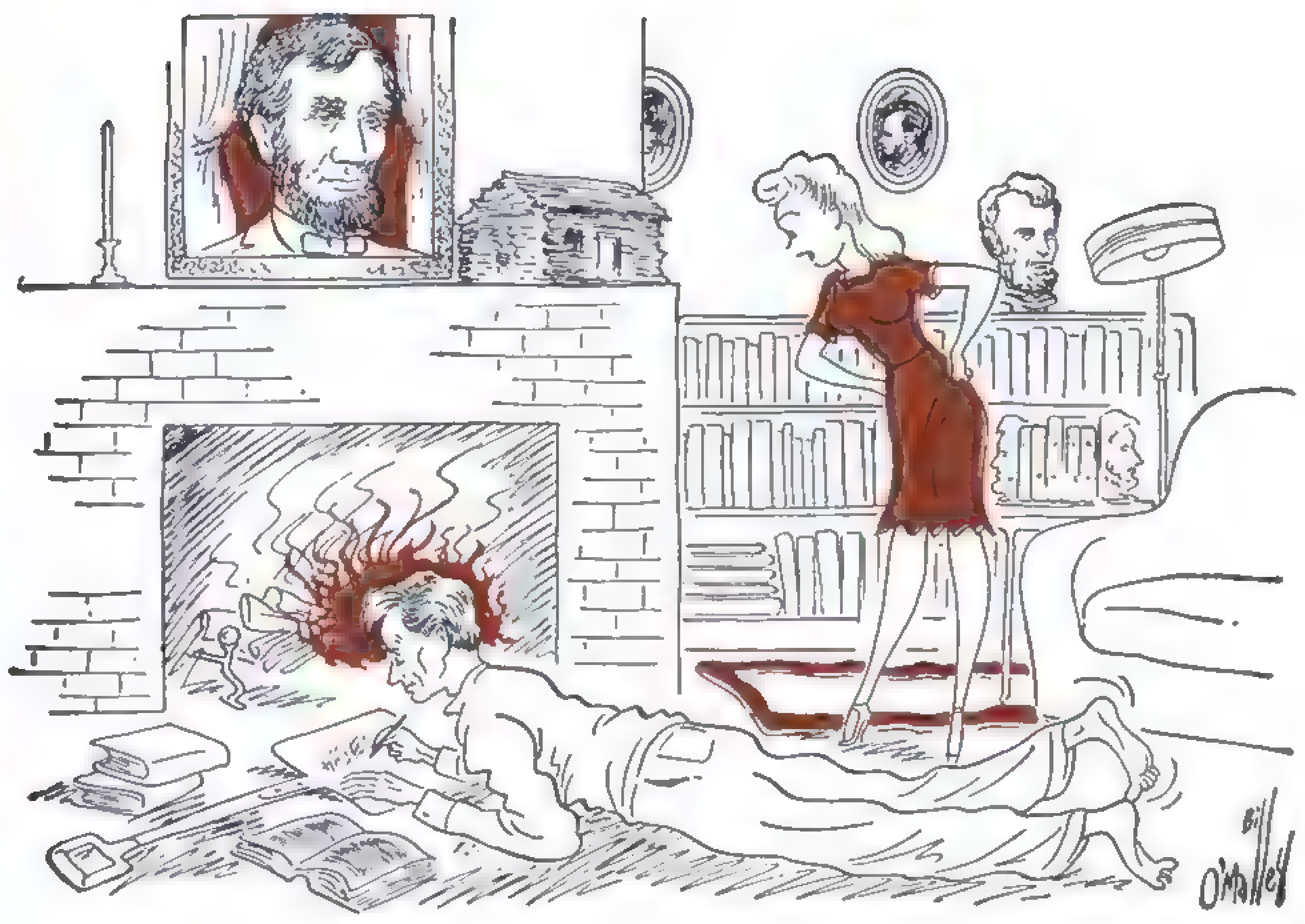
The hopes of these men only become dangerous when they are taken seriously in London and Washington. There has been much talk of a list for the first cabinet after Hitler, a list which includes Martin Niemoeller, Hjalmar Schacht, Count von Schwerin-von Krosigk, and Herr von Schnitzler, president of I. G. Farben.

I have no way of knowing whether such a list has actually been presented to the responsible men in our State Department. I do not believe that the Hohenzollerns and those who sponsor them are taken very seriously in Washington and in London.

But then, I never would have believed a year ago that a representative of the house of Hapsburg, against which the Austrians revolted in 1918, would be referred to in 1943 by a member of the American government as "Otto von Austria."

Some people believe that the future Germany is purely a German affair. It certainly is not. If the world at large is to trust and co-operate with Germany, it has a right to demand that men who can be trusted be at the helm of what will be the Germany of the future.

Otherwise you can keep the wires open for World War III. ⧺



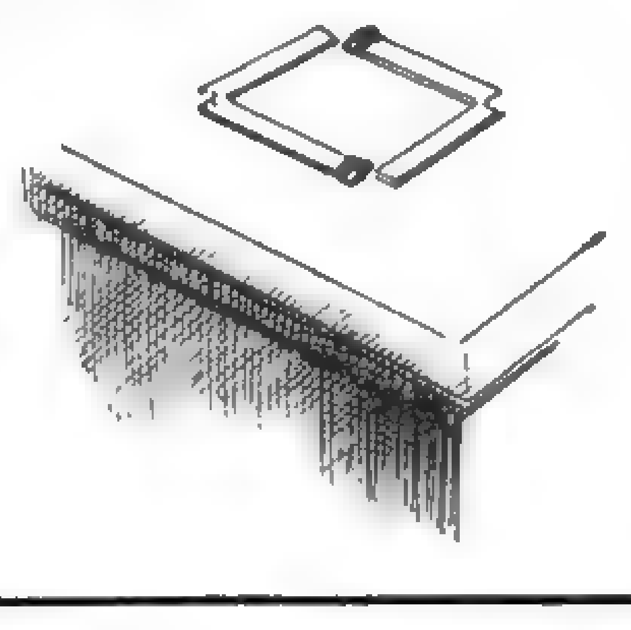
"We're out of wood, dear—can't you go to your desk and study by electric light?"

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

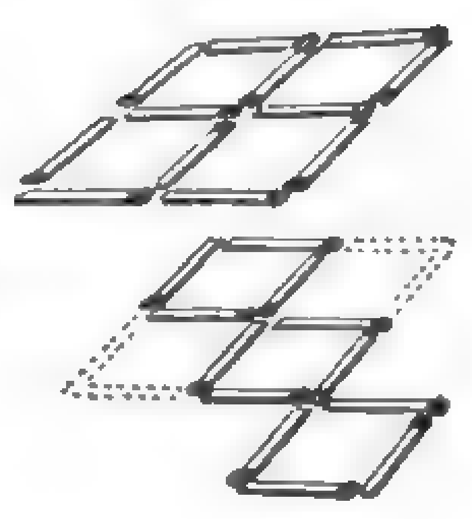
the wager: That you can form a square from two matches without breaking them apart.

the payoff: Bend each match into a right angle and then place them together so as to form a square.



the wager: That you can re-arrange the matches in a four-square figure to form a three-square figure, still using 12 matches and keeping the squares the same size as before.

the payoff: Form a diagonal pattern of three squares as shown in the illustration.



Plastics on the Fighting Front

Continued from page 61

it grows only in South America, principally in Ecuador. When the war-swollen demands on shipping began to cut deeply into South American trade, swift efforts were made to find a good substitute for the nut, and fresh water pearls were seized upon. They make a good, snappy looking button but cost a tidy sum. Hence the rush to the low cost plastic.

Getting back to brass, a new plastic trumpet is saving a lot of it and waking the soldiers up in the morning with sweeter tones than any Army bugler has ever used before. The plastic trumpet has an interesting history. It began as the germ of an idea in the Quartermaster Corps when the War Production Board banned the use of brass in musical instruments. Major Hobson thought maybe plastic would again step into the breach but got the cold shoulder from the large musical instrument manufacturers. "A plastic trumpet—impossible," was the reply he got around the country. In his files today he has letters from the biggest manufacturers in America saying, "It can't be done." When he wants a laugh he reads them over and then fondles one of the plastic trumpets he keeps as a sample.

In his search for a musical concern willing to take a chance on a new idea, Hobson finally wound up at the Chicago Musical Instrument Company who opined that maybe they could make one. Their first effort was an olive drab trumpet with a transparent bell, presumably to show that wind instruments could be made in a shiny, translucent plastic for possible use by orchestras, should the need ever develop after the war.

The so-called pilot model, light as a feather, was brought to Washington and submitted for consideration. In the presence of General Gregory and other high-ranking officers, a windjammer from the Army War College sounded off bugle call after bugle call, alternating between the plastic innovation and a regulation brass Army trumpet. The calls sounded very much alike but the bugler found one difference. He had to warm up the brass instrument and could start off cold with the plastic. That settled it. The Army's new trumpets today are plastic.

The Army trumpet, by the way, bears little resemblance to the orchestra trumpet with its cornet-like valves. The Army trumpet is what the layman calls the bugle but the Army can't because in military lingo a bugle is the short, three-ringed affair originating in the cavalry and used generally throughout the Army in the last war. It plays with a good tone if a windjammer with bellows-like lungs can be found to blow it, but it's a pretty tough customer for an ordinary bugler to tackle.

The new plastic bugle, now in mass production, is olive drab and uses no metal whatsoever; even the mouthpiece is plastic. The color is solid clear through so that it never needs polishing. It can stand extreme changes in temperature and heavy knocks and blows. However, should it yield and crack, which is unlikely, it can be repaired in a moment with fingernail polish remover. This liquid, obtainable at the cosmetic counter of any ten-cent store, softens the edges of the crack which can then be pressed together with the fingers. The material fuses as soon as the liquid dries, completely sealing the crack.

Some twenty ounces of brass are saved in each trumpet that is replaced by a plastic instrument which, incidentally, weighs but a fraction more than half a pound. Its new younger brother is a plastic fife which is, of course, much simpler to make, but its success, following that of the bugle, is giving rise to conjecture as to how long it will be before somebody blossoms out with a plastic tuba.

With buttons, bugles and can-

Continued on page 134

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Plastics on the Fighting Front

Continued from pages 61-133

teens under their belts, it was a cinch for the Army's plastics men to bob up with plastic razors, shaving brushes and combs, although they still haven't got around to a plastic razor blade and make no promises. The shaving brushes and combs are saving rubber—tons of it—and the razors conserve steel. Another advantage of the razor is its resistance to heat. It can be immersed in scalding water, which a razor should be just prior to shaving, and then pressed against the face with nary a twinge. A steel razor so treated would probably raise a blister.

Like everything else the Quartermaster Corps buys, these plastic items were run through the mill before final acceptance. The shaving brush is tough enough to stand repeated dropping on a stone or concrete floor and can be boiled in water without chipping, cracking, peeling, breaking or loosening of the handle or bristles. The comb was tested by boiling, pulling, twisting, bending the teeth and other effective tortures that would make an ordinary comb fold up in no time.

Totally unlike a comb, a bugle, a razor or a canteen is the plastic sleeping bag mattress which was developed to provide warm but light-weight sleeping accommodations for arctic troopers. Due to the versatility of plastic, it is only half as heavy and one-eighth as bulky as a mattress of equal warmth filled with cotton or kapok, the old-style fillers. White colored plastic is used to take advantage of the well-known fact that white radiates and absorbs less heat than any other color.

Even more different is a plastic composed of esterified rosin combined with phenol formaldehyde resins. This is a gooey mass that is mixed in with compounds applied to tent canvas and its addition tends to greatly increase the life of the fabric, improve its water repellency, and protect the fire resistant finish against weathering or deterioration in storage.

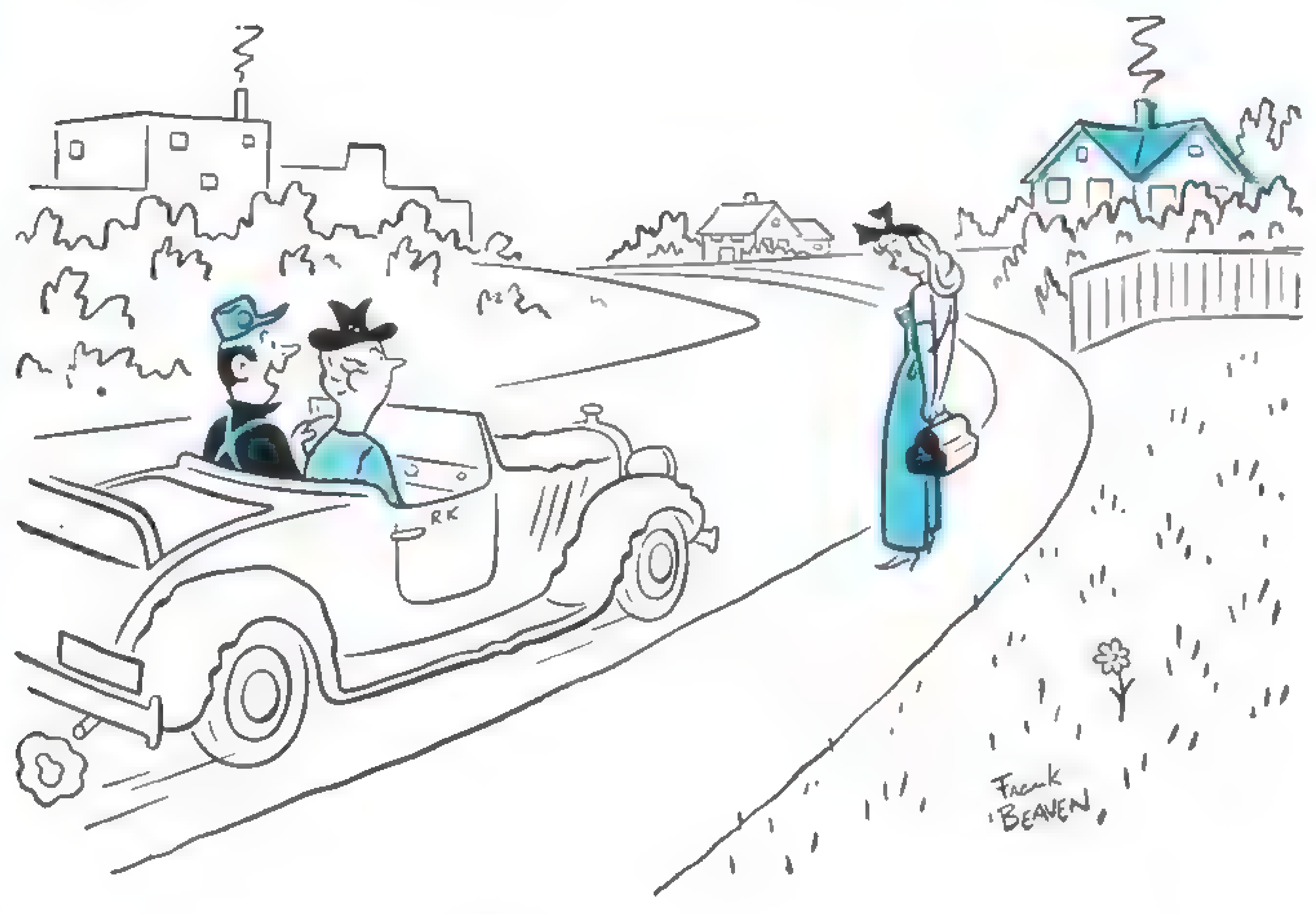
One great value of the new product is the fact that it can be easily included in compounds already in use so that the entire protective coating of the tentage is handled in one relatively simple operation. It also is useful as an addition to paints and varnishes as a protective coating.

Cheap as most plastics are, comparatively speaking, this is one of the cheapest, since an important ingredient is rosin which is obtainable in unlimited quantities from pine trees. From a conservation standpoint, it not only increases the life of canvas but it extends phenol formaldehyde resins and replaces large quantities of chlorinated rubber formerly used for water repellency purposes in tents, tarpaulins and truck covers. About ten million pounds of this low-cost substance are being used this year.

The insole mentioned earlier is made of five layers of plastic screening, four of which are coarse mesh and the other fine. It separates the foot from the sole of the shoe, permitting a maximum of ventilation and bringing about a sharp reduction in athlete's foot and other fungus foot diseases. Of outstanding importance to the jungle trooper who is its prime user is the fact that it can be washed with soap and water.

At the opposite extreme is the plastic helmet liner, a carefully molded headgear over which the steel helmet fits. In appearance it closely resembles the helmet; in fact, a short distance away they look identical. Light as a feather, it will stand an unbelievable amount of battering without cracks or dents. It is excellent for shedding rain, or for sun protection, and doubles well for a tropical pith helmet.

Plastics have many other uses in the Quartermaster Corps. The number grows virtually day by day, and a new industry mushrooms to still greater proportions. It is not inconceivable that the great bulk of the plastic items the Army is now using will, after the war, bring about profound changes in the American household. ##



"Mind if I pick up my forelady, dear?"

The Compleat Eater

Continued from page 52

the oyster but the whole tremendous impact of such doctrines. Miss Fisher teaches a lesson new to the American stomach. Eat what you like, she says, the way you like it. Eat as many meals a day as you like. If the polite rules of the best text books do not suit you, dispose of them with the garbage and discover what wines, what liquors you like best with what foods. There is a direct attack here on the two standard schools of food writing. The Friends of the Frying Pan are outraged at the lack of regard for the balanced diet—the lack of true decorum, so to speak. The gourmets get ptomaine of the taste buds when she suggests that sauterne might go pretty well with a veal cutlet.

What she preaches, in essence, is the earth-shaking idea that the cardinal rule of eating is to enjoy yourself. Obey that impulse but use your common sense. Don't gorge, don't starve. Go adventuring. Don't live by the calory sheets and the vitamin charts and the rule books of the Wine and Food Society. Make your own rules to pamper your own palate. And always, whether you wind up above the table or under it, enjoy yourself.

The Fisher doctrine, an ultra-revolutionary one in this country, is expressed in a style that is warm, pleasantly cynical, and sometimes quite sentimental. There is a nice balance of forces, and the gentle reader begins to suspect after the first few pages of any of her books that the author has supped with barons and beggars, with gourmets and gluttons, and that her wisdom is a collection of crumbs from all sorts of tables—from gay dinners on the Riviera and *tête-à-têtes* in sly corners of fabulous little rotisseries on the left bank. All this is quite true. Miss Fisher is a Michigan girl who has eaten her way back and forth across the continent many times, has made pilgrimages to the famous pot houses of the nation, has spent ten years in the best and worst of the European hotels and restaurants. If internationalism is the only education for a professional eater, Miss Fisher is fully qualified. Food and travel, however, have not broadened her. She is slim and tall.

She had written many things—stories, Hollywood scenarios. But she came into her own when she dashed off a book on cooking ("cook book" is hardly the term for it) called *Serve It Forth*. The critics were astonished. Here, they said, was a book on cooking that was easy—nay, pleasant—to read. They said that a new figure had come out of nowhere to write deliciously and audaciously about that prosaic topic, food. Actually, she had just come out of France, hounded out of expatriatism by Hitler.

She wrote *Consider the Oyster* and *How to Cook a Wolf*. Their sales have been decidedly un-cook-bookish. They have sold—a pun is intended—like hot cakes. They have something to say and it is said in a style that is warm and humorous, not the least bit coy and brittle in the manner of the sophisticated ladies who write on food for the more chic magazines as though they wore their Daché hats to the kitchen. It is more a man's style than a woman's, only slightly polite, and often as tough as a slice of cafeteria roast beef.

It is a fact that M.F.K. Fisher represents something new in American food writing. Thus far, our mentors have been the Prudence Pennys and the gourmet snobs. The former have always been with us; the latter have come into prominence in the last ten years, or since we were restored to Bacchus. Neither of these schools represents the great tradition, which is the French one. Of that tradition, M.F.K. Fisher is spiritual part and parcel.

The French, she says, have always written wonderful books on food because it has never occurred to them that food is anything but a sensuous delight. It is the one topic besides sex and politics on which every Frenchman considers himself an expert. Our own belief that a food writer must be a graduate of a Home Economics course is a great joke to the Gallic mind. The only true qualification is a love of eating. Thus, the greatest of all books on food, the wittiest, the wisest, was written by a country judge named Brillat-Savarin. And thus, cooking has always been a hobby or a science with all Frenchmen. It is said that the kings of France learned to cook for themselves because that was one sure way of keeping arsenic out of the soup. That, to a Frenchman, is a base canard. He tells you that the kings cooked simply because cooking is a French art and every Frenchman is an artist. Thus, the Duc de Richelieu himself invented mayonnaise. Thus, the great courtesans were all handy with an oven because they knew the one infallible way to the royal heart. And thus, great generals have invented sauces, and statesmen have given their names to salads and condiments they concocted in their spare time. And thus, they all wrote about food with as much gusto, as much fervor, as we write about baseball or murder.

Our own lack of a real food literature, or the fact that we are just starting one, is due, says Miss Fisher, to many things. For one thing, we have always had so much food that we have become incredibly finicky about it. The Chinaman eats rat because it is meat. The Mediterranean eats octopus because it is fish. The American intestine heaves at the notion of rat or octopus as food. But would such meat and fish

Continued on page 136

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YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW **WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**

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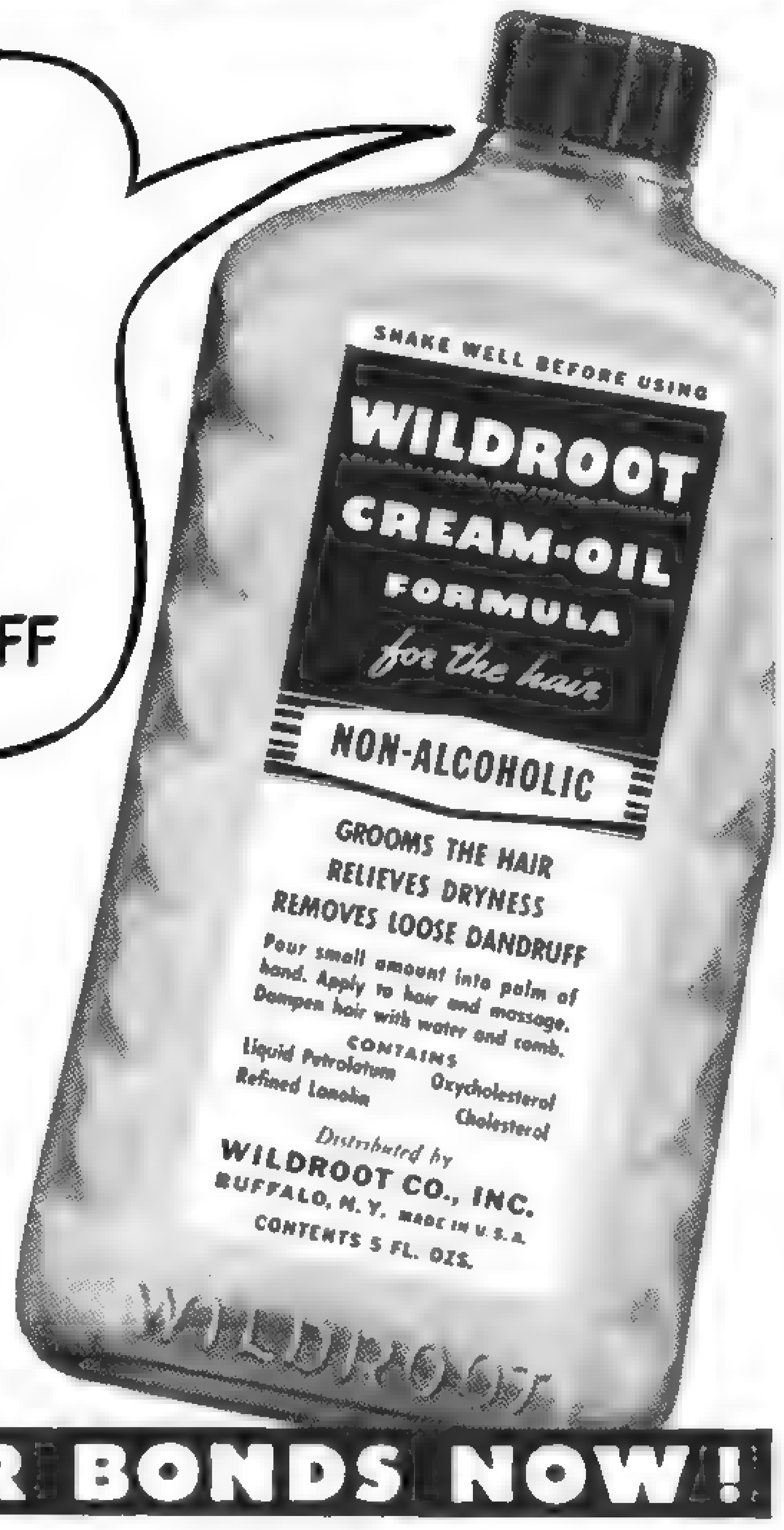

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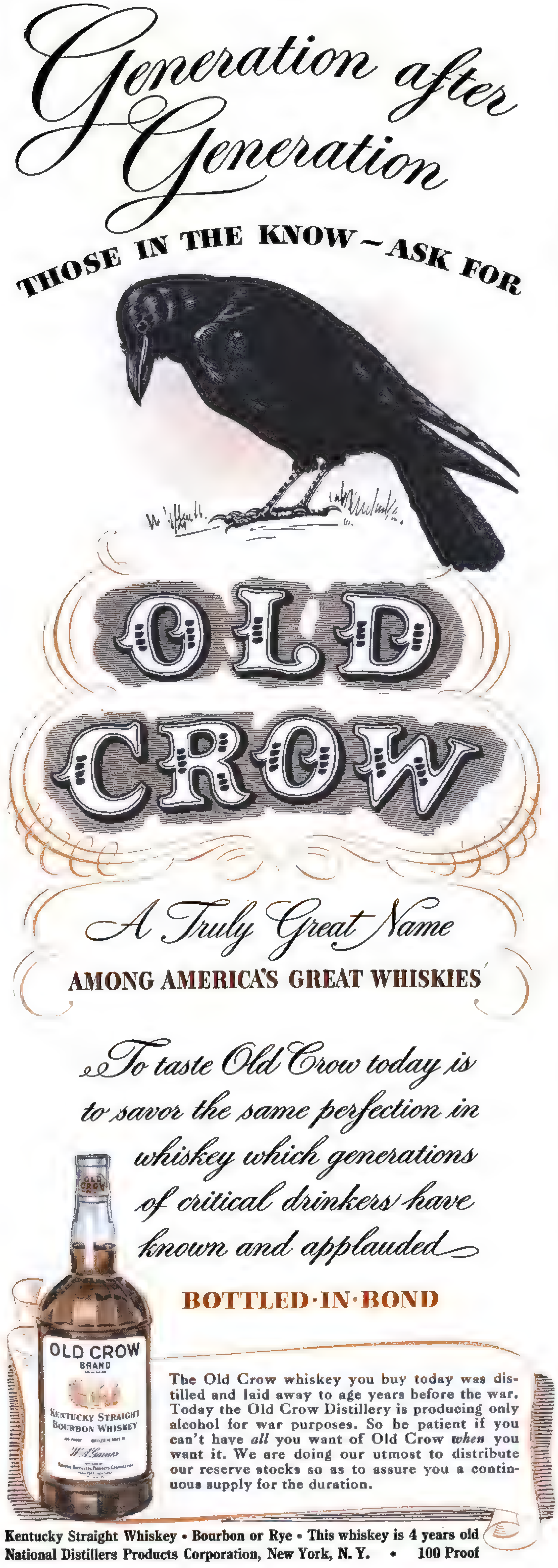

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The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

The Compleat Eater

Continued from pages 52-135

nauseate us if they were the only available meat and fish? Our food snobbery is a direct result of our loaded tables. In the Bay of Monterey there are eighty-seven different kinds of edible fish, but the local fishermen can sell only fourteen of these to the local customers. The fishermen eat the remaining seventy-three varieties and thrive on them.

This country is stocked with all the fruits and vegetables of the earth. Our oceans and inland seas give us hundreds of species of fish. And the result of this is that we are the most persnickety eaters in the world. There are foods we simply will not eat because we never have eaten them and because we have our choice of so many substitutes. The South eats hominy and grits which the North will not eat. The West is partial to certain comestibles which the East still views with alarm. And so we are divided in our national tastes by geographical suspicions, and regional cooking, and the specialties of each section. And each book on food and cooking bears the mark of these prejudices and suspicions. In our literature there has been no truly national appreciation of American food and American eating habits seen in one encompassing infinite variety. Miss Fisher marks the step in that direction. She does not write with a Southern accent or under a cold Northern light. She sees the great American stomach as a whole.

She is the new spirit coming in to enlighten us to the whole idea, and we are becoming enlightened. There was a time when all Americans thought that only the rich knew how to eat. That notion is dying. We are losing much of our squeamishness. The food councils and the rationing laws have taught us that there are lowly garden weeds which are as delicious as the sweet-smelling thyme, and that there is delight and nourishment in the cuts of beef and bone we used to throw away. We are learning about liquors. When Mr. Roosevelt brought repeal in with him, the gourmets managed to scare the wits out of a thirsty nation by insisting on a scrupulous observance of the rules—the so-called European rules. Now we are becoming skeptical of the belief that there is only one proper glass for each wine and only one proper wine for each course. We have learned, besides, that American wines can be every bit as good as the sanctified European product. We are relaxing.

And all this tends gradually towards a national consciousness about food, and eventually towards a lusty, living literature on the subject. The French know how to eat, therefore they know how to write about eating. We are beginning to learn how to eat. When our novelists become accomplished eaters they will become aware of those passages in Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, in which the food on the table becomes as romantic as the heroine's eyes and lips, and twice as digestible. Oh, we are beginning! Mr. Mencken's tales of the bottomless pits of the Baltimore eaters are quite wonderful. Mr. Hemingway once wrote a story about a boy on a camping trip who cooks himself a lunch of beans and spaghetti. That is the story and nothing more. It is one of the greatest stimulants ever addressed to the olfactory nerve. Read it and drool.

In the meantime, we have a few books written by nostalgic but elegant eaters; the columns in the newspapers and magazines; the by-laws of the Wine and Food Society; and the books of the like of M.F.K. Fisher. The columnists are obsessed by the importance of routine and regimentation and the gourmets are too orthodox to have any influence on the majority of us. We gradually move to a middle way and Miss Fisher is one of our standard bearers.

And one other thing. Nowhere in her works can I find a suggestion of the doctrine that seems to inspire so many writers on food—the doctrine which holds that correct crockery and flawless table manners are necessary to the enjoyment of food. I am no authority on the matter but I have always regarded that notion with dread. I find it used most extensively in the very high-class magazines devoted to the ultimate in what is known as "domestic culture." My cultured friends tell me that a meal eaten off a Sévres plate in the company of exquisitely mannered people tastes better than the way I eat a meal. I am disposed to doubt it. I hope Miss Fisher is on my side. I once knew an old lady who, over a period of fifty years, cooked approximately 50,000 meals for her husband. In each of those meals the main course was always placed on a large platter and husband and wife would proceed to eat out of it. The sight of the two of them collectively demolishing a stew used to offend many people who saw it. That was because those people had been brought up properly—or because they did not watch closely. If they had, their hearts might have broken. If they had watched closely they would have seen the old lady tenderly pushing the choicest morsels over to her husband's side of the plate. And the old man, looking clumsily indifferent but actually employing a highly cultivated technique, contriving to push them right back.

If table manners, as Emily Post has said, are "made to avoid ugliness," those were the most beautiful table manners I ever saw. Perhaps Miss Fisher would agree, for her basic theme, as I get it, is the desirability of making your own set of rules, and the importance of fully appreciating the fact that one man's poison is quite frequently another man's meat. #

Skiing in Time of War

Continued from page 57

wonders during the past three summers with a terrain which looked forbidding at first. He and his crew of instructors blasted rocks, cut the gnarled timber for new trails, seeded grass on the meadows and virtually paved passages, fitting stone to stone with their hands. The result is that one can ski on these slopes and trails, even with the thinnest layer of snow.

North Conway is a logical place for you to keep in mind when mapping out your winter vacation plans; that is, if you are lucky enough to get away for a few days.

For real sport, tough and exciting, I recommend to you Stowe in Vermont. Stowe is one of the top places in America with unequalled possibilities for the trail runner. Of course, open slopes are scarce, which is somewhat of a handicap, particularly for the ski instructor and his students. That, however, could be remedied to an extent in better times.

Sepp Ruschp (now with the Army Air Corps) is an affable, popular host. He also has made a success of his ski school. A grove clear of trees and with varied pitches in the vicinity of the Toll House suffices to take good care of the novice skier.

Of the many trails, the Nose Dive seems to have acquired a national rating, although S-57 is really the one which will take it out of you and test your ability.

I was surprised to find how well organized the transportation was last winter. From the village itself and the widely scattered inns and guest houses it is quite a distance to the foot of the lift, but somehow there never was any trouble getting there or home again by bus. The Mt. Mansfield lift is the last word in a chairlift type. It rides smoothly, taking one 2,030 feet up the mountain in twelve minutes flat. By climbing half an hour or so, one can stretch the vertical descent to approximately 2,500 feet, which is a handsome long run.

Skiing in Canada appears to have been less affected by the war and has kept up its traditional pace fairly well. This may be due to the fact that the Laurentians, the center of skiing in Eastern Canada, are serviced by a trunk railroad out of Montreal, which deposits the skiers practically at the foot of the innumerable runs and open slopes to the left and right of the winding track. Besides, a more liberal allowance of 120 gallons of gasoline per car, which can be used up at any time during the year, still permits an occasional week-end skiing jaunt by automobile. Furthermore, the Canadian Government has shown a very encouraging attitude towards outdoor recreation, particularly skiing.

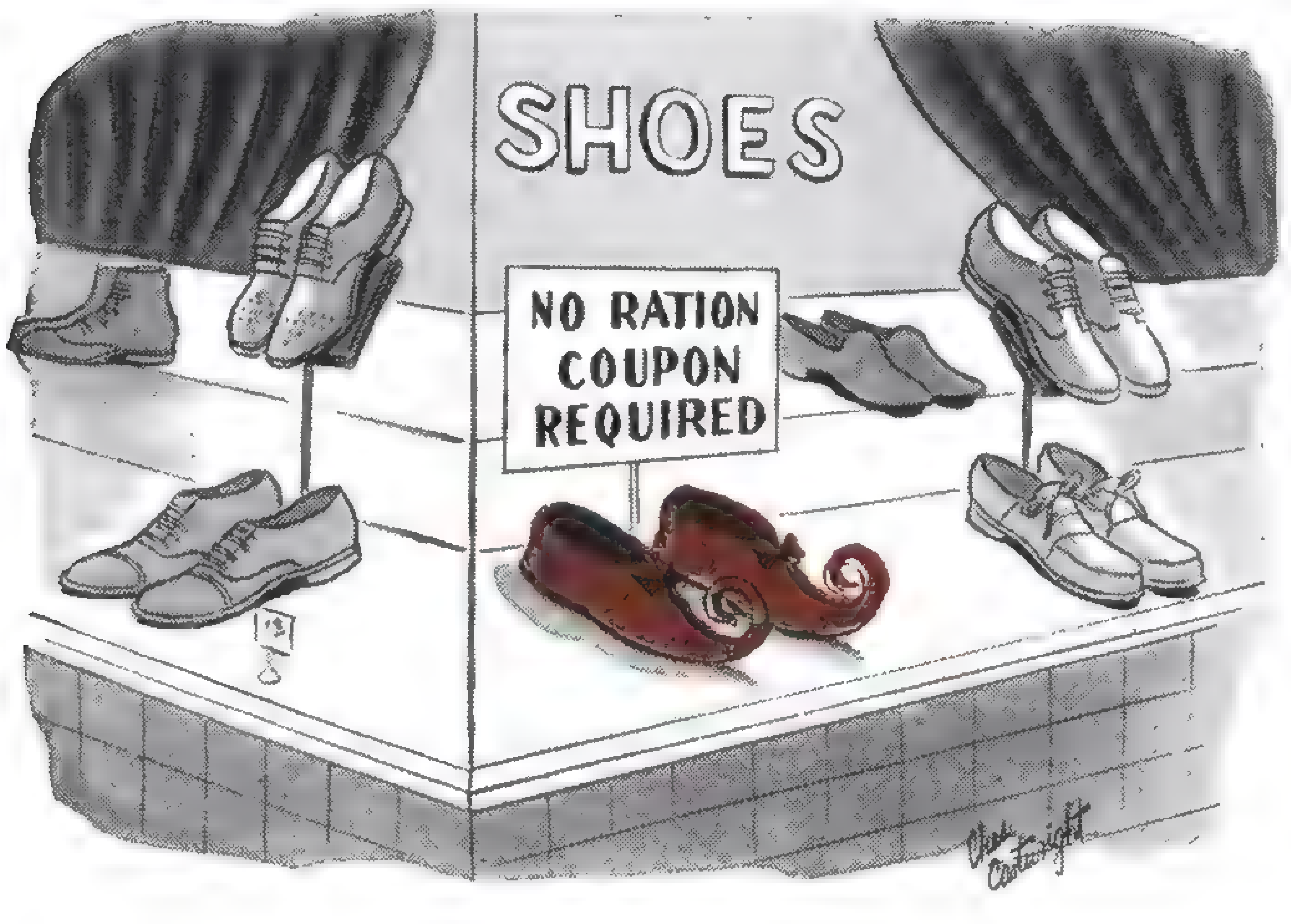
The Laurentians are a friendly stretch of land with a quaint continental charm. There are at least a dozen places worth a visit, with cozy country inns offering some of the choicest dishes from famed French cuisine. The population has preserved many of its old customs and also retained the French idiom.

Mt. Tremblant with its splendid facilities is, next to Sun Valley, the best-equipped all-around winter sports resort in North America. Like Sun Valley, it is also a complete little village in itself, a church included, patterned to blend with the architecture of the surrounding peasant hamlets. Joe Ryan, proprietor and manager of Mt. Tremblant, has put much thought and a good deal of coin into the realization of his pet project, after traveling far and wide across the United States in search of a suitable spot.

The trails are well laid out, roomy and hand-groomed. To be more explicit, they are footpacked by the "Ryan Snowshoe Brigade." At least they were, once upon a time. Needless to say, there is a chairlift plus a T-bar job in the upper region, transporting the skier effortlessly to the crest of Mt. Tremblant.

Hans Falkner, one of the rescuers and first man to shake hands with Professor Piccard when the

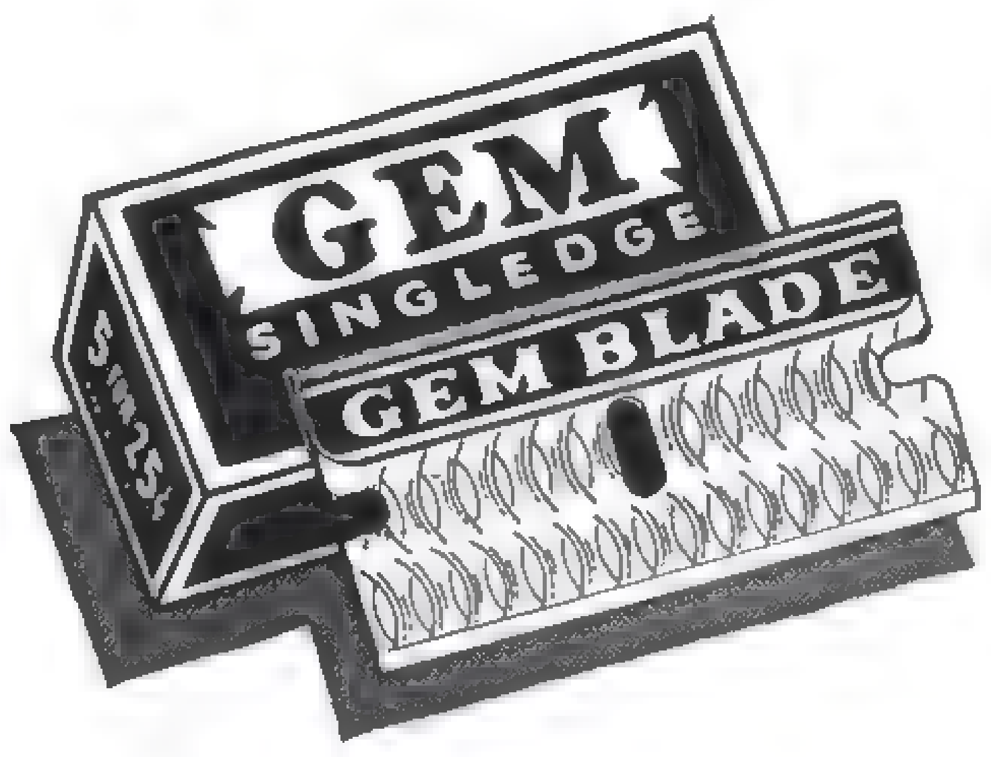
Continued on page 138



PRESIDENT
Peter Arno

"But I don't want to go home since you got rid of that '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

"By golly, I didn't know what life could be 'til I found out about Gem Blades!"



And while we're discussing blades, may we remind you that steel is a critical material?

You can help the war effort by getting every possible shave out of each and every blade. Dry and clean your blade carefully after each shave. Protect its edge. Make it last longer. Extra shaves mean fewer blades!

AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH

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RAZORS and BLADES

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Here at last, was the rum we had been searching for: a "mountain rum" of rare excellence!
Ron MERITO
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Skiing in Time of War

Continued from pages 57-137

explorer was stranded after his epochal flight with his stratosphere gondola, has been intimately associated with Canadian skiing in general. He is in charge of the ski school at Tremblant, while his boyhood friend, Herman Gadner, holds forth at the nearby Greyrock Inn. Both these gentlemen hail from Ober Gurgl, a remote mountain village in the Tyrol, where the glaciers rub noses with the front doors of the houses. Hans and Herman are fine teachers and delightful company.

Tremblant Lodge is a favorite meeting place for the pilots of the R.A.F. and the Ferry Command. They appreciate a brief rest between their transatlantic hops and it is somewhat of a surprise when they mention with the most casual air over a friendly drink that only twenty-four hours ago they took off from a misty airport somewhere in England.

Pointing our sights towards the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, skiing seems to have reached a point of stagnancy. Except for Alta Lodge in Utah, which is operating on a full scale and where some superb skiing can be found, there is not much to be reported. As I mentioned before, Sun Valley is closed to the public and so is the Sugar Bowl in California.

Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker and Mt. Hood, the once flourishing winter playgrounds of the Pacific Northwest, are entirely dependent upon automobile transportation. Gasoline allotments are insufficient warrant for any of these resorts to operate their facilities and keep the roads cleared. Mt. Rainier, however, has been extensively used by the mountain troops for training purposes.

Only about sixty miles from Los Angeles there is Mt. Waterman. From what I hear it is a good place for the week-end skier, particularly since the installation of a first-rate chairlift. Mt. Waterman had a substantial play last winter, mainly due to the patronage of the Lockheed and Douglas Aircraft Ski Clubs, two of the largest and most active ski clubs in this country.

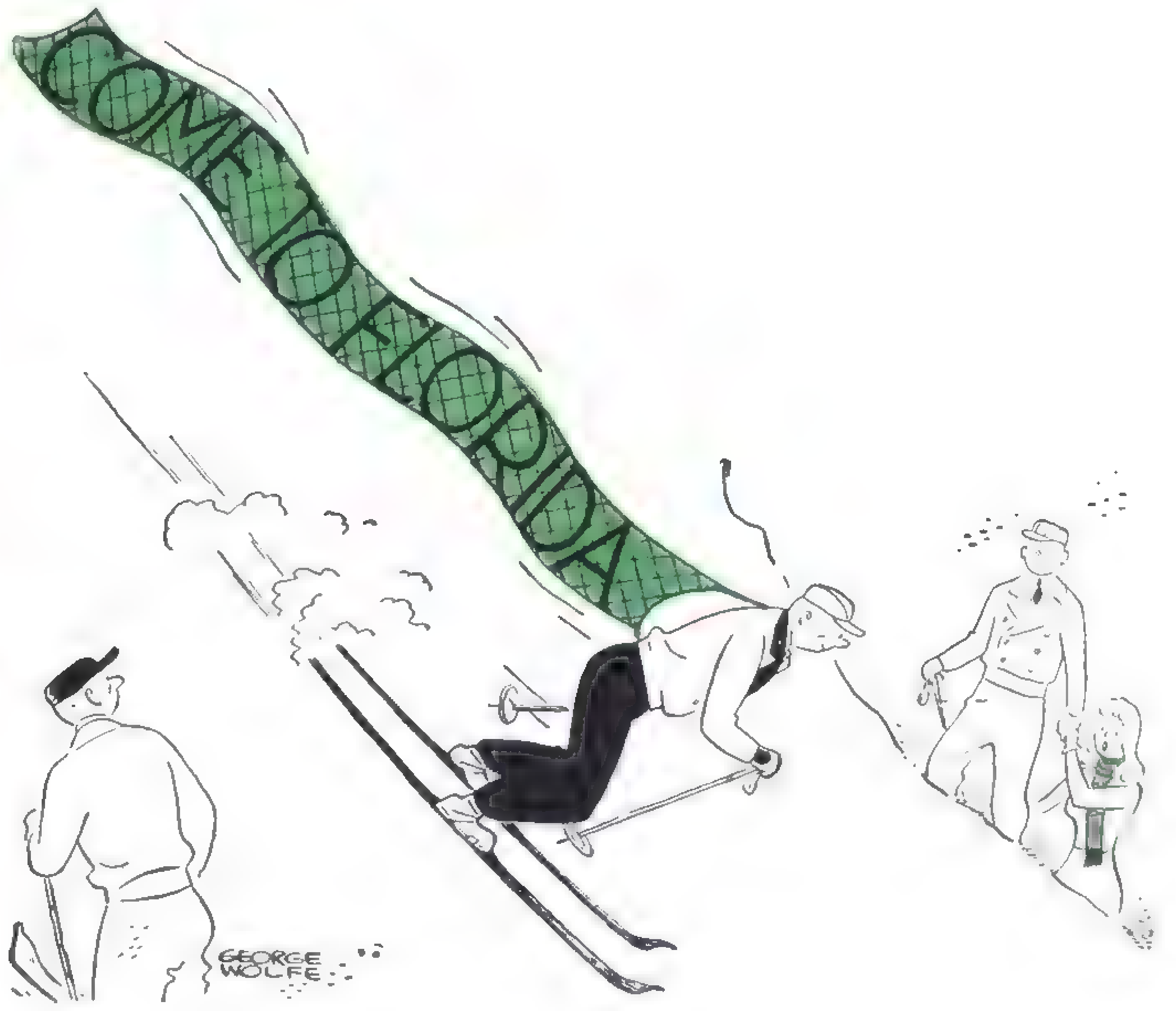
Ski instruction can still be had in most of the Eastern resorts, although the ranks of the teaching staffs have been heavily depleted of their ace instructors. In fact, the only ski school last winter which functioned with a semblance of pre-war standards was Hannes Schneider's at North Conway. He, too, has lost some of his best men since then, including Toni Matt, and his own son, Herbert.

The majority of our better and more expert skiers are where they would fit best, in the mountain troops. Others have chosen the air corps, for flying and skiing seem to go well together.

In regard to ski equipment a scarcity of certain goods has been sharply felt. Replacements of low running stocks have been slow and the production of certain items, such as metal poles, bindings and even skis for civilian use, has been drastically cut or completely halted. There are, however, sufficient stocks left over in most of the sporting goods stores to take care in some way of the skiers' needs for a while to come.

If the general situation does not radically change (as it may overnight) there is hope for the American skier to get an occasional chance at his favorite sport. I don't think that any hard working man, woman or soldier on furlough will be begrudged a well-earned vacation as long as it does not interfere with the national war effort.

For our growing youngsters there is no better place I know of to spend their hours of leisure than the snow covered hills and frozen ponds of the American winter landscape. ‡‡

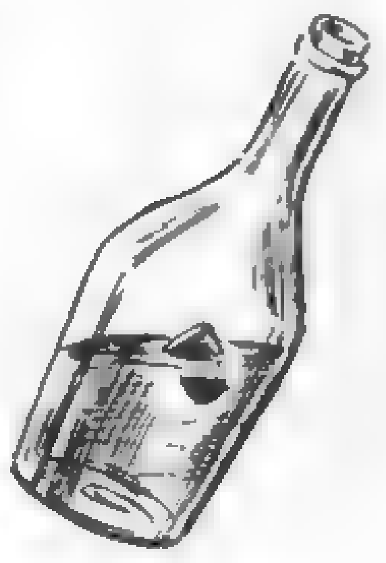


Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can hold a hard-boiled egg, just taken out of boiling water and rinsed in cold water only a few seconds, longer than your friend. And to give him a break, you offer to hold it first, so that by the time he gets it the egg will have cooled off a bit.

the payoff: Hold the egg as long as you can and then hand it to your friend. The advantage is really yours—the outside of the egg will remain cool a few seconds after being rinsed, but by the time you hand it to him, the inside heat will have made the egg too hot to handle.



the wager: That you can remove the liquid from a bottle while the cork is still in it without damaging the cork or breaking the bottle.

the payoff: Push the cork into the bottle and you will be able to pour out the liquid while the cork is literally "still in the bottle."

High Climber in a Hurry

Continued from page 75

be on the job. And working.

"He said he would smoke me out sometime! By God, maybe he meant it—this way!" Jack thought. "Oh, hell, what a silly idea. I'm going nuts, I guess."

But Haskins was making a hard, fast play for Fay. She was something to tempt such a man, a bronze blonde with violet eyes fringed by dark lashes and brows, teeth that her dimpled smiles showed as white and even as rows of evergreen corn on the cob, framed by lips that ought to taste like wild strawberries.

He knew now why animosity had flared up so quickly between him and Haskins. Jealousy. Sure he was jealous and admitted it. He could taste salt in his mouth along with smoke.

He pushed his sharp saw fiercely back and forth, dug his spurs in the thick bark, leaning back on his pass-line that circled the trunk just below the cut, a sweating, ant-like figure suspended in a smoky void at the height of a fifteen story building with fire billowing and blowing up beneath him in its own draft.

What was that old story he had heard as a kid that had impressed him so much? About the mason, building a tall, brick stack, as high as this spar, and just finishing when his rope slipped through the pulley, leaving him stranded on top. And how a crowd gathered and stared and shouted useless advice, and nobody could figure out how he could get down until his wife came and called up to him:

"*John! Unravel your stocking, John! Begin at the toe!*"

She had knitted those socks and knew where to start unraveling, and that the yarn was strong enough to pull up a cord, then a rope, and John got safely down.

But how in hell was Jack Rennie going to get down from this pillar? If he only had a 'chute on him now instead of the radio!

A last, lunging stroke and the top began to tremble. He jerked his saw out, let it dangle, his eyes blinded with biting tears. He hardly saw the top swing over in a ponderous arc, but heard it swish through the air, then the butt ripped loose from the last tough fiber and it went smashing down through the limbs of the nearer trees. It did clear the air some. Then the spar recoiled, swung back and forth and Jack felt sick for the first time in his life, having eaten too much smoke.

When the top struck the ground it smashed the fire down—but up came a fresh billow of black smoke, full of ashes and sparks. He dashed more water on his dried-out kerchief, swallowed a last mouthful of the warm fluid and held his breath, fearful that those sparks would catch in the rustling, dry leafage around him. But they didn't, yet.

Jack was now chin level with the bare, reddish top of a one hundred foot spar, clean from top to bottom. He had taken the roof off a hole in the woods and the smoke did seem to thin a bit, but the danger now was a jump, a blowup of flames. It was still a ground fire, a creeper, save for that roaring pile at the base of the spar. He could feel the heat of it even at this height, and there was not a whisper of wind save that hot blast rising.

Well, he was all through now, no more work he could do. His arms ached from rapid sawing, his legs shook a bit. He wondered why

Continued on page 140

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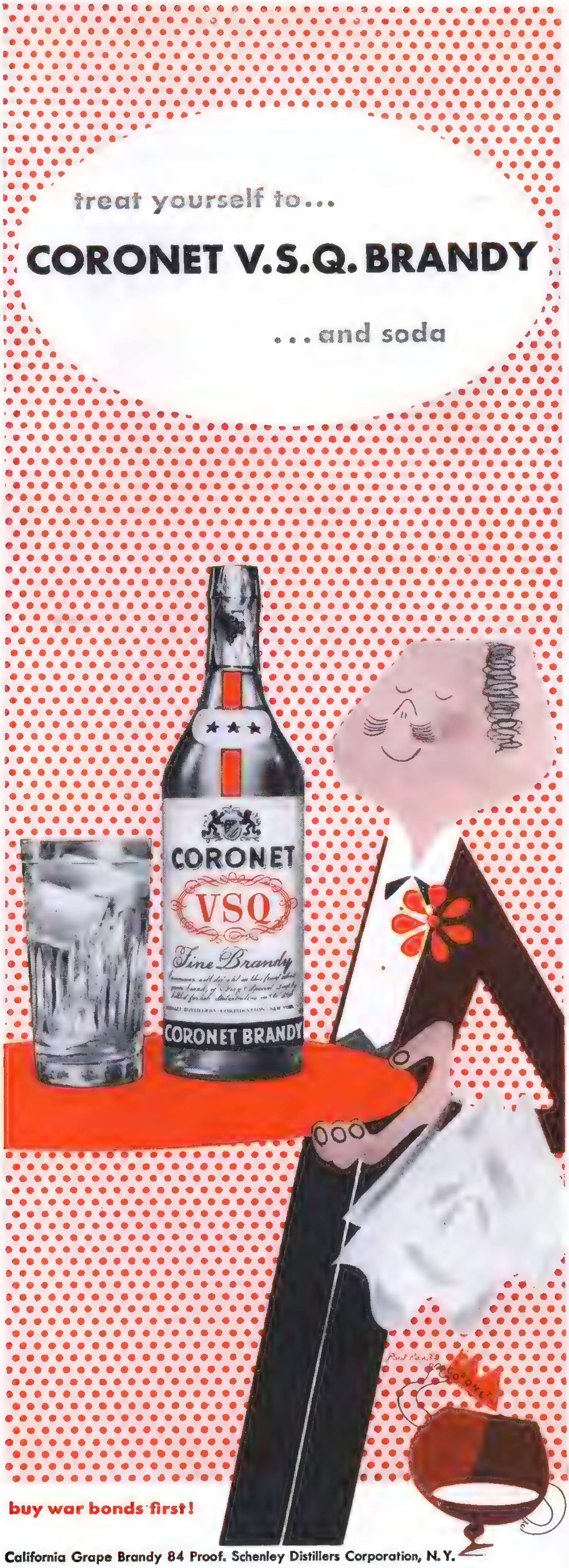

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High Climber in a Hurry

Continued from pages 75-139

Fay was no longer talking to him. He discovered he had his radio on "send" instead of "receive." When he threw the switch over, her voice came in, rapid, with a desperate note in it:

"Jack, Jack Rennie! Come in, Jack! I'm trying to get the plane but haven't been able to reach—Jack! Haskins started that brush fire—*then* came up and asked me for a permit! Jack, I had to pull a gun on him to drive him away—and he's going to quit the country, the beast! He doesn't dare go back to the woods. Get rid of your tools, Jack, and stand up. If I can get—"

Her voice broke off abruptly, and he discovered the reason. His radio had gone dead. Out.

"She was trying to get headquarters—to send a Ranger plane," he croaked, aloud. "My God, is she crazy? How can a plane pick me off or how could I jump it?"

The Service planes were unable to throttle down to less than forty miles an hour without stalling. Maybe a good pilot could manage to glide a bit slower, risk stalling. Maybe he'd trail a rope, maybe even a ladder or a net. He thought of the mail pickup rig, with a plane dangling a hook to catch a stretched rope with the mail sack on it, and yank it up.

He had his pass-line. He began to get ready for anything. He dropped his axe, his saw, his pliers, canteen, heavy belt, and after a last, desperate effort to get sound out of his walkie-talkie, he dropped that, too, and now he felt more alone and out of the world than ever. He waited a little while then, wondering what the next move would be.

And then he clearly heard a plane. He heard it in the distance at first and strained to catch a glimpse of it but it was too far away. He wondered what plane it was and when it would get to him and what his chances were of making it safely. The sound of the plane receded and then became stronger. It was circling now, in an ever-narrowing area.

He could not see more than a few feet in any direction, save up. He could see and feel the burning sun that beat down from the noon sky, adding to his misery. He was sitting on the broad top of the spar, knotting his pass-line about his thighs, making ready to hold the bight of it high above his head with arms outstretched, so the pilot could hook it—if he had a hook. Fay had spoken of the pass-line. Well, if no hook, he would have to make a wild grab and a leap—and make it or miss it with a nose dive to eternity. Yeah, even if he jumped into the branches of a tree he would slither down into Purgatory. He couldn't hang on much longer, anyway. The fire was still a ground one but any moment now there might be a blowup of flames, and then it would be too late. The smoke was becoming denser. He wondered how much longer he would have to wait.

"St. Simeon Stylites," he muttered, with a grim flash of humor, "had nothing on me. No, sir, not even a plane. Where is it?"

The buzzing of the ship sounded odd to him. It was coming in very, very slowly, circling, high up. He caught a momentary glimpse of a moving object in the yellowish smoke that curled and swirled into an unearthly mushroom above him. He stood up. He took off his spurs and dropped them, felt his legs tremble as the straps were loosened. He stood like a signalman, arms high, head back, staring tearfully into the soiled sky, watching for the plane to make the swoop, gritting his teeth. It would have to come down pretty fast, to zoom up again out of that unholy smoke hole.

"Well," he muttered, "she tried—she got it—only thing she could do—must be she—*For God's sake, what kind of a bird—?*"

And suddenly he knew. It was a sort of a bird. A humming bird. It was the professor with his new, improved helicopter thing! It could fly not only straight up, but it could hover and settle slowly, and stay still, like a humming bird. Even now he recalled the magazine articles which featured helicopter rescues.

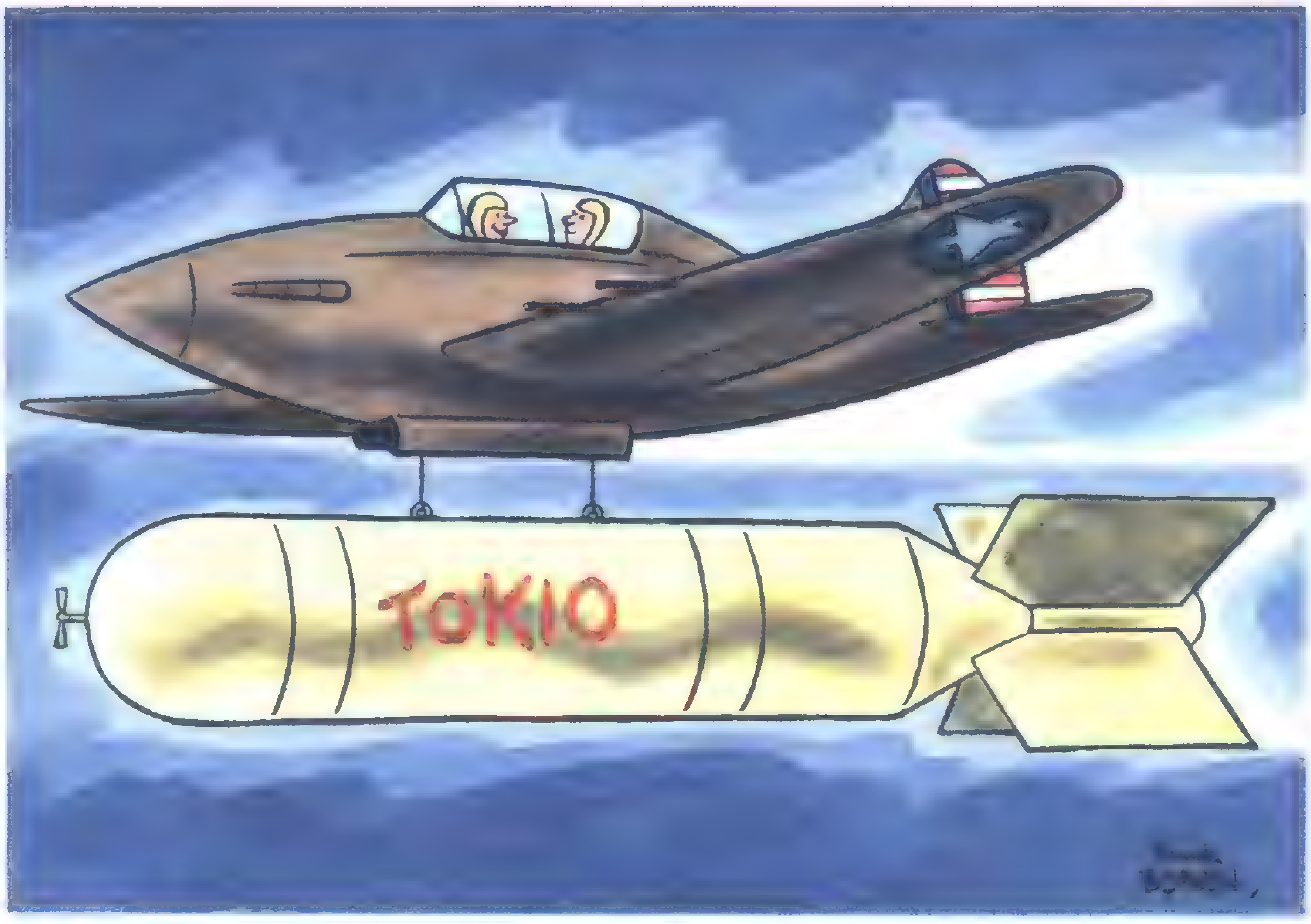
A nice rope ladder dangled in Jack's face and he was a good high climber.

The smoky hole exploded into a crown fire as the helicopter rose straight up in a hurry and sailed away, fanning smoke with its whirling propeller, up and up into nice clean, fresh air. Just as easy as that!

And the professor landed his passenger on the barren top of Mt. Emily because Fay had asked him to, and there Jack Rennie learned that she was not all science by a long shot, and that her lips did taste like wild strawberries. ⫲

WINTER MOBILE UNITS ➧

The horse and sleigh, the slower gasoline conserving mobile unit for civilians, gives the line of U. S. Army trucks a wide berth as they rumble down the snow covered road. The civilian standing by the sleigh wears a processed cotton coat with deep pile fabric lining, a combination that satisfactorily has stood the test of good protection for our soldiers in Alaska. His cap with ear flaps is made of the same fabrics. The smoke blower in the sleigh wears the pile fabric lined cotton coat with an attached hood.



"We had a little trouble taking off"

New England Goes Candlepin Crazy

Yankee keglers scorn the fat bottlepins, preferring a faster, more difficult game

by WORTHEN C. CORNISH

NEW ENGLAND'S game, Candlepins, may be coming at you wherever you roll at that over-fat timber, the bottlepins. It may be coming home with the servicemen.

This thin-pin business of knocking down maple sticks that are slender has several differences that the six Northeastern states will tell you make for more fun and require more skill. But the principal difference is that something labeled: monotony.

First rate fat-pin rolling by top bowlers, New England thinks, is a constant procession of strikes, the same old story, requiring rhythm of movement by the bowler and accuracy, to be sure, but withal, monotonous as burlesque jokes. But in Candlepins—ah! The strike is a rarity—four to ten in a ten-string match between champions—and the target pattern is forever changing.

The Candlepin is 15½ inches tall and bellies out only slightly from a 2-inch base to a 2 13/16-inch center. It jumps more when it is hit than the bottlepin, and consequently, unless a split hit is nearly perfect, may spray out between other pins and into gutters and pits without touching them. The sweep, as of a broom, of bottlepins is missing, and the game becomes more of a dead-eye business.

The ball is small in comparison, too—not to exceed 4½ inches in diameter or two pounds ten ounces in weight—and presents the proposition of hitting a small target with a small ball instead of pitching a huge ball at a huge target.

Because Candlepins admittedly hasn't been as well organized, its records are vague in spots, although a perhaps mythical character is supposed to have hit 202 in Massachusetts. This was not rolled in tournament competition, so the actual record under such conditions is perhaps 184, accepted by the New England Bowling Association and credited to John Wentzell of Cambridge, Mass. For three strings, the usual bowling unit for men on teams, the late Harry Cole of Boston, who died this year, is generally recognized, at 435, except that H. Burpee of Eastport, Maine, who clicked 421 in a tournament against Canadian teams, had a record certified where Cole neglected such a maneuver.

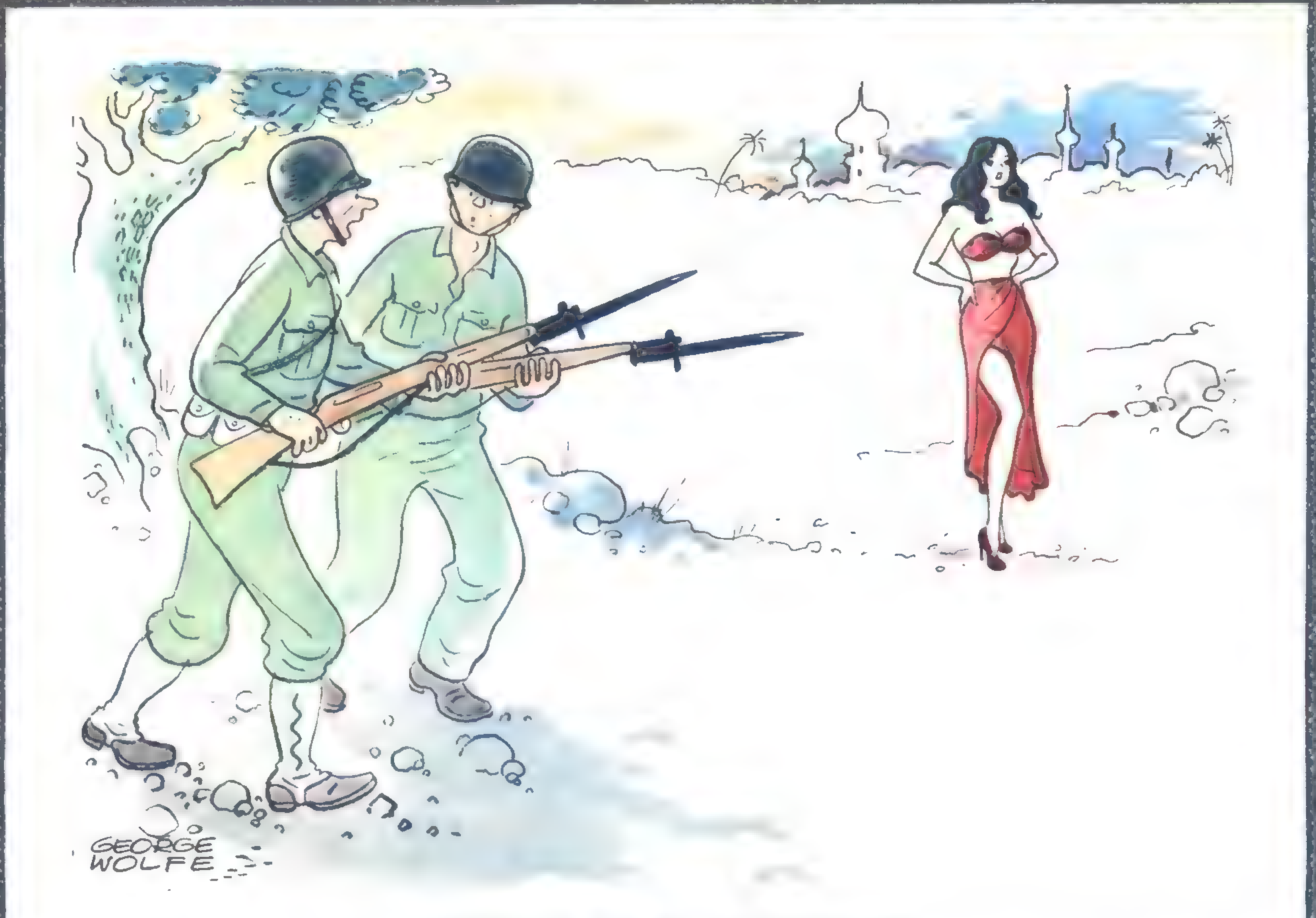
Many bowlers have crossed the 1,200 mark for ten strings, considered amazing in Candlepin circles, and "Peerless Paul" Poehler's 2,399 for twenty strings is doubly sensational. Poehler, long New England champion, is looked upon as the greatest Candlepin roller ever, although Ralph Pearson of Portland, who held the title for some time, ranked close to him.

With no finger-holes in the ball, Candlepin bowlers can adopt various styles. The most common is the slight curve ball that hooks into the one-two slot as it approaches the pins, yet a virtually straight ball is used by many speed bowlers. Pearson gained most of his Candlepin fame by using a ball few can throw, a ball that seemed to start in an outcurve and then, a few feet from the pins, reversed itself and "hit the slot" in inshoot fashion, as a baseball thrown by a pitcher. Pearson, lacking Poehler's finesse at single-pin picking, made up much ground with this "crash ball" that gave him high totals on opening hits and many spares—accomplished with two balls in Candlepins.

Some bowlers favor the straight or curved ball that crosses in front of the set-up of ten pins and hits between the one and three pins instead of the one and two maples, but the one-two hit is still the most sought.

Unlike bottlepins, an added help—and sometimes added hazard—is allowed in Candlepins. If the pins, tipped over, do not roll from the plate where the other pins are standing, but stay on the alley or roll against these upright pins, a player may shoot at this toppled "deadwood" and attempt to clean up a spare or, if a third ball, extra pins. This deadwood is usually helpful but, on occasions, swings into positions where a two-inch end, facing the bowler, must be hit at a certain spot to be thrown against the pins still standing.

However, slow-ball bowling can be too slow. One New Englander in a newspaper tournament, who barely dropped the ball and then squirmed in excitement all the time it was snail-pacing down the alley, knocked down nine pins with his first ball, all but the head pin. He threw his second ball just as slowly and directly at the remaining pin. He even grinned complacently. And then, the ball, going so slowly, nudged the pin, went under it and turned it completely over to stand it on its other end. He lost a spare! #



"Careful—it may be a booby-trap!"

African Opera—on Two Stages

The elephants of Gangara-na-Bodio have their opinion of the cinema

by **COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI**

Our caravan of ten cars and trucks had been rolling across Belgian Congo on the Royal Route which connects the French Equatorial Possessions with Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. We had turned off to make moving picture scenes.

In the open ground a herd of about forty elephants was grazing fearlessly. As we stopped I noted that the older animals lifted their ears and trumpeted a warning note. They were not frightened or menacing; they were watchful. At this moment one of our men ran from the movie truck in the rear. He was shouting something. I heard the words "... the cameras!"

All the elephants' ears had been up as they watched us. Now, squealing warnings to the young ones, they wheeled and disappeared into the jungle.

We had arrived at Gangara-na-Bodio, the elephant Hollywood. There has long been a legend that, unlike Indian elephants, the African elephant is untamable. At Gangara-na-Bodio this has been disproved. True, it is the only place in the world in which the African elephant has been trained to obey and work for man. The demands of the moving picture industry brought about this educational discovery. Wild Africa films required actors who could learn their lines and be rehearsed in their scenes and play them intelligently.

You who read these lines would recognize these elephants as we soon did. You should know them as individuals for you have met them in nearly every African film shown on an American screen in the past twenty years. In almost every case we have seen them presented as wild, terrible monsters, charging, killing and destroying. This is not the fault of these quiet, kind, intelligent, peace-loving creatures. But they are actors now. The caravan had driven up beside the elephant Rialto. At the shout of "Camera" they had rushed out of sight. CAMERA was to them the most loathed of the human cries. It meant uproar, gunfire, batteries of electric lights aimed at them, senseless interruption of their calm life. Yes, they were temperamental but on the stage they throw themselves into their parts.

On the scene-settings around Gangara-na-Bodio we learned to know the gigantic artists well, both the extras for mob scenes and the stars. Claude, the big bull "heavy," had dreamy memories of his role when he carried the "white queen" in a leopard skin and a blonde wig in "Trader Horn." Claude was a trouper and, it must be confessed, a ham. Maria was the ingenue. Josephine, an elderly character actress, had strong opinions of the drama. She had refused to step on a stuffed figure in an execution scene, considering the part unworthy. Once, when a camera man was in a pit for a low down shot that she didn't like, she lifted him out, camera and all.

When our scenes in Gangara-na-Bodio had been filmed, we moved on to location at Kuku in the Ababua country, where there wasn't a trained actor to be found. African natives are insulted at any comparison between them and monkeys but the Ababua are proud to proclaim that they were apes before birth and will be apes again when they die. After knowing the Ababua I thought there might be truth in their theory.

Our favorite "prop" was a lifelike dummy of an Arab slave trader in costume—made to be hurled over a cliff. "Dominique," as we called him, was a favorite with us all. In a new camp the men would set him in a chair with an unlighted cigarette dangling from his lips. The Ababua sneaked into camp to beg. Dominique sat in immovable dignity and it was some time before they sidled up to beg from him. After that we didn't see an Ababua man, woman or child until we had worked on the chief many days.

An enterprising packer had prepared tinned corned beef for the African trade. The packer put a pictured head of an African on the package. The Ababua had been intelligent enough to observe that the white man usually puts on the can a picture of what is inside. At sight of the cans they fled again. They thought we were a travelling cannery and wanted them for raw material.

Lured back again by reassurances and presents, Ababua actresses became enthusiastic. They dressed to steal the scene. One lady decked herself in a sign taken from some construction job: "Don't Touch Anything."

It is my observation that animals or human beings, once they learn to act in the movies, will do anything to hog the camera.

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 69

women skating champions do it, and after sternly going over the star list with several outstanding and realistic authorities on figure skating, it has been impossible to name one filly of the frozen spaces who exhibits the fishwife tendencies unfortunately sometimes in plain evidence among female sports contestants.

One must not jump to conclusions and assume that all is as sweet and serene and devoid of guile among the girl skaters as is the parade of Vassar's daisy chain gang. Referees and judges of figure skating competitions can recite examples of ways that are dark and vain in influencing decisions, and deplore in detail that bewitching maidens of the ice and their parents and friends are not without sin when there is a chance to see that the score card gets a long count in favor of the designing contestant.

But as a general thing, the skating maidens seem to be reconciled to such judgments as are made, being aware that judging of figure skating is a highly expert performance in which the judges themselves are virtually in competitive action to demonstrate frigid omniscience and impartiality. That position, so it is said, has not strictly been maintained in international competitions, but international sports competitions seldom are without squawks that the officials are disposed to give home talent a bit of an edge.

A novice championship figure skating competition, in which contestants infrequently are older than twelve and usually between their eighth and eleventh birthdays, displays ability so far beyond a comparable standard of proficiency in other sports that no other sport can match figure skating's juvenile showing. National junior championship competitors on the figure skating rinks are usually in the ten to sixteen age bracket, although numerous contestants in the top-ranking championship are considerably younger than sixteen.

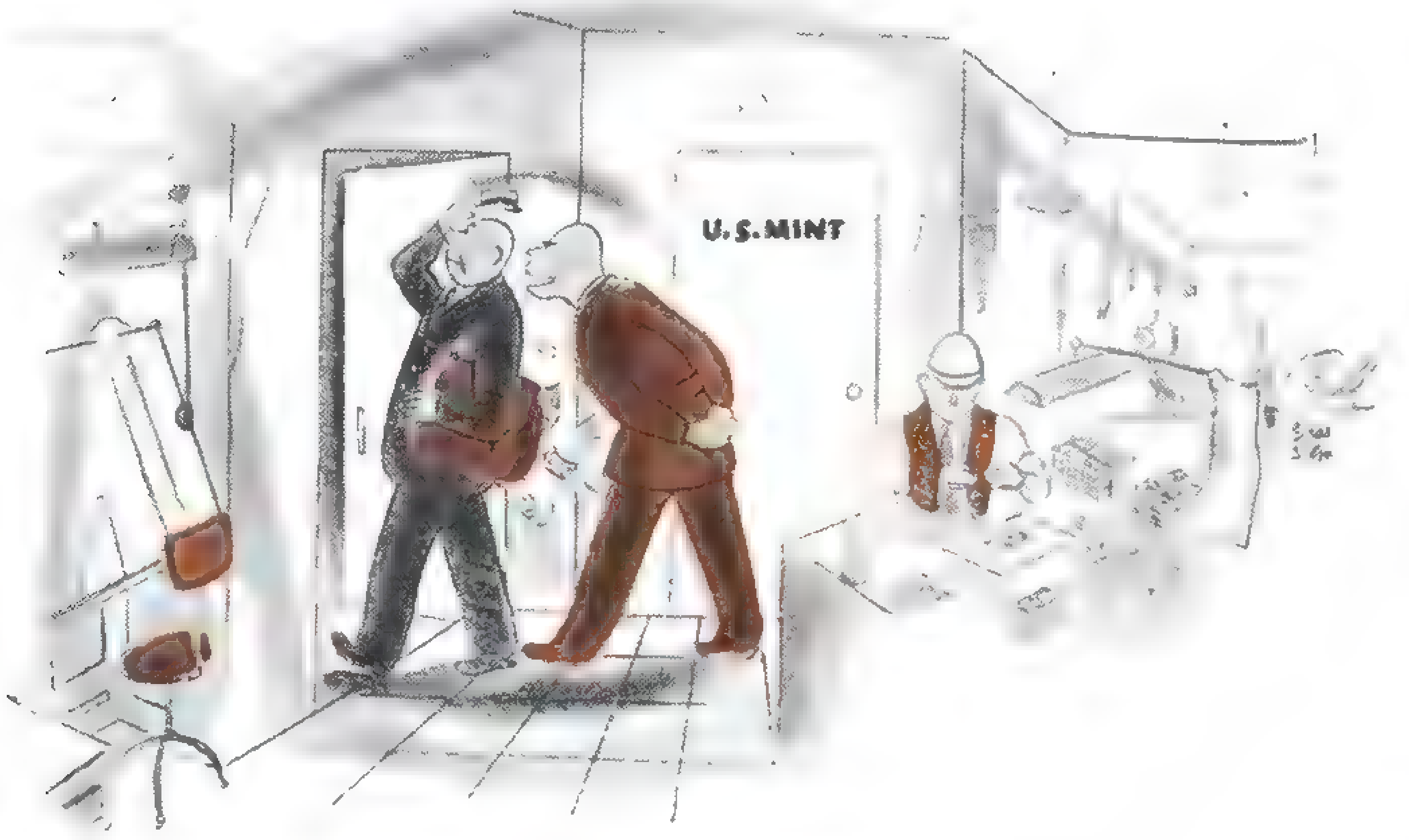
Robin H. Lee, now in the U. S. Navy, won the U. S. Junior figure skating championship in 1932, when he was twelve, and in 1939 won the U. S. Senior title for the fifth consecutive year. Lee, a St. Paul boy, and Bobby Specht, born in Superior, Wisconsin, are among the American male champions who began their figure skating when they were about six years old. Specht won the U. S. Junior championship in 1940 and the Senior title in 1942, while he still had years to go in his teens.

The boys worked hard at their sport, but not as earnestly as the typical girl of figure skating championship possibilities. The figure skating boy star as a rule is a fairly versatile athlete. The girl figure skating star who has another sport is rare. What it all proves is still to be decided. There's no certain way of determining the comparative abilities of male and female figure skaters. In pair skating, equality of ability is virtually a necessity. The majority of pair teammates are competent individual performers. Norah McCarthy and Ralph McCreath, winners of several Canadian and North American pair championships, are among the teammates who have won national single titles. They, too, are among the tots who graduated from almost the cradle class into the big time of figure skating competition.

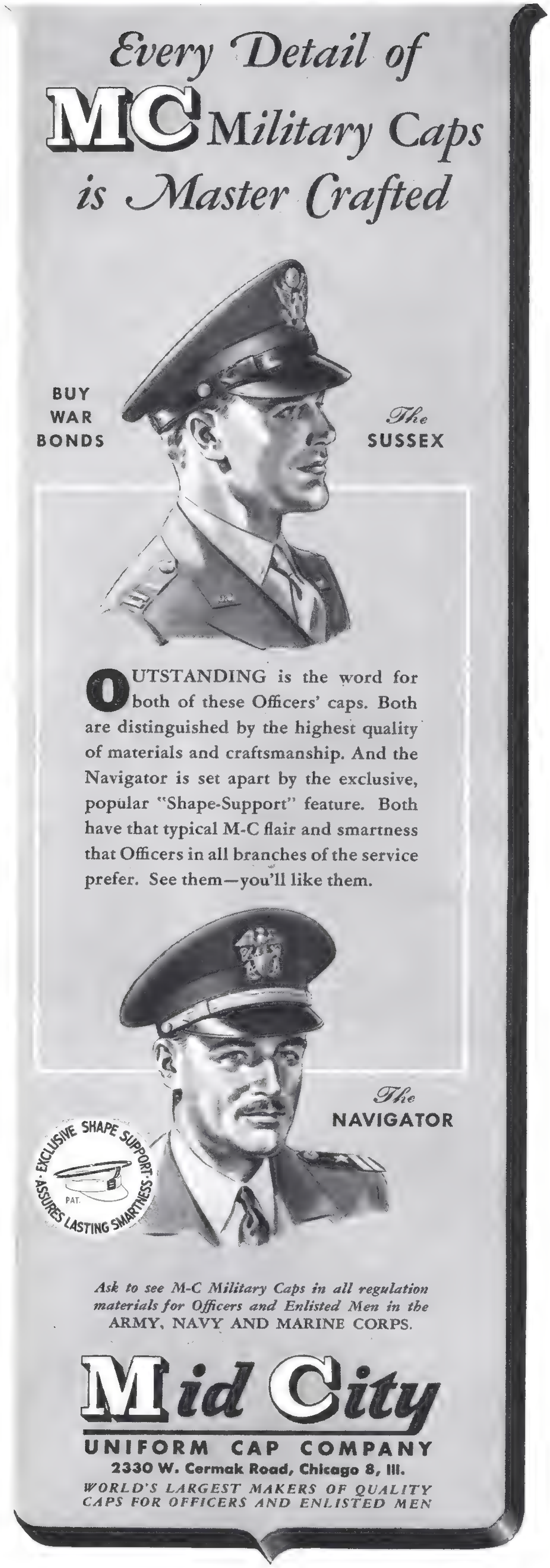
Well, does all that strenuous and rigid routine of training and practice and competition make the little girls of the ice old and worn untimely? Does it develop knotty muscles, and the lined faces of competitive effort?

Not that anybody has been able to notice. You'll never see a fresher or lovelier young matron than Jane Vaughn Sullivan, who retired as a champion to welcome the stork. Jane was U. S. champion in 1941 and '42. Her brother is on the championship rolls also. They began skating about the time they began going to school.

When you hear any male athlete complain about what his career demands of him, or any public moaning that a male star athlete has to devote too much time to becoming a star, think of the figure skating girls and what they have to do to perfect their skill. Then you'll be able to hold back the tears you might otherwise shed for some big, brawny, bellyaching male. ⧺



"Taking work home tonight, Joe?"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Adventures of the Intruder

Continued from page 71

and for several days after I went out to the plane and tried to get it fixed up. I got help from some peasant people and at the end of the seventh day I got off the ground and flew back to where my squadron was based. I walked in and looked for Frank and Beda. When they saw me they looked like two people seeing a ghost. They were sure I was dead, for they had seen me in that spin. In fact, they had drunk to my memory and my name had been scratched off the squadron flight record.

"After France fell six of us managed to lay hands on some fighter ships to escape to Algiers. The journey was long, and a man would make it only if he was lucky and his gas stretched a little bit."

It was a bright morning when Karel, Frank, Beda and three others set out in the six ships. One by one, three of the planes ran out of gas and dropped into the sea with the coast of North Africa plainly in sight. But Karel, Frank and Beda were still together.

The British fleet began bombing Oran, after the French ships refused to leave the harbor and join the British. The Czechs were stationed in Relizans, between Oran and Algiers. The commander of their squadron—a Frenchman—ordered them to go up to Oran and help fight the British. The boys refused, knowing they could be shot for insubordination. They were made prisoners of war and detained in a Relizans hotel.

The very best that could happen to them was that they would be shipped back to the Foreign Legion where they still had four years to serve.

Karel learned from one of his captors that the adjutant to the c.o. in Relizans was a lush. By means that must remain secret, the prisoners saw to it that the head bartender pulled all the stops when the adjutant lurched in. When he sobered, the adjutant may or may not have realized that he had signed papers authorizing the three boys to proceed to Casablanca.

In Casablanca the trio went to the British Embassy and told parts of their story. The British were impressed and thought they would make good men for the Royal Air Force. So they were shipped out on a British destroyer bound for England. They were torpedoed on the way, but they made it just the same, landing in England in August of 1940.

Three days later they were in the R.A.F and within a month of their arrival the Battle of Britain began. Frank was assigned to a squadron in the Midlands while Beda and Karel were stationed in Bristol. "We were unlucky—all three of us," Karel explains. "Nothing much happened in Bristol or where Frank was. Ah, but the fliers around London were the lucky ones. So *much* happened!"

It was in September, after the Battle of Britain, that the three were together again. They were assigned to the R.A.F.'s famous Number One Fighter Squadron, stationed near London. This was the first squadron to begin offensive sweeps over France. During the winter of 1940 and the early spring of 1941 Karel, Frank and Beda escorted bombers over the Strait of Dover where the R.A.F. powdered shipping and installations. "The three of us got in all sorts of fights on this work," Karel says. "We fought at thirty thousand feet and we fought at five thousand feet. Frank and Beda and I knocked down Messerschmitts and Dorniers and Heinkels. One day Beda and I got three Heinkels each, right over Dover. We were using Hurricanes at that time, in the early spring of 1941, and they were beautiful ships to handle. They could do everything except thumb their noses at the Germans. I do not know how many ships I got. Some were witnessed and some were not. But we all got quite a few."

It was on the bright moonlight night of May 10, 1941, when the Jerries were lighting up London with their bombs that the three Czechs, who had never been up at night before, pleaded with their commanding officer to be allowed to go up. The sky was filled with German bombers and on the streets of London Town it seemed as though the world were coming to an end. It was so light on the outskirts that the birds began to sing. "We have flown in daylight when it wasn't nearly so bright," Karel explained to the c.o. That remark—and the fact that fighters were needed—did the trick.

And so the famous Number One Fighter Squadron took to the sky for the first time after nightfall. The boys made three trips up and three trips down before they were through. Number One alone accounted for ten bombers that night—a squadron record that still stands. Strangely enough, Karel Kuttelwascher didn't get a single bomber that night. "A funny thing," he'll tell you. "I was on the tail of this ship that looked like a Heinkel. It wasn't quite close enough for me to start pressing the buttons. I had only a few yards to close in on him. Then my luck broke. Some of our own antiaircraft fire got him and he blew

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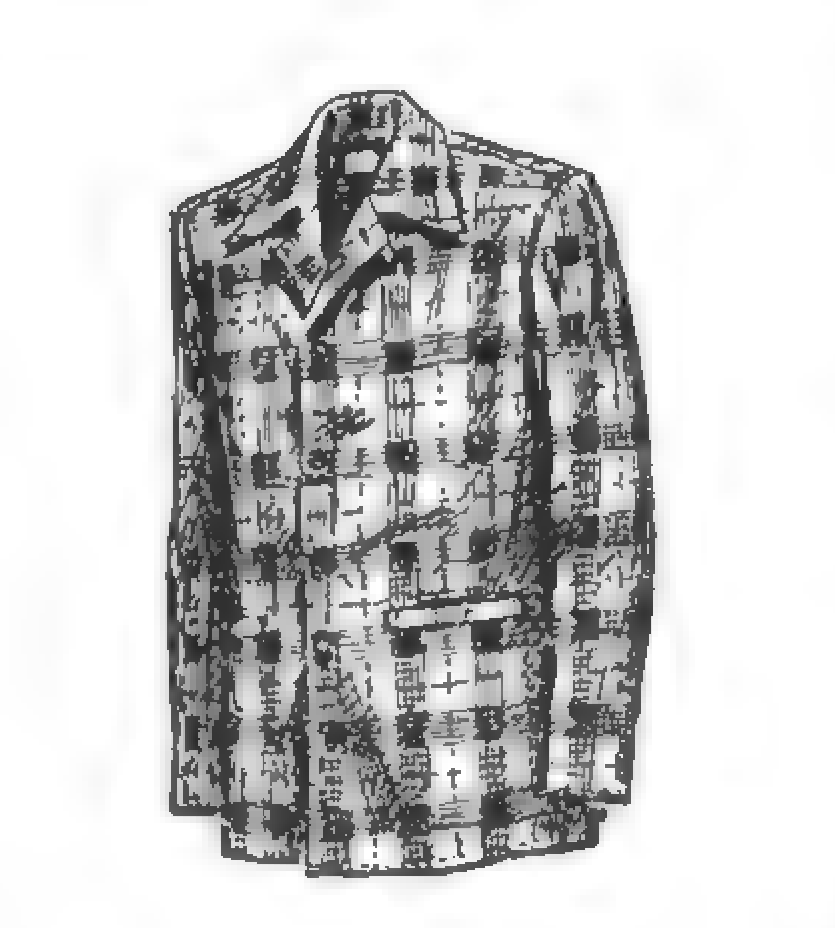
up, you might say, right in front of me. It made me so unhappy."

It was during the second time up that night that Karel heard his friend Beda on the radio. "Beda said first, 'I got one.' Then a little while later, I heard him saying, 'I am going down. I am in trouble.' But he was in more than just trouble, poor Beda. We found him the next day. He went down in flames and landed in a garden. We knew it was Beda from his teeth, though he was all burned to nothing."

Number One Squadron operated that first night without benefit of any special devices. Inasmuch as it had made such a remarkable showing, it was decided that the boys in the squadron should thereafter specialize in nocturnal combat. So they were given intensive instruction and then they began to go up regularly.

Karel and Frank did night fighting until the beginning of April of last year, when an advanced thinker in the R.A.F. came up with something entirely new, yet so simple the wonder was that somebody hadn't thought of it before. This new stunt was to become known as night intruder work and, simply, it was to consist mainly of R.A.F. fliers following Hun bombers and fighters back to their bases in Occupied France and then beating the wings off them just as they were landing and when they least expected an attack.

Karel Kuttelwascher had become a flight lieutenant in April of 1942, and he was chosen to lead the first night intrusion into France. His pal from home, Frank, was to be in the flight with him. The boys had to wait several nights until they could get on the trail of just the type of prey they were after. Observer stations along the east coast of England notified them one night that a squadron of bombers was coming in from France, apparently headed for the Midlands. The Kuttelwascher gang just waited around until the enemy had completed his mission. Then, when the Huns were on their way back, with their ranks badly decimated because of a tangle with R.A.F. fighters over the target, the intruders got on the tail of the Heinies going home.



2. Leisure jacket in plaid tweed rates as an outstanding fashion in California.

The night was good and black—ideal for tailing the Germans. Devices in the ships of Kuttelwascher and the rest of the boys told them just how far they were from the enemy. They didn't want to get too close, nor did they want to lag too far behind.

Soon they were over France. "Never in my life," Kuttelwascher says, "have I been so excited. I still felt sick in my heart over Beda's death almost a year before. I still wanted an amount of vengeance I had not yet got. Tonight seemed the time to satisfy myself. I knew that in a little while the Germans would send a wireless to their air field that they were coming in. Then the little pots along the flare path would be lighted up and we wouldn't need help to see what we wanted to see. We would just go down on them as they had gone down on the refugees on the crowded roads of France two summers before."

But vengeance wasn't the only driving force behind Karel Kuttelwascher that dark April night last year. A year before he had been at a service party in London and met a girl—a Welsh miss with light blue eyes and blue-black hair. Karel had never thought much about girls until he had met this one. At first they had had a little difficulty understanding each other. He had been on one side of the English language as it is spoken in London, and she, with her Welsh dialect, on the other side. But their hearts had surmounted the language barrier and they had married. Karel was thinking about his wife and a baby that was coming.

The Germans were on a different radio frequency from the R.A.F. boys so Karel didn't hear them wirelessing in to their home drome. But presently, in the distance, he saw the pots on a flare path being lit up, one by one, like a string of electric lights being switched on in sequence.

When the flare path was lit up the big German bombers began to drop from the inkiness, one by one. "The silhouettes the bombers made," says Kuttelwascher, "were beautiful. We knew how many there were supposed to be and we waited until we could see the last of them. By this time some of the others were on the ground. We knew that they wouldn't have much gas left.

"We had a plan all worked out in advance. Every one of us knew just what he was to do. So I gave a signal over my wireless and down we went. We caught some of the Germans a thousand feet up. Others we got as low as two hundred feet. And of course we attended to the ones already on the ground." The Intruder chuckles at this point in his story. "They couldn't put the flare pots out because so much was happening. So there were the lights, still burning brightly, lighting up everything that we wanted to see." The Intruder shakes his head at this juncture. "No," he says, "I don't know how many we got that night, but I do know that

Continued on page 148

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OH, BOY! EVEN WITH A USED BLADE, LIFEBUOY'S "STAY-MOIST" LATHER GIVES EASIER, SMOOTHER SHAVES THAN SKIMPY, QUICK-DRYING LATHERS
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Adventures of the Intruder

Continued from pages 71-147

we got more than we didn't get. It seemed that every incendiary bullet we fired went right into its target. Planes were exploding in the air and on the ground—everywhere. We looked back when we started to go. There wasn't a living soul out on the air field, just the fires of the planes we had got on the ground or in the air."

A few nights later, Karel took his flight out again. This time he was hunting for railroad trains. He found one less than three minutes after he had crossed the Channel. The tip-off wasn't the firebox of the engine this night; the Germans have done some pretty good shielding work on fireboxes. Karel saw a spark—just one spark—that came out of the smokestack. This night, like the first one, was inky. Even after he spotted the spark, The Intruder couldn't see the train. But he knew the course that the train would have to take because daylight reconnaissance planes had reported the position of all railroad tracks in the vicinity over which the flight was flying. Intricate calculations as to speed and direction told Kuttelwascher almost exactly where he was in relation to the train, even allowing for its movement. The chances were that it would be moving east toward Germany, instead of west toward France, as an engine in motion at night would be more likely to be hauling supplies to the Reich than coming back with empties.

In less than sixty seconds after he had seen the first spark, The Intruder saw a second one. He noted to his satisfaction that the second spark came from almost the precise spot where he figured the train must have been. Now he gave the signal and the boys went down in a formation designed to bring about a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of danger. They had to rely on their instruments to prevent going down too far and crashing. The idea was to open up on the train at a certain distance within a few hundred feet of it and make the entire operation a big surprise and a quick one, for some trains are equipped with anti-aircraft guns.

For about ninety seconds streams of orange tracer and incendiary bullets poured into the train from the engine to the last car, and it was a long train. Slowly the whole thing took fire. The engineer and fireman had either been killed by the shower of bullets that were sent at the engine, or they had jumped to safety. At any rate, the train kept right on going. The engine was blazing as furiously as some of the cars behind it. When The Intruder and his men turned west to go home they saw behind them a sight that looked like something out of a nightmare—the long, blazing train winding swiftly through the black countryside.

The Intruder's flight was made up for the most part of Czechs—fellows who had originally left Prague in the coal train and who had reached England after experiences closely approximating his own. There was also a smattering of Englishmen and, by late summer—one American—a youth in his twenties named John Striebel, an artist from New York City. Striebel was short and stocky and burned a walnut brown from flying in Malta. He regarded intruding as nothing more or less than great fun.

By this time, The Intruder and his men were flying twin-engine Mosquitoes. Other intruder flights had sprung up, but Karel Kuttelwascher was Mr. Intruder himself. His flight was invincible. He had found his place in the night sun. No matter what precautions the Huns took, he could spot a train in a drizzle a kilometer off with those amazing chocolate-colored eyes of his. He was Number One man of all R.A.F. intruder pilots when it came to destruction of enemy planes over the flare paths. Whether his hits were certified was of little concern to him; he himself and his countrymen in the R.A.F. were all certified Czechs.

Striebel, the New Yorker, was always drawing pictures of his impressions on intrusions and passing them around to Kuttelwascher and his other friends. Once in a while, some of the boys would catch him drawing the face of a beautiful girl. It was always the same face, and Kuttelwascher soon decided that the New Yorker was in the midst of a heavy romance. "You might as well tell me about her, John," said The Intruder to Striebel one night. "I know how it is. You see I got in a romance over here, too."

Striebel, it developed, had met an English girl and he, too, had taken a bride.

Today Karel Kuttelwascher is the Number One Intruder of the Royal Air Force. For more than a year, through all seasons and in all kinds of weather, he has stuck to his ceaseless nocturnal task of beating up night trains and catching the Heinies with their wings down. The Intruders of the R.A.F., about whom little has been known until now, have unquestionably played no small part in cutting down the number of night raids by Hun bombers over England. For, even though the bombers do get through the defenses, which are getting better all the time, there remains the added hazard of the possibility of Kuttelwascher following the flight back to its base and knocking it out of the war when the flare path is lit.

Karel's pal, Frank, is still with him, and so is the New Yorker, Striebel. Another personality has in the meantime also entered the picture. "Another intruder," Flight Lieutenant Kuttelwascher says, "though a most welcome one." The intruder is quite small—a baby boy who is half Czech and half Welsh. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 93

(filet of beef sautèed and garnished with goose liver and truffles and served with a Madeira sauce) than of his successful operas. They still talked about Mendelssohn's thorough knowledge of gastronomy in Leipzig when I was there about ten years ago. Franz Liszt claimed that he was influenced to live near Geneva mainly because he could get the best *Amourettes* in that Swiss city.

You might think that one shouldn't mention Paderewski in the same breath with Count Basie, but the late great master fingered the selfsame keyboard of a piano as our excellent Count does, although Paderewski didn't play in night clubs nor did he coax the *One o'Clock Jump* from the ivories. However, neither could have taught the other anything concerning his particular style of music. What the Count could have learned from Paderewski was epicurism, or at least a little science of food and good eating. For the Count admits that he doesn't really care what he eats as long as the portions set before him are copious, while Paderewski at an early age was already a fanatic of refined eating. Years ago, on a tour of the States, he discovered a restaurant in one of the cities where the food was superb. The place was frequented by musicians. He eagerly took subsequent engagements in that same city mainly on account of the food in that restaurant. The meals were getting worse and worse at each visit and finally he asked the waiter if the chef had left, and was assured that the chef was the same as before. "What is the reason then," asked Paderewski, "that the food is getting so bad here?" "Maestro," answered the waiter, "you are the only gourmet musician who comes here. If you had to play every day before an unappreciative audience, would you continue to play well?"

I asked Lionel Hampton at the Famous Door in New York his daily eating schedule. He gets up at around one p.m. and breakfasts on bacon and eggs or corned beef hash and eggs. Drinks milk, for coffee makes him nervous. Lionel lunches at six p.m. You guessed right—he eats hamburgers. He also loves salad with Roquefort cheese dressing.

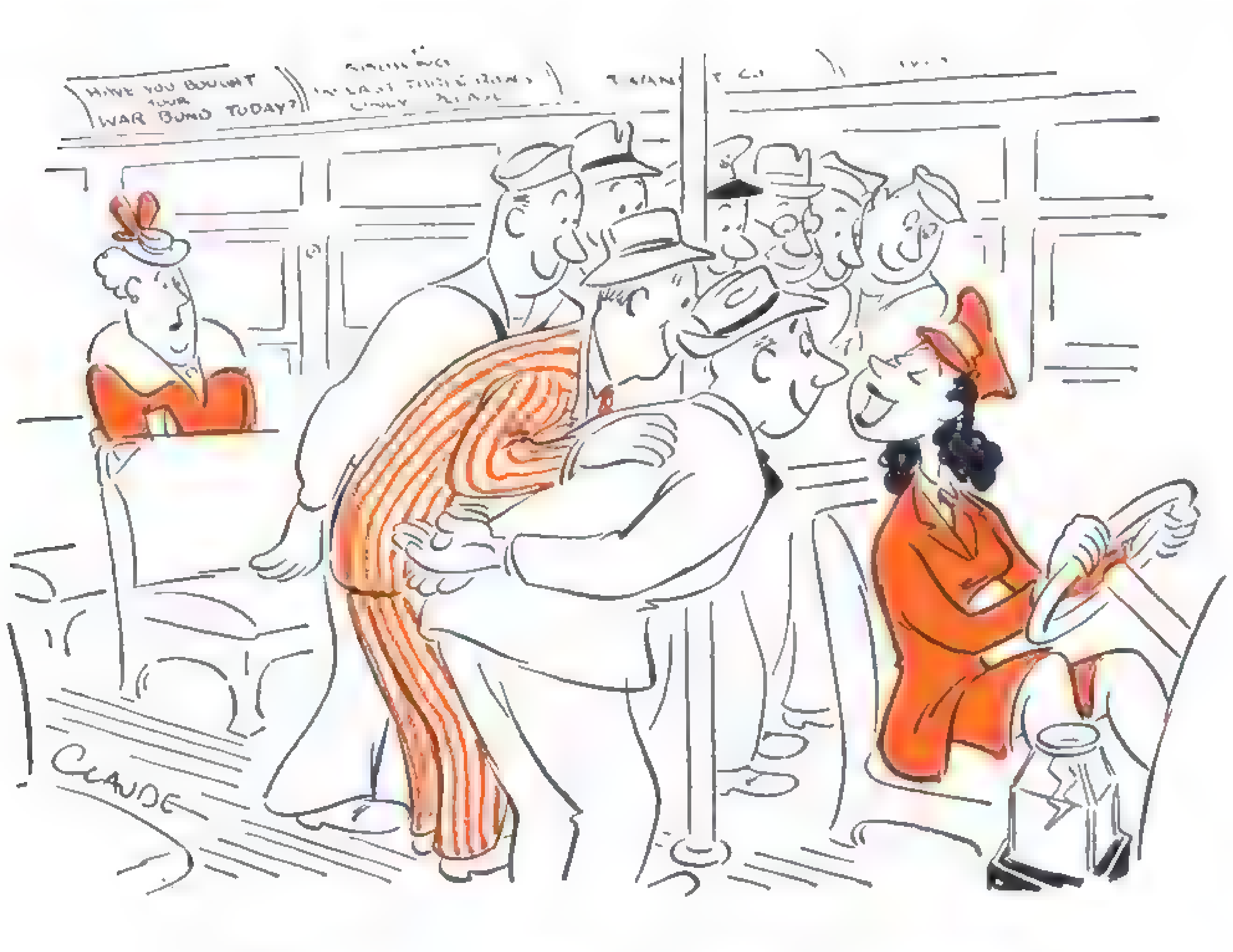
"Moody eaters, we musicians are," said Lionel, "we eat supper before shows or after, depending on our mood. I like spaghetti for my supper, or noodles. My boys (he has eighteen in his big orchestra) are young and healthy. They eat all the time. Sometimes I feel like cooking. Once I fried fish. Another time I tried to roast a duck, but something went wrong. The duck was saved by the quick intervention of my wife, Gladys, who is an excellent cook."

Mrs. Hampton was a modiste in Hollywood, but also knows her spatulas. Although the Hamptons could well afford to keep an excellent cook, she does most of the cooking for Lionel.

"So you think I'll fix you a night lunch when we get home, do you? Well, you are greatly mistaken!" said my own pretty wife to me as we sat there at the Famous Door and listened alternately to Lionel Hampton's famous orchestra and to his culinary escapades. I answered by calling the waiter over and ordering—a hamburger.

But I offer a new instrument to swing kings—here is another and excellent way to prepare hamburgers:

Take three quarters of a pound of ground beef and three quarters of a pound of lean ground pork (for four or five helpings) and mix them well together. Also take a roll, soak it in cold water for five minutes, and then squeeze it free of water with your hand. Mix this with the meat. Chop up very finely a small onion, beat an egg (both white and yolk), mix these also with the meat, and season with salt and pepper. Mix once more very thoroughly, fashion into a loaf, and spread the white of an egg over it. Heat a tablespoon of fat in a roaster, slide the meat loaf into it, and add a glass of water. Roast in medium oven for about an hour. Peel small potatoes and place them on side of meat in the roaster a half hour before the meat will be ready. (Or if you prefer you can serve with mashed potatoes.) Baste occasionally. #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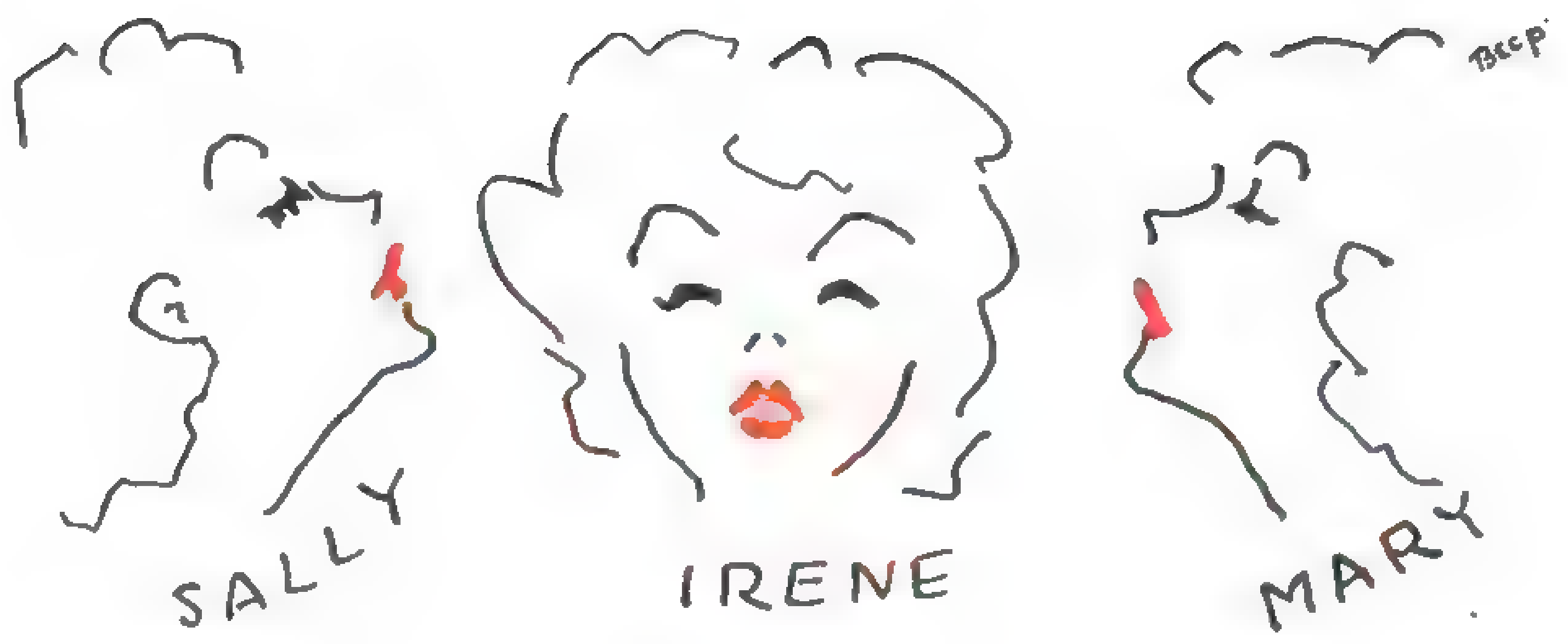


Story

Chapter I

Once upon a time there were three beautiful young girls, viz: Sally Jackson of Three Falls, Iowa; Irene Gordon of Fizzville, Oklahoma; and Mary Miller of Jenkins Corners, Vermont. And just about the same time all three got the bright idea they should go to the Big City and become models for a smart agency, and then maybe go on from there and land a flock of night club, theatrical and movie contracts.

Chapter II

So they all went to the Big City, and all three happened to get acquainted and end up in the same rooming house because that is going to simplify my plot a lot. They trudged the streets all day long, which always happens in the first reel, but they landed 0 jobs and 0 contracts.

Chapter III

One day they were at a cocktail party and whom should they meet but Ike Trowbridge, the smartest agent and talent scout in the Big City? Nobody. "Dames with your looks and lines," said Ike, "should have pictures of their pusses spread over every magazine in the country. How come you don't try to land jobs as models?"

"But," murmured the trio, "we have tried—and tried—and tried."

"Tell me," ordered Ike, "what are your first names?"

To which they replied: "Sally," and "Irene," and "Mary."

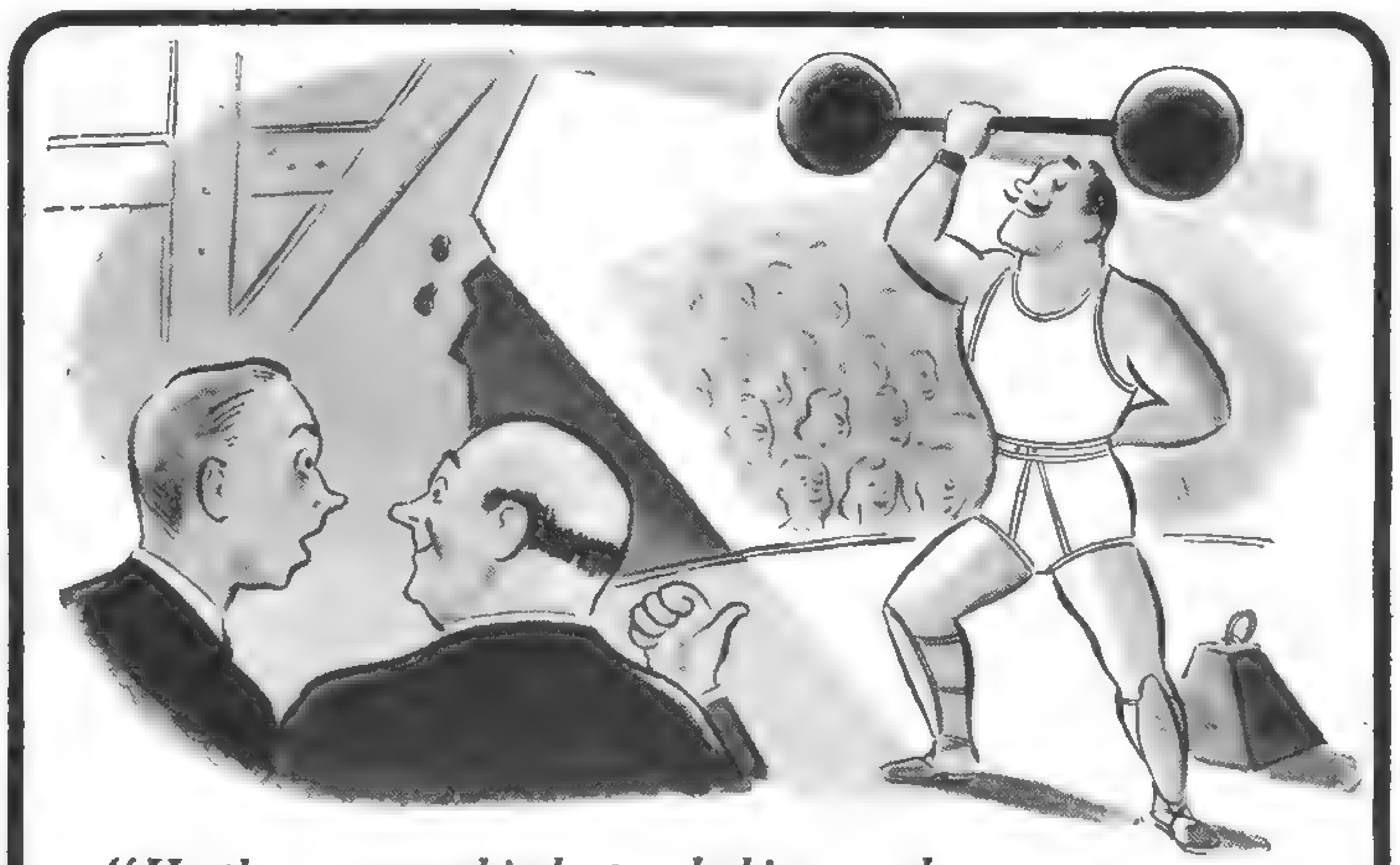
"Omigosh!" groaned Ike, holding his head in his hands. "How do you expect to get anywhere with handles like that? Now listen to me, babes—and sign here—"

Chapter IV

Big Time Notes: Dipsy-Doo Jackson, famous Bowers model, has signed a contract to sing at the Club Alhambra beginning next week. . . . Honey-Bee Gordon, whose lovely features you've seen in dozens of ads, will take over the lead role in the Broadway smash, *What's Cookin'?* . . . Choo-Choo Miller, nationally famous glamour girl, entrained last night for Hollywood to start work on the first of four pictures she has contracted for.

THE END

—PARKE CUMMINGS



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A Sudden Gust of Wind

Continued from page 63

hind them more red ants . . .

When he arrived at the entrance of the ravine where he had hidden his small planting of vegetables, he sat down to dream about his harvest.

This patch of land belonged to him alone. He had broken it with the very hoe which he now held tightly. The next Sunday or the one following, he could gather in his first crop.

He took off his hat which he put down by his side, on the ground; he spat upon his calloused hands and got ready to get up, grasping the handle of the hoe to lean upon.

Suddenly everything happened as if two oppositely charged electrodes came in contact and an explosion of blue light surrounded him. Perhaps he turned around by instinct, or because he heard the whistle of a whiplash. When he leaped up, his shoulders stinging from the leather, his eyes were obscured, so that in the red shadows he could barely see the plantation boss with his brutal mouth altered by a flood of insults, beating him again and again with the cat o'nine tails.

Although he was blinded and frightened, a flood of words rained down on his thoughts like blows of the lash of the boss who was beating him, beating him with a fury of centuries of domination.

It was his land, his beloved land of gold, the best in the world, debased, besmirched by the miserable garbage of a sneak thief. His land for kings! . . . He was truly master, he lived close to his land, he was supported directly by it and he had for defense a short strong arm joined to him, and, always, the stern lash which he had inherited from his father, inherited for this purpose.

"You were cheating me, you thief! You were robbing my land!"

But it was better not to speak, now he was only swinging the lash. Words left him, and did not return to his mouth, full of hate. The beating resounded.

The two were now in the little garden. Bernabe's limbs, by rare instinct, spread from furrow to furrow without trampling his crops, as he fell backward. But he was no longer a feelingless clump of earth; a bright light—like that of a spreading dawn—grew within him, sustaining him through his ordeal. As if to strengthen himself, he allowed don Gumersindo to keep on beating him, sublimating his own fury with a fortitude of which he would not have believed himself capable.

They were beating him—destroying his crop, his land, all that was his! . . . They could not

Continued on page 152

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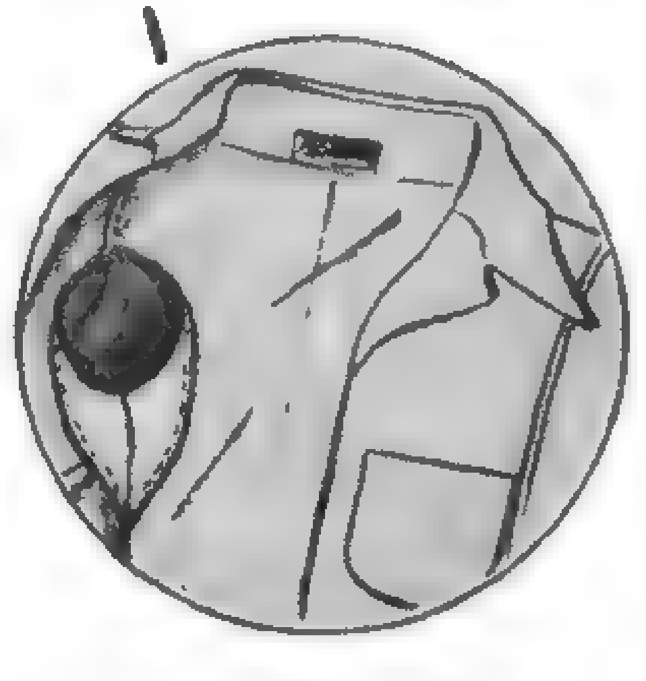

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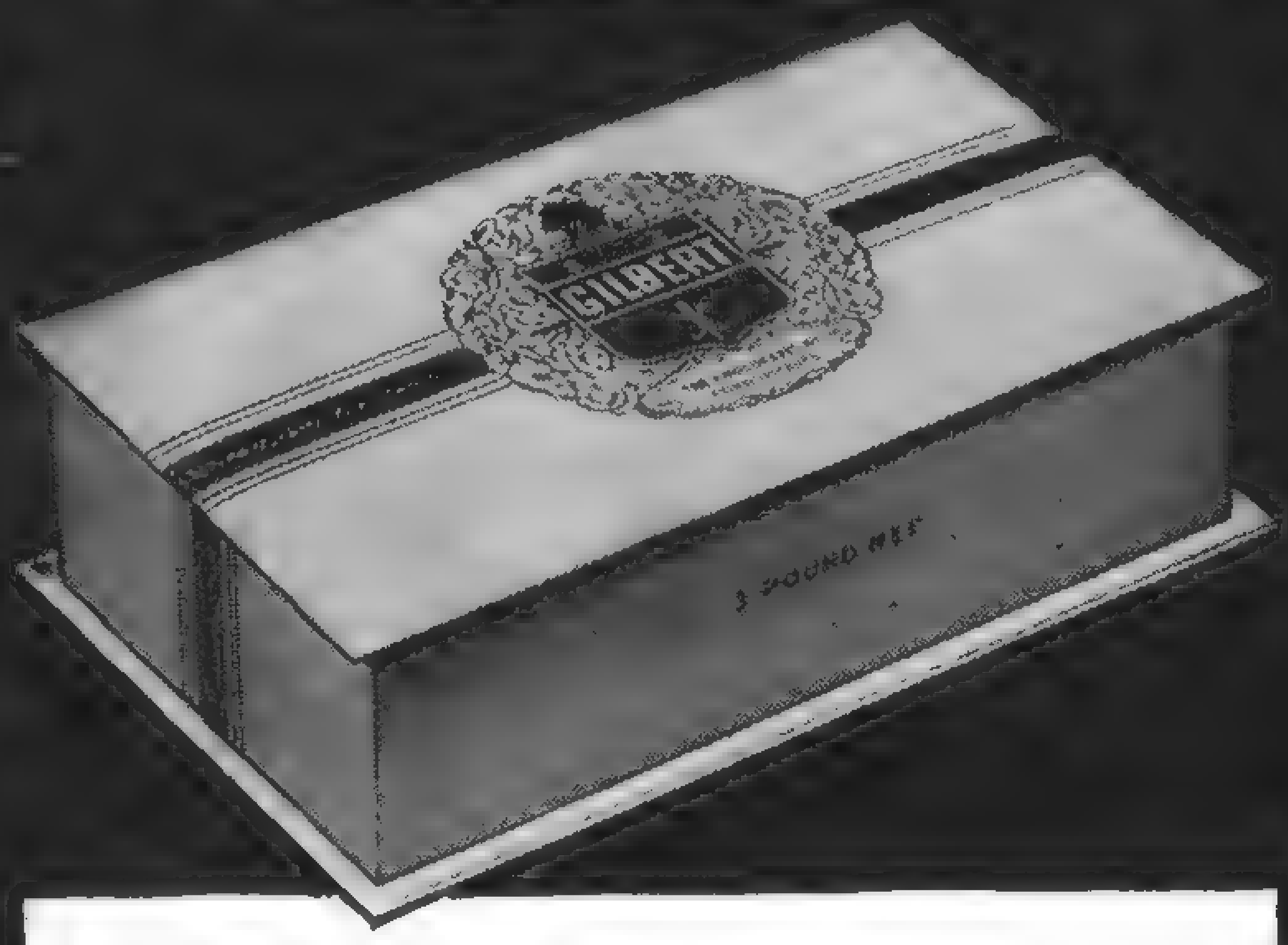

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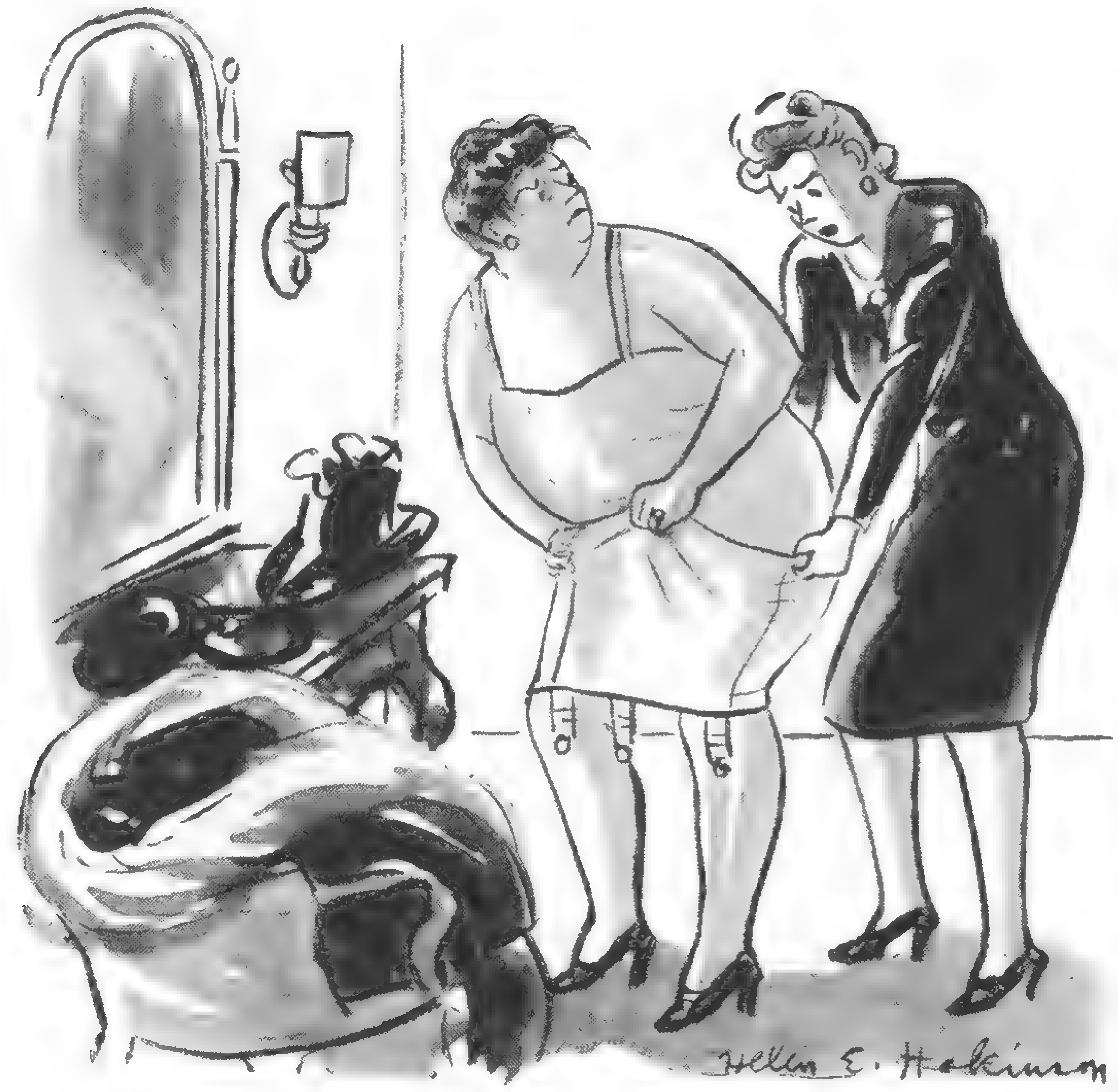

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A Sudden Gust of Wind

Continued from pages 63-151

do that to him! . . . In a fleeting succession he saw faces and faces of planters, all alike, all with the badly combed hair plastered to the temples by sweat, and mingling with them were don Justos, and rural police and bosses. Behind them was an unending highway covered with men and women who walked along with their children, unwillingly led on by the whip of don Gumersindo.

Then Bernabe lifted the hoe with his arm hardened as if it were made of iron. The boss now realized that something new was happening, something he did not understand. But there was no escape. The blade of the hoe beat him brutally on the skull and he fell to the ground lifeless, with a gush of blood on his face, distorted by fear.

"Eat dirt, you—!" cried Bernabe. "I strike you down like a wild pig on my land, on all of our land! We have to sneak out in the dark to steal what we have made with our own hands! Now let the weeds cover you forever, horseless, alone—let the grass hide you!"

Bernabe's forehead dripped with sweat while he talked on, lost in the flood of his thoughts:

"Let the weeds cover you—"

He saw his companions of the fields and don Justo's farmers seated on little benches, mingled together, with their eyes fixed on the hard finger of the judge who was pointing at Bernabe.

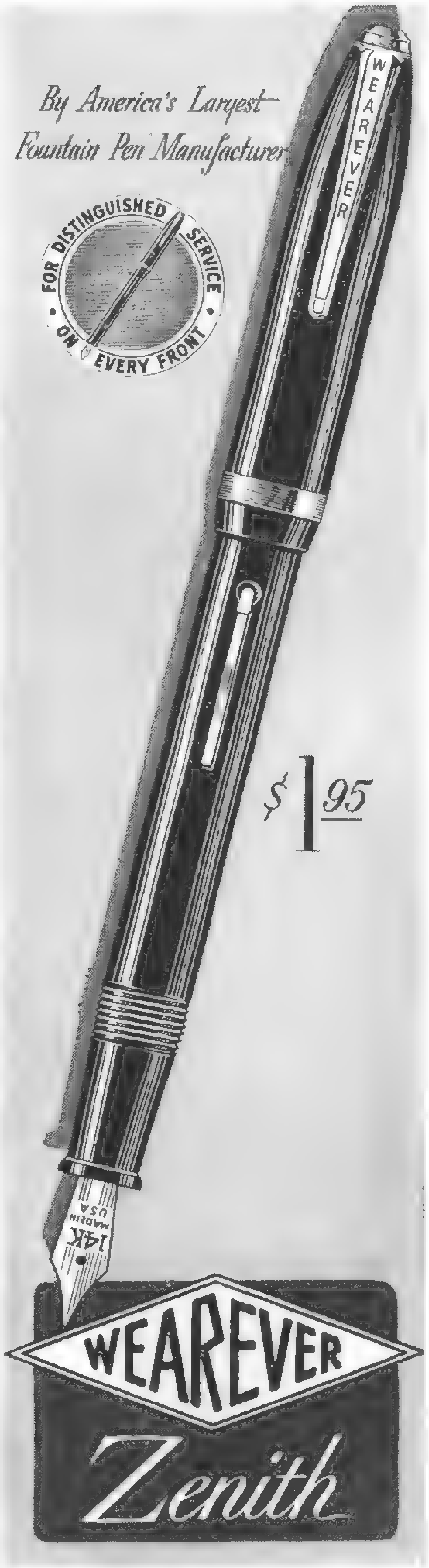
"We had to sneak out in the dark to steal our own land . . ."

Atop the judge's table was the boss's whip. The farmers were looking at it . . . Don Justo did not have much sense.

Suddenly Bernabe's thoughts were interrupted. He saw a red ant walking over his shoe, and then another; from the furrows were coming rows of the hungry creatures. One, in too much of a hurry, rolled under the sole of Bernabe's shoe, but he let it pass, and the ant got into line in search for blood.

Transfigured, he left the cornfield . . . No one had seen it, nobody knew that crop was his . . . Abruptly he noticed don Gumersindo's filly wandering around the grass, and he hid himself from her as if she could denounce him. If he could just get to his house without being seen! . . . He started to run across the field; if he could get there, no one would be any wiser.

A sudden gust of wind from the direction of the village smote his sweaty face and billowed the pockets of his jacket. While he kept on running, the breeze followed, rippling the grass, ruffling the lustrous mane of the wandering filly, and swept on toward the glen. It turned over Bernabe's forgotten hat, rolling it like a disk until it came in contact with the body of don Gumersindo, where it stopped, covering his face. #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Whistles in the Dark

Continued from page 88

7,000,000 and 8,000,000 gallons annually. Lately it has been dribbles, creating worries for bonifaces. I know siphons that are going to feel lost without their pal.

For consolation, let me introduce them and their betters, the bottled sparkling waters, to American brandy, whose "& soda" proclivity is of an expansiveness no bubble can deny. Yet fizz-fondness is only one facet of this remarkable liquor's nature. Since Professor B. Z. Beezer has more or less covered that ground in his monograph, *An Approach to the Study of Brandy's Side Interests, with Notes on the Structure of the Sidecar, Stinger, Collins, Old Fashioned, Julep, etc.*, we'll skip it, reporting to the scientific world merely that this multi-sider powers Brandy Sours and goes swirling in hand-warmed snifters while black Bogota breathes balm and fresh-lit Havanas glow rosily.

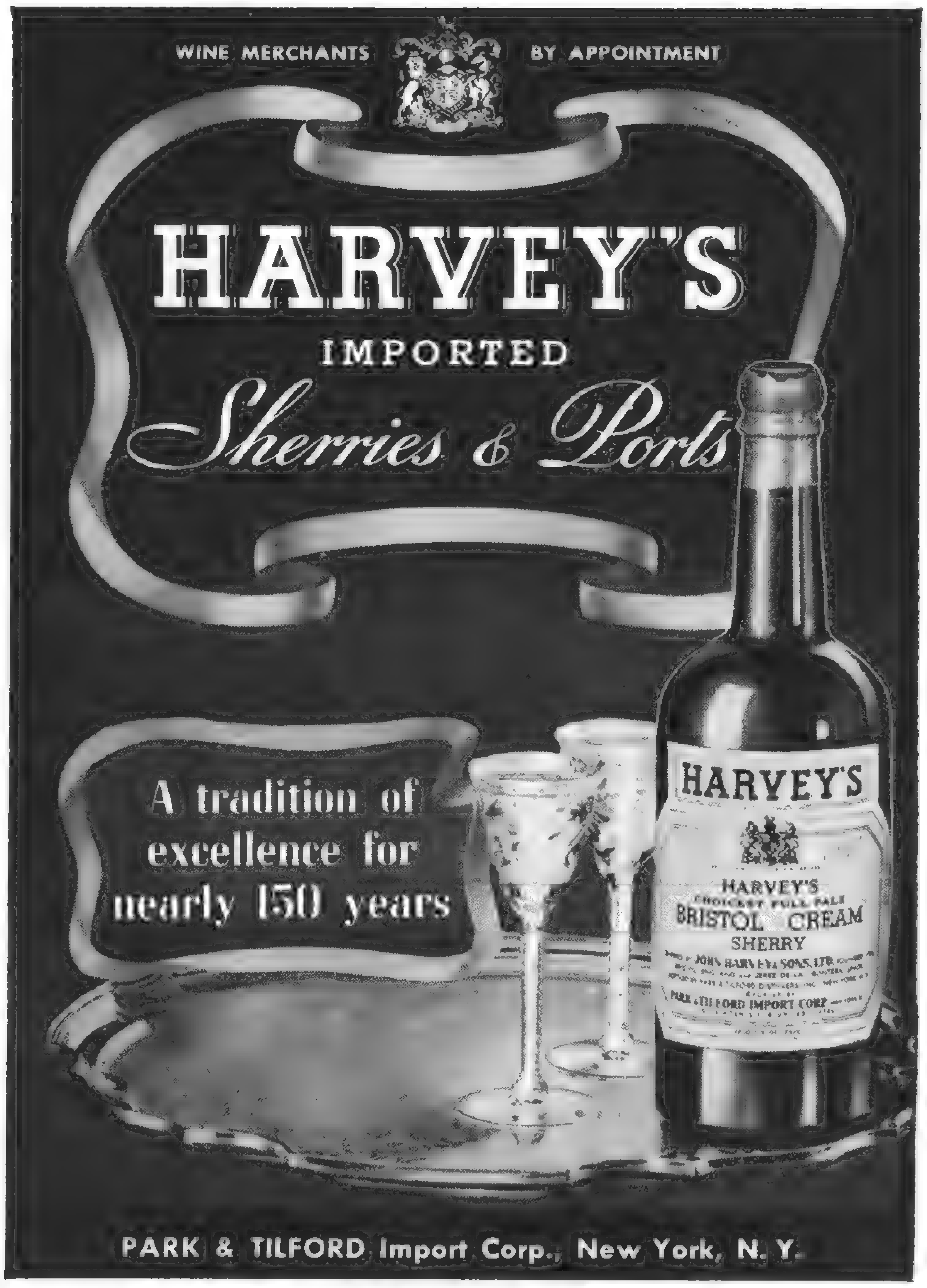
Chance of getting a bottle?

Very good yesterday, and fair tomorrow; next week partly cloudy. You see, even brandy, which is still being made (exempted because equipment that distills it from wine can't be jacked up to "industrial" proof-level), is controlled and doled. It has to be. For mighty brief are its sojourns on liquor store shelves—usually next to bareness marked "Rye," "Bourbon," "Scotch" and "Gin." It's liquor, isn't it? Then why dilly-dally?

The fact that in some faraway, barn-like building a tall metal cylinder is giving off a colorless distillate into a try-box with an instrument that looks like a thermometer taking the proof thereof, has no bearing on the present situation. What's now being doled to grabbers is pre-war, and hence is in the same category as the whiskey colossi's stocks—but less depleted, because the run on whiskey began earlier, was fiercer, and was checked only when, last year, allotments to retailers (stores, hotels, restaurants, taverns) were cut down to about 65 per cent of their purchases the year before, and *held* at that level despite loud cries.

So there's no mystery as to why 1943 ended up with your retailer short of your favorite brand, nor why he hasn't blossomed out with arrays of it since then. Oh, he'll *get* some—in due course of allotment. And he'll conserve a bottle for you, out of sight, till you drop in.

The big conservers have earmarked a hundred million gallons for a very special customer: The Post-War World—of which the boys returning from the fighting fronts will be the king-pins. ⫲



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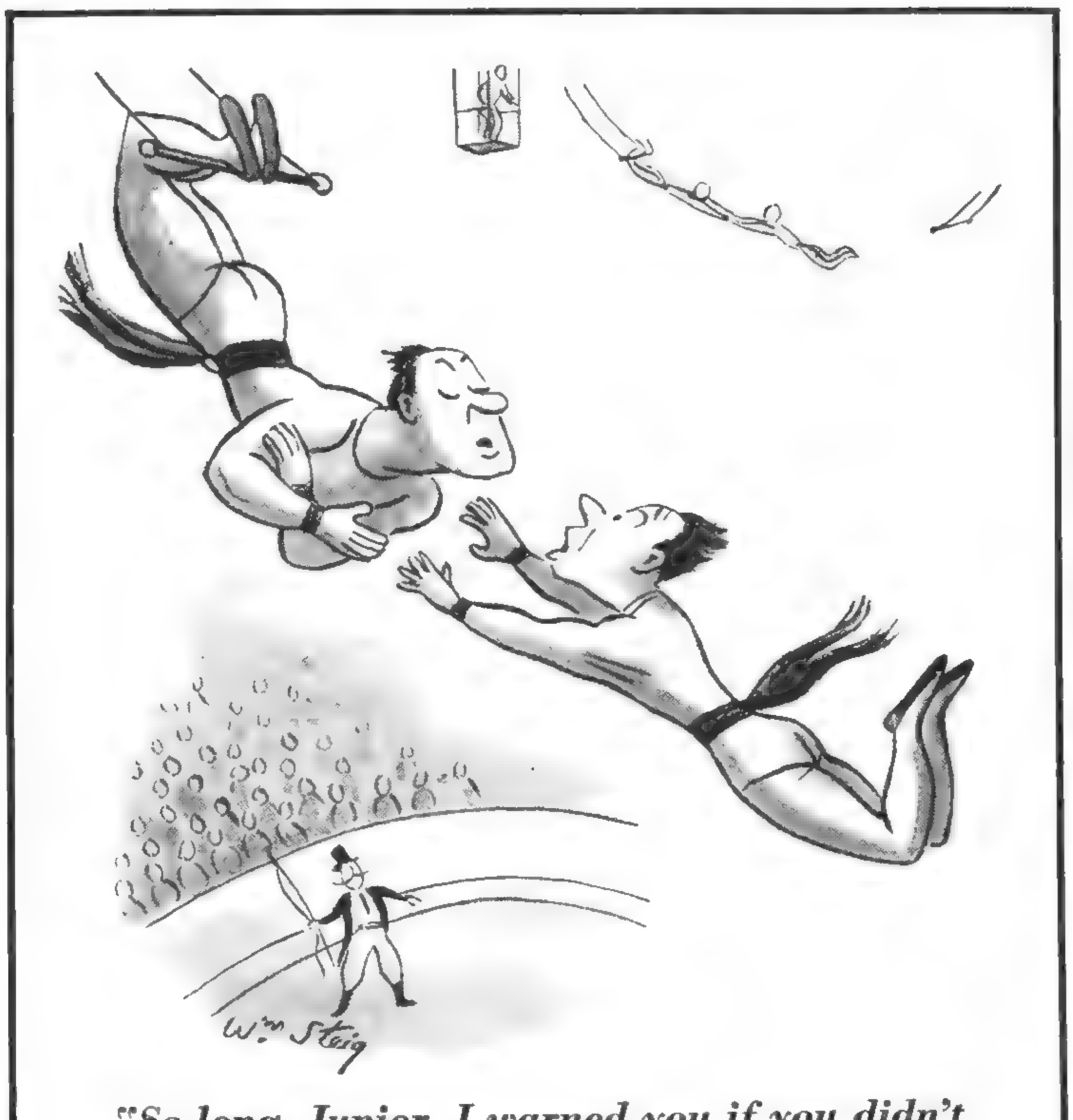


"So long, Junior. I warned you if you didn't use Lifebuoy, I'd drop you from the act."

"I warned you" said the man on the flying trapeze. But in real life others don't tell you when you have "B.O."—they merely avoid you. And *anyone* can offend because *everyone* perspires summer and winter. So do as careful millions do. Guard against offending by using Lifebuoy in your daily bath—the only soap especially made to STOP "B.O."

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 87

ney guttersnipe." Had this book been written by an unknown author, with no whopping advertising campaign, I doubt that two thousand copies would have been sold. As it is, your local book seller probably buys it two or three hundred at a clip. Maybe you'd better find out for yourself.

* * *

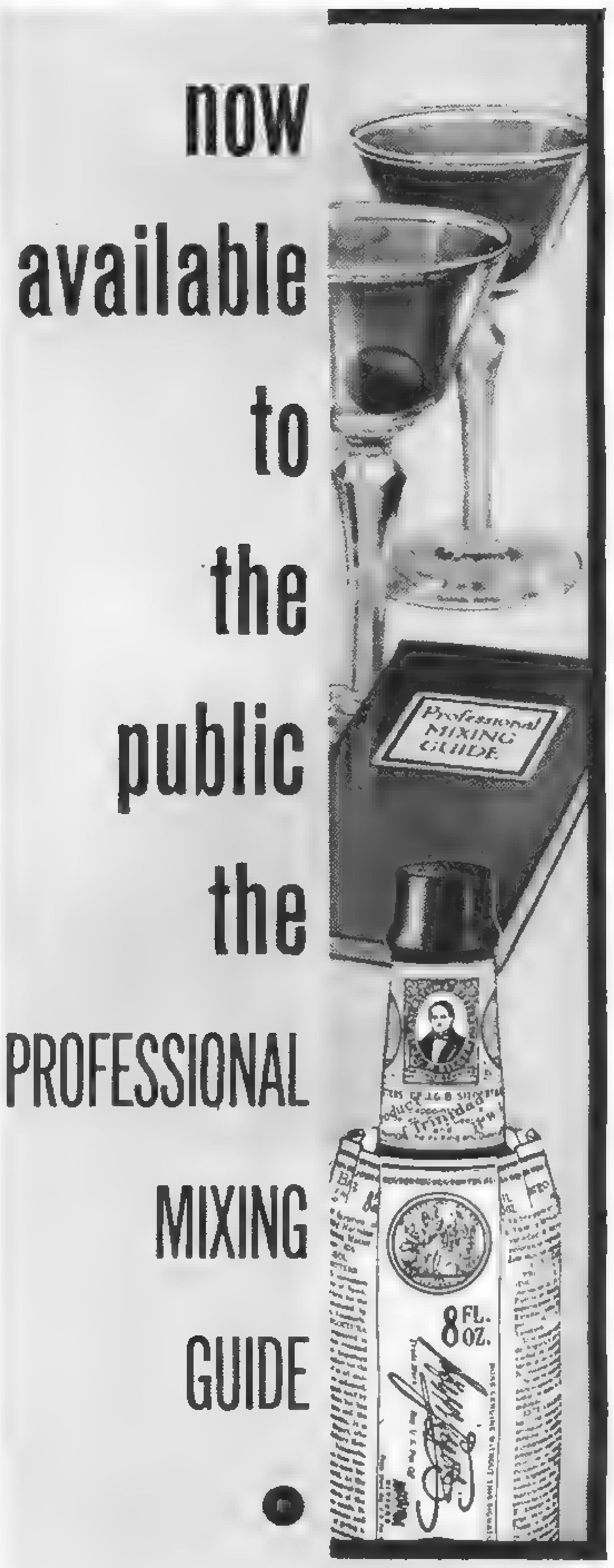
The house of Macmillan, which publishes *None But the Lonely Heart*, has a less publicized volume that afforded me hour after hour of solid satisfaction. It is Ralph Woods' *A Treasury of the Familiar*. This unusual anthology is full to the brim of all those bits of poetry and prose you always wished you could remember, plus a multitude of things you somehow never heard before. Here are a few samples: The too-often misquoted excerpt from Herodotus that is chiselled into the façade of the New York Post Office: "Neither Snow, Nor Rain, Nor Heat, Nor Gloom of Night Stops These Couriers from the Swift Completion of Their Appointed Rounds." . . . The balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. . . . *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. (At the Camp Lee Officers' Training School, in 1918, one of the standard questions in the psychological test was, "Who wrote Gray's *Elegy*?" Shockingly few candidates answered in the five-seconds . . . Emerson's *Concord Hymn* . . . Washington's *Farewell* . . . Choice bits from Pope, Aesop, Whitman and Lewis Carroll . . . Stephen Foster's *Oh! Susanna* . . . The original *Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. (It was written by George Lebourne) . . . John Kelly's refrain:

"Throw him down McCloskey" was to be the battle cry,
"Throw him down McCloskey, you can lick him if you try."
And future generations, with wonder and delight,
Will read on hist'ry's pages of the great McCloskey fight.

Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points (R.I.P.) . . . *Frankie and Johnny* . . . *She Is More to Be Pitied Than Censured* . . . *Casey Jones*—and *Casey at the Bat* . . . Sheridan's reply to a Mr. Dundas: "The gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts" . . . The famous Lackawanna Railroad's ode to Phoebe Snow. But Mr. Woods forgot

"Now Phoebe Snow
Direct can go
From Thirty-third to Buffalo.
From Broadway bright
The tubes run rignt
Into the Road of Anthracite" . . .

Polly Wolly Doodle, *In the Good Old Summer Time*, and *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* . . . All of these, and hundreds of other universally loved tidbits, with a foreword by *Information Please*'s John Kieran, for the biggest five dollars' worth you ever saw. ##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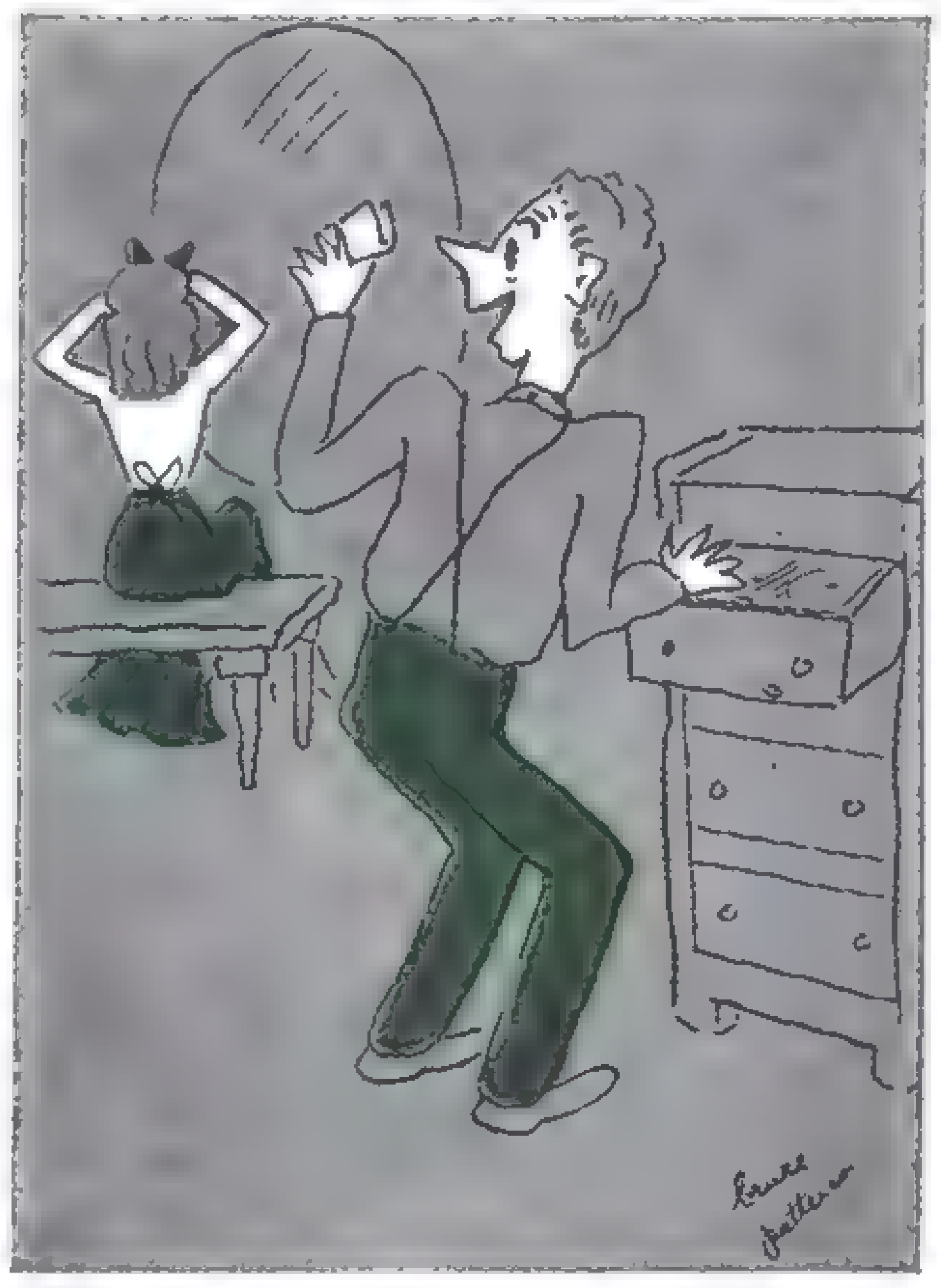
Immigrant's Rock-Bound Coast

Continued from page 81

was an art student, and from late afternoon until midnight he worked at photo retouching. Contrary to the general reputation of art students, most of Wilson's colleagues were not nice little gentlemen; in the absence of their teacher, they staged shindigs in which a knife blade occasionally flashed, and Wilson, to preserve himself for the pictures he hoped one day to paint, made a deal with a student, who was paying his way through art school by selling dope, to act as his guard. Curiously, an unprophetic teacher saw in Wilson's early work a successful career as a portrait painter, but his academic promise was nipped in the bud by his inability to keep his lip buttoned after teacher had spoiled a painting of his by smearing white lines over it in criticism. Three years of the Academy were ample.

In 1921 he met his master and in 1927 his landscape. At the Academy he heard about the evening classes at the Ferrer School, where Robert Henri and George Bellows were giving informal lectures. He went. He sat at the feet of both men but it was from Bellows that he derived his inspiration. That man represented so violent a reversal of the academic approach to art that every one of his talks was like a heady draught of wine. Bellows taught Wilson to forget the photographic approach to painting, to put whatever he desired into his imaginative atmosphere, to create instead of to report. Bellows wrought a terrific change in Wilson's attitude and stimulated him into creative work as he had never before been stimulated. Bellows, in short, explained art in exactly the terms which Wilson's spirit found congenial. Until Bellows, he had tried to force himself into the most cramping molds. Bellows was an equal, talking of foot-



"The laundry sent back a handkerchief with my initial on it"

Continued on page 156

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Sultan: By my sacred beard, what is it this time?

Slave: A plague of chapped lips, great sultan. They have decreed no more kisses. Thy lips are too rough.

Sultan: A ban on kisses, indeed! Send at once to the apothecary for Roger & Gallet Original Lip Pomade. I'll end this strike ere nightfall!

OVERSEAS SERVICEMEN See Free Offer—Page 6

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Immigrant's Rock-Bound Coast

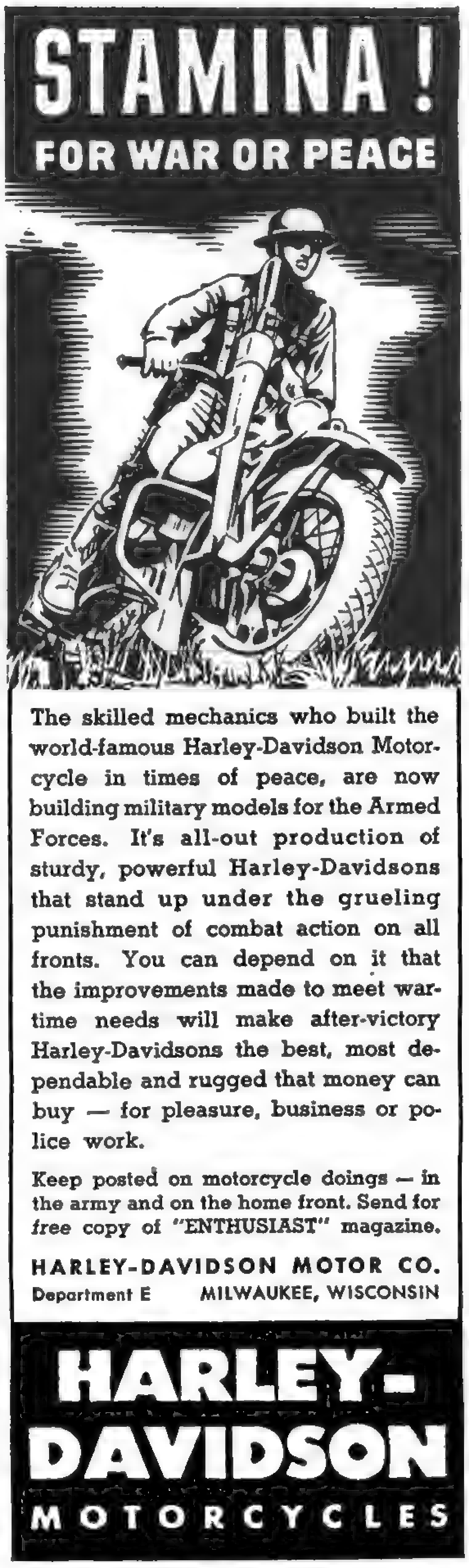
Continued from pages 81-155

ball, or whatever else came into his head; in Henri, on the contrary, Wilson detected a trace of the preacher condescending to bring a message to those below.

Late in September of 1927 Sol Wilson made his first visit to Cape Ann, where the fishing villages of Rockport and Gloucester jut out into the sea. It was like a homecoming. He was fascinated by the dual personality of Rockport—the quaint, narrow streets, whitewashed fences, green shutters, church steeples, old women—all of this against the breaking sea upon the piers and rough-hewn rocks, the threatening clouds, the sediment of salt visible everywhere. Except for the summers of 1930 and 1931, when he was abroad, he has made annual visits to Rockport and in a real sense he has lived in it all year round, for the pictures he paints through the fall and winter are developments of Rockport notations and Rockport day dreams. Even when he pretends to be in Spain or in Russia, he is really in Rockport, although no native might recognize the exact locale of any one of his paintings. The mood is the thing and the mood is Sol Wilson imposed on Rockport. He has come a long way to find his home, but he has dug deeply to make it his own. And he has shown how much an artist may make his own that which belongs to the universe.

In his slow, quiet, modest, pedestrian way he has cut himself a little niche in the field of art teaching. Remembering the Academy, remembering Bellows, he undertook to form a small group of serious students in his own studio, a group composed mainly of mature men and women who were making their living in the trades and professions and for whom art was an important avocation. He found that instruction in painting is not only an art in itself, but a considerable factor in the artist-teacher's own development. By talking to his students he dissipates the fog in his own mind concerning various problems. What he tries to do is develop the imagination and the fantasy of his pupils up to the point at which, with their technical equipment, they can continue on their own. Probably the most distinguished of his students is Frank Kleinholz, a middle-aged lawyer who won a purchase prize at the Metropolitan Museum and who has already had his first large one-man show. There have been other students who have flowered into one-man shows and have given other evidences of promise.

Wilson's own career as an artist has moved slowly and steadily toward public recognition, beginning in 1936 with his first one-man show at the Babcock Galleries in New York, where his work has been on view at regular, unhurried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144

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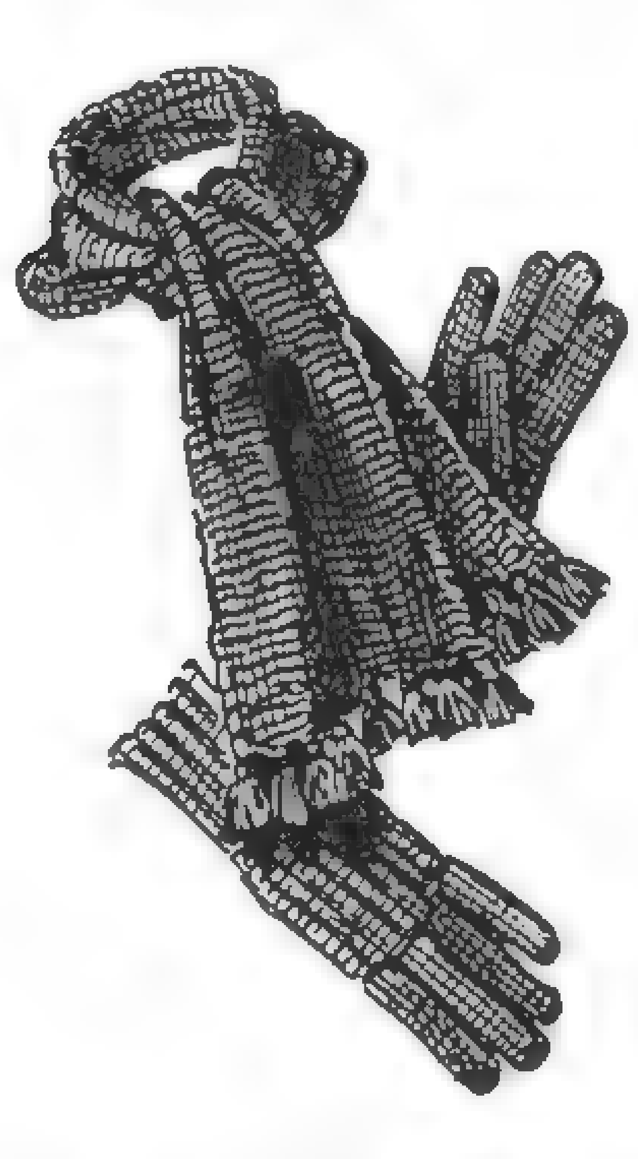
JANUARY 14-31

intervals. Wilson knows better than to try to catch Fame by the coattails. His paintings have been on display also at the important American annuals, at the Carnegie in Pittsburgh, the Corcoran in Washington, and in Philadelphia and Chicago. He won a purchase prize in an American Red Cross competition, and a silk screen print of his was selected for a prize in the Artists for Victory national exhibition. He has executed two mural commissions for the Section of Fine Arts of the Treasury Department, for the post offices at Northampton, Massachusetts, and at Delmar, New York.

His most intense hobby is music. He plays the mandolin, solo and in quartets, performing the standard violin literature on that instrument. He helps make music at the homes of friends at which, occasionally, a visiting pianist or violinist makes possible the performance of quintets and of concertos. Perhaps he takes a more personal pride in his eleven-year-old daughter, Jacqueline, who already is sketching and painting, working under circumstances somewhat more favorable than her father enjoyed at that age.

Among his colleagues, Sol Wilson rates as a swell guy who will go out of his way to do a fellow a friendly turn, who neither speaks nor acts envy or malice. A mutual acquaintance tells me that never once has Wilson betrayed any sentiment except friendliness toward any American artist—which is rare. Wilson seems to believe in mutual aid as a principle of life rather than in that of "Let the devil take the hindmost." He has faith that American art is going places, that although it may lack the refinement and sensitivity of the French and although few American artists have reached the heights, yet the total of American art expresses a virility and earthiness, a surge and striving that augur well for the immediate future. There is going to be an American art, and it won't take centuries.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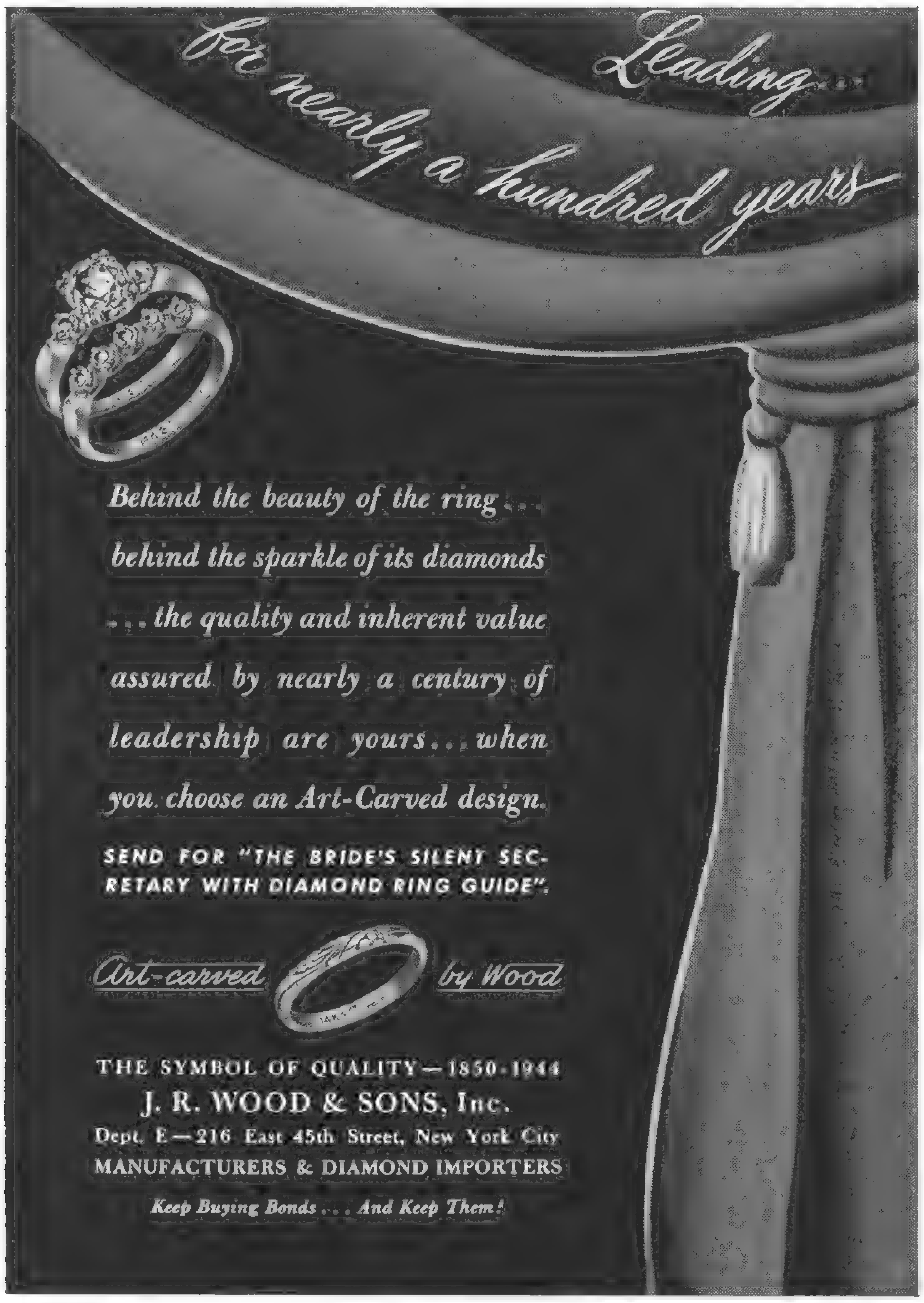
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By Tom Kelley Hollywood

The Fastest Human

Continued from page 76

mother who was small, dainty, nimble, energetic, high-strung, and, like her husband, as quick as a whip mentally. Inheriting his capacity for power from his father and his lightness of foot from his mother, he fell into a style of running so different from the orthodox that most track experts to this day consider him a freak.

Amazing leg power and equally astounding lightness of foot combined to give Charley his famous "bounce." This is the great essential of speed running that Dean Cromwell learned from Paddock's style. The wily coach has passed it on to hundreds of other Southern California athletes with such success that he has become known throughout the track world as the "Maker of Champions."

When Charley's foot hit the ground, it immediately bounded up with his knee high in the air ready for another powerful stride. There wasn't the slightest trace of a back kick in his stride from the day he started sprinting in those tag games in grammar school. The result was that from the side Charley looked as though he were running in a sitting down position; his knees and feet were always out in front. From a head-on or rear view, it looked as though he were flying along about two feet off the ground and never touching it. His feet rebounded with such speed that you couldn't see them hit the track.

In walking or sprinting, Charley always had a pronounced forward lean from the hips and this posture was accentuated by the way he carried his head thrust forward. In running, he held his hands flat and rigid, swinging them stiffly from the wrists, with the palms facing each other. His forearms revolved from his elbows like pistons, carrying his hands in an arc that went higher than his head, thus giving a windmill effect to his arm action.

In high school Charley soon showed the brain work and leadership that were eventually to make him an outstanding writer and the business manager of a chain of four thriving newspapers in Pasadena and Long Beach. When the track star entered his first oratorical contest, his schoolmates thought it was a joke, but he won in a breeze and was the debating team's ace for two years. He had a fondness for school politics, too, but not to push himself forward. He liked to write and make speeches for other guys, although in college he was a candidate once when he was elected editor of the campus daily

He was a guy overflowing with life and vitality who just liked to get into things. He was high-strung, enthusiastic, independent, honest, sensitive, fearless, loyal, generous, brainy and playful. He gave not the slightest attention to his honors, except that he'd laugh

WRAY & NEPHEW
THREE DAGGER
Jamaica Rum.
10 YEARS OLD
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES
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A REPUTATION FAITHFULLY GUARDED—Famous for more than a century for their unique, superior flavour . . . these grand Jamaica rums have made loyal friends the world over.

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JAMAICA RUMS

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86 PROOF
One Dagger
86 PROOF
Dagger Punch
97 PROOF

Made by
J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica,
oldest and largest rum house in the
British West Indies. Est. 119 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
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till he cried in telling the yarn about how the King of Montenegro knighted him just before his country went out of business!

After his return from the Inter-Allied Games, Charley had plenty to tell us, but I never remember hearing a word then or at any other time that referred to a race he had won. It was a happy-go-lucky lad's description of Paris night life. The only time he poked around among the trophies stored in his trunk was to dig up an especially rich *La Vie Parisienne* that he had brought home.

"I didn't know it was loaded"

Because Charley had no great early speed and won nearly all of his races by his explosive finish, many considered him a poor starter. This was never true, as his keen mind gave him an immediate reaction to the starting gun. However, in his early races he lost much ground in the first twenty yards. At the gun he would pop straight up out of his holes and then come down with his clutch slipping. While he was digging in with short strides trying to get under way, his opponents would be piling up a lead that he would have to overcome in his final "gather."

His high school coach, Gilbert Main, was no help to him, but when Charley went to Southern California in 1918 Dean Cromwell made him lean so far forward in his starting crouch that he would almost fall out of his holes. This over-emphasized lean broke Charley of his habit of jumping straight up at the starting signal.

Morris Kirksey of Stanford could always beat Charley for 50 yards and often for 90 yards. But even though they must have met twenty times on the track, Paddock always won. Their rivalry became international in the 1920 Olympics. It was the same story at the finish: Paddock first, Kirksey second.

Paddock's flying leap at the tape was of no value in gaining speed in the air, as he well knew, but it gave him a goal at which to aim. He used to spring at the tape as the climax of his gather just as a broad jumper hits his

Continued on page 160

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE
GOEBEL BEER
BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION MEMBER

From Chicago's Famous Pump Room

roast turkey with oyster dressing

RECIPE

for roast turkey with oyster dressing as prepared by The Pump Room *Hotel Ambassador East*

Fill turkey loosely with oyster dressing prepared as follows:

Combine eight cups of bread crumbs, four eggs, one cup chopped celery, three-fourths teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-eighth teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon lemon juice, one pint drained oysters chopped, four tablespoons chopped sauted onions, moisten with milk.

Roast turkey while covered with cloth dipped in fat, or place thick fat on bird then cover with wax paper. Do not use roasting pan top. Remove cloth or paper for last half hour of roasting.

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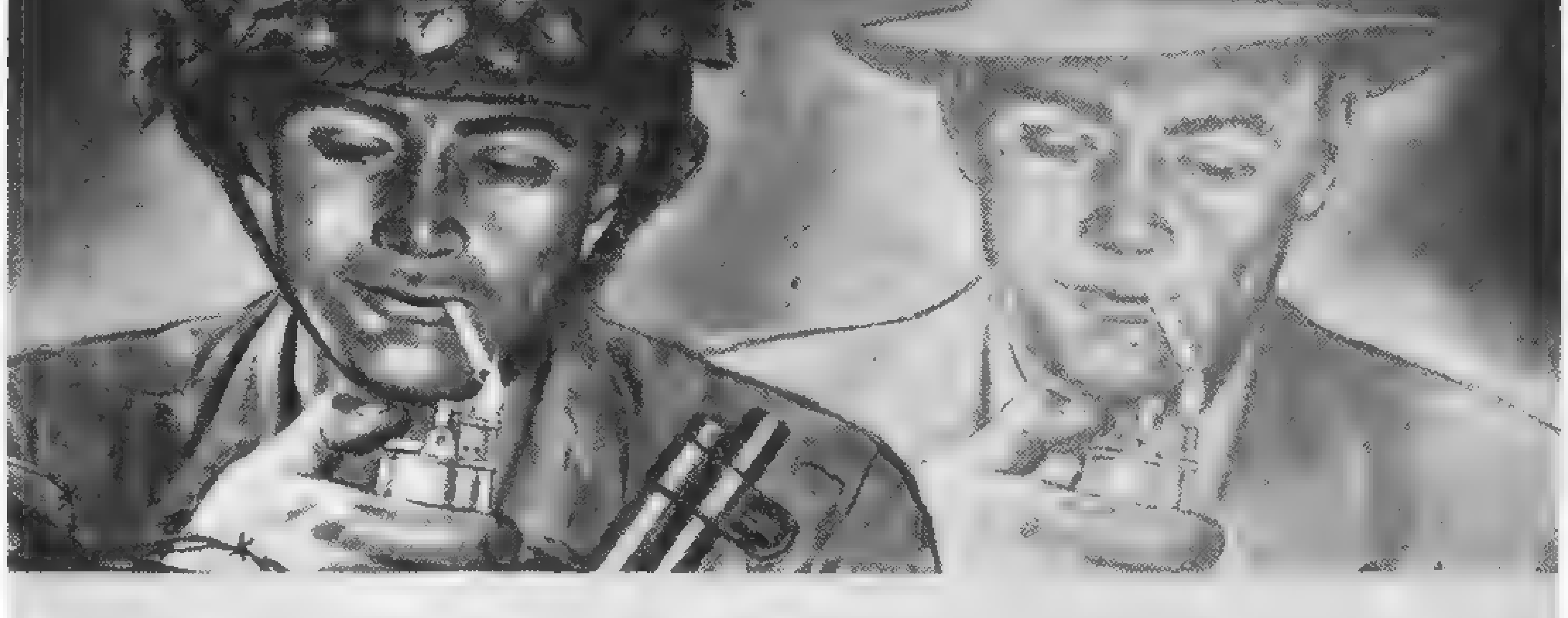
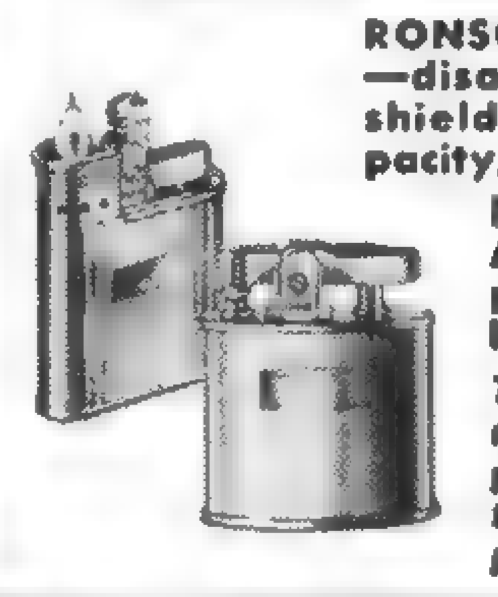

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BLIZZARD PROOF
Down Jacket

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Joe Crosson, Alaska division manager, Pan-American Airways, in a cablegram said, "I personally will fully recommend this jacket on the basis of 14 years of all-weather flying all over Alaska, and on experiences gained during the year I served with Sir Hubert Wilkins in the Antarctic and on the strength of tests to which I have submitted Bauer Blizzard Proof Down Jackets."

I would not sell that jacket under today's conditions for any price offered and believe me I have had some offers from shooting friends, even five times what it cost me, when the rest of the boys are freezing in the blinds or in a canoe I am enjoying solid comfort.
A. H. V., Quebec, Canada

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G. H. M., Hinton, Alberta
Big Game Guide

This will be my third winter for your jacket. It is a wonderful garment. The last two winters have been rather mild, a few times the temperature has dropped to 40 below and the jacket was ample for this.
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A. A. B., Fairbanks, Alaska

The writer uses your Blizzard Jacket and hood on all big game trips and it is wonderful--never have seen anything like it.
H. C. K., Glendive, Mont.

Those Down jackets are a winner and you don't advertise half enough. I have been stopped at least fifty times while sportsmen around here examine that jacket and wanted to know where it was made and to all, I gave your address.
E. K., North Fork, Idaho

I have had your Blizzard proof sleeping bag for several months and it is all that you have guaranteed.
Col. W. P. C.***U.S.M.C.

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La PLay'a
PEPPER PLAIDS
SHIRTS BY
Marlboro
La PLay'a SPORTSWEAR
By Tom Kelley Hollywood

The Fastest Human

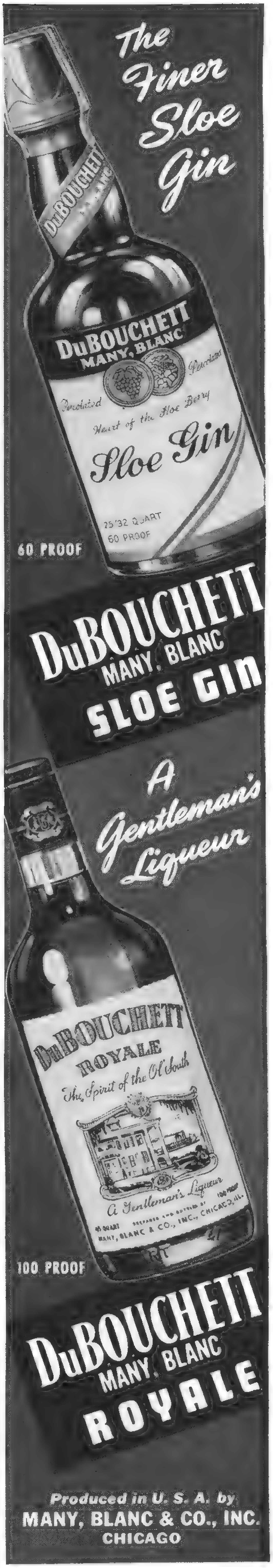
Continued from pages 76-159

maximum speed at the take-off board. A lot of silly things have been said and written about the length of the famous flying leap, with the experts asserting that it was between fifteen and twenty feet. Phooey. Having held the tape many a late afternoon both at Pasadena High School and the University of Southern California for my roommate to practice hitting, I think I know a bit about it. It was about twelve feet at its longest. He aimed at a take-off spot about six feet from the finish and figured on hitting the tape about in the middle of the final drive.

Although Charley trained hard, he believed that it was the months of careful preparation leading up to a race that counted, not what you did the night before it. This theory got a bit fouled up in the 200-meter dash of the 1920 Olympics. After winning the 100, Charley was considered such a shoo-in for the longer race that he was persuaded to go out the night before with the boys to celebrate his impending triumph. It turned out to be a triumph for only 180 meters. At that point the celebration caught up with him. He ran out of wind and his legs tied up and left him running in one spot. Allan Woodring, who had made the American team as a substitute, went by him to win the championship in the snappy time of 22 seconds flat.

Charley's background and his speed with a dollar brought about the legend that his father was a Pasadena millionaire who had built a private quarter-mile track for him at home. The Paddocks were obviously well off, but as for the private track, that's a little too imaginary. As one who spent many a day in the Paddock back yard, I can faithfully report that there wasn't room enough in it for a good ping-pong game. Most of the yard was taken up by a spacious hang-out away from the house that the Paddocks had built for Charley, for he liked privacy when he studied and a lot of room for his gang when it was time to relax.

In World War I, Charley couldn't wait to join up. He managed to get in under age and was a second lieutenant of artillery at eighteen. When World War II came along, Charley, now 41, was carrying the managing directorship of four big newspapers; but as soon as he could get his affairs in order, he was off for action again, this time as a captain of Marines. Wherever there was action—that was where Charley Paddock always wanted to be. A sudden crash, and he was gone. But his friends as long as they live and the universal sports of track and field, which will exist forever, will remember him as the greatest of all champions—"The Fastest Human" and "Champion du Monde." ⵑ



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A Gentleman's Liqueur
100 PROOF
DuBOUCHETT MANY, BLANC ROYALE

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CHICAGO

The Sacrifice of Sarah Jo

Continued from page 73

know. Now, right over here ... This is your cot ... Just lie down, honey ... Why, you're *trembling*. Here comes Dr. Chastain now."

Dr. Chastain approached briskly with a second nurse. She set a jug-shaped bottle in the wire bracket alongside the cot. Then she deftly knotted a rubber ribbon around Sarah Jo's bared upper arm and swabbed the crease of her left elbow with alcohol.

"Now, young lady," the doctor said cheerfully. "We insert the needle in your median vein here, *thus*. See, didn't hurt a bit. Now, just grip and release your hand slowly ..."

Sidelong, Sarah Jo could see the red begin to rise in the glass bottle. She swallowed and said, "There was one thing I aimed to ask."

"Yes?" the doctor said.

"Pa said to ask you—of course I guess you've got your own system of handlin' it, but Pa says the Hickory Burial Association—"

Sarah Jo gulped again, and in her embarrassment grew almost pert. "I wouldn't have named it to you myself, but Pa wanted me to. Pa, he's carried this burial insurance on the family ever since Ma died, and bein' as the Burial Association puts on such a pretty funeral," she went on more wistfully, "he kind of wished they could have charge of mine."

Dr. Chastain hid his perplexity with an indulgent chuckle. "My dear young lady ... a healthy girl thinking about her funeral? You surely didn't think that giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross was going to *kill* you, did you?"

Sarah Jo stared at him. "You mean? ... You mean," she faltered, "that you're able to dreen off a person's blood like this, and it won't cause a-body to die?"

Dr. Chastain, still slow to grasp the full import of her question, peered sharply at her face, and saw she was in deadly earnest. ⧻

"I wish I had an aspirin"

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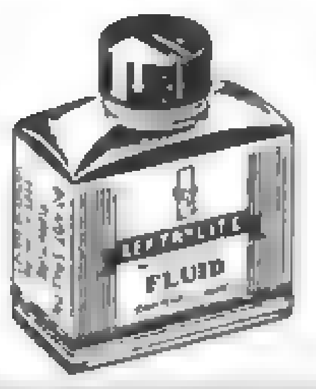
*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request



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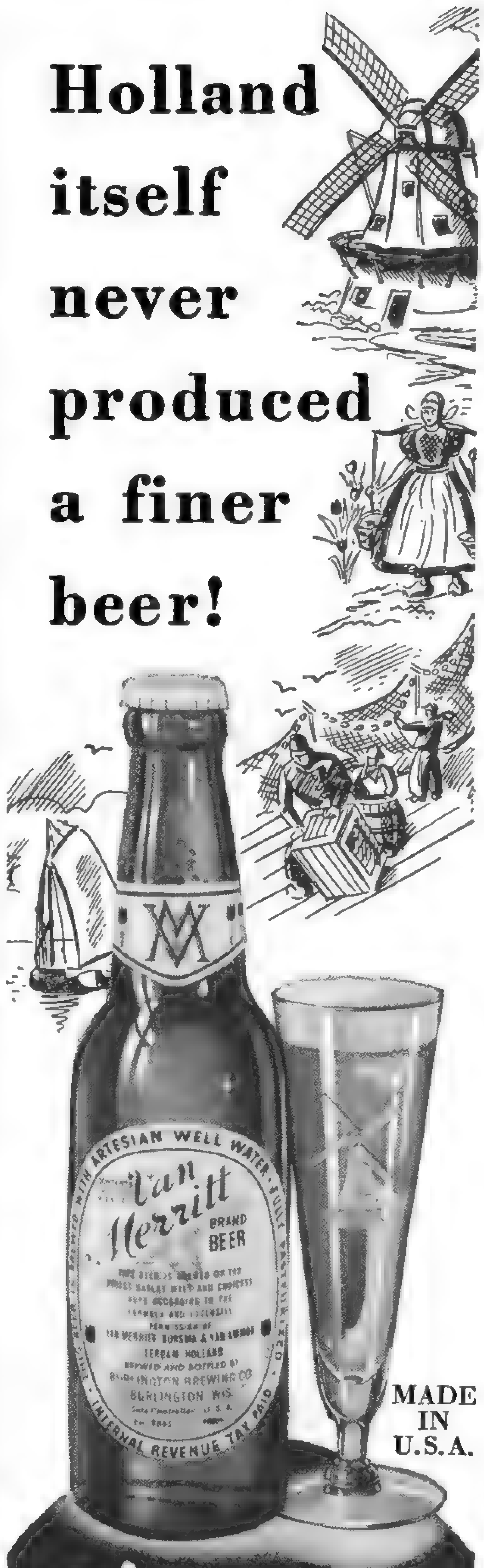

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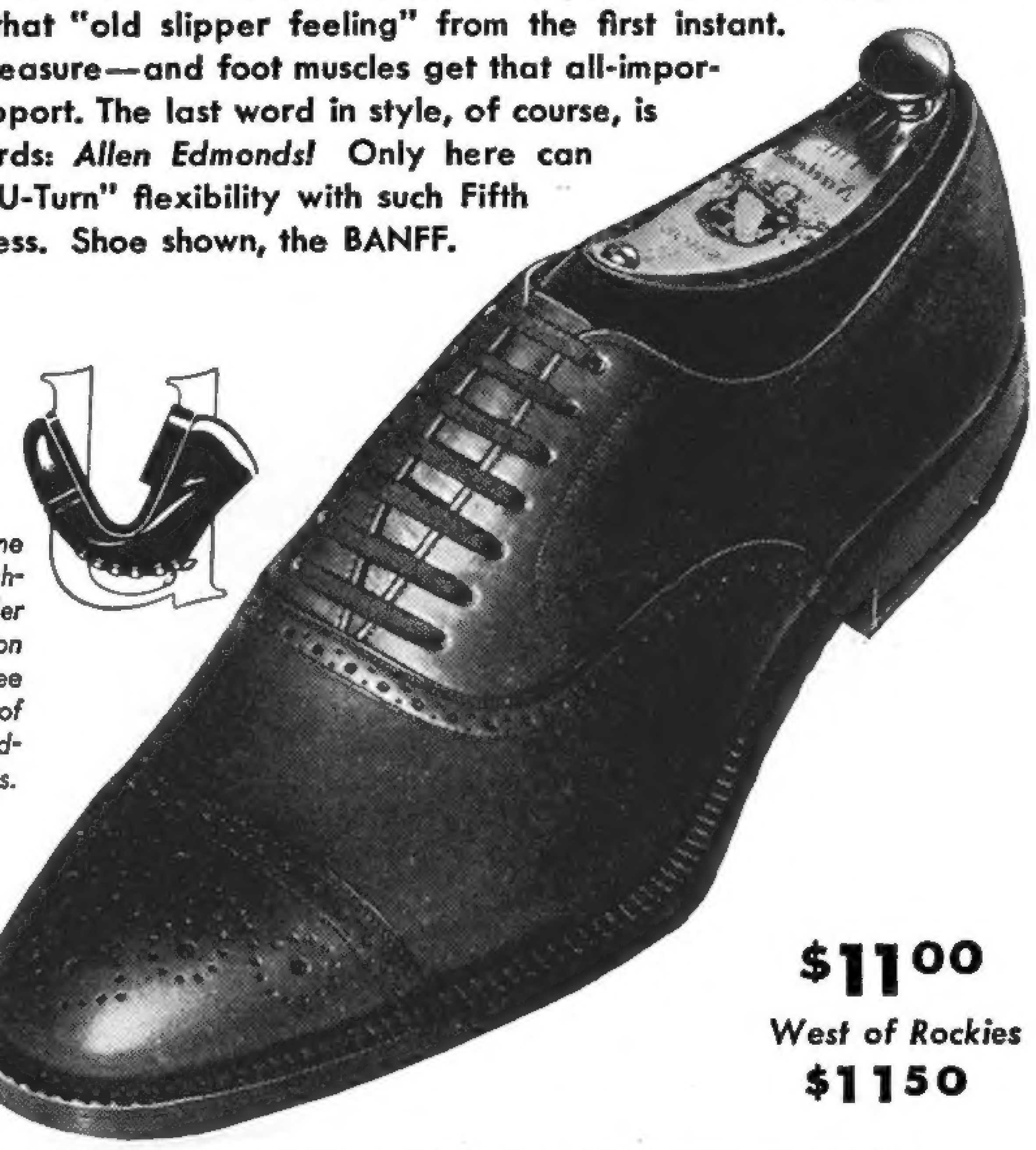

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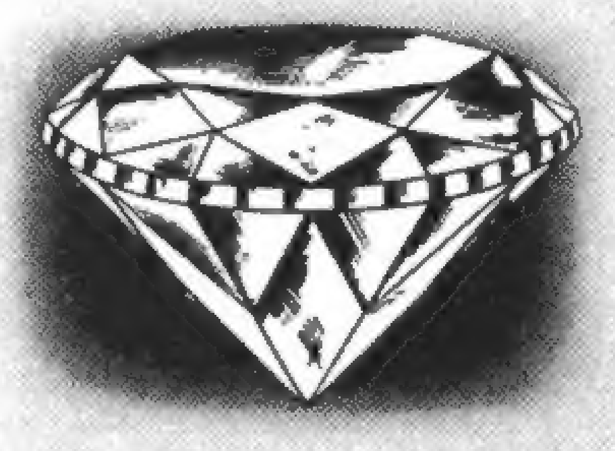

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Crimes and Loco Motives

Continued from page 95

of "Honest John" Meeker, yet he wasn't a bad soul. His heart bled for friendless old maids, so he opened a home for them with his boss's money. John himself was homeless when his Sing Sing term expired and asked for a lifer's cell. That request was refused, but John fought his dispossess notice and had to be dumped out of the can. He sneaked back the same day—how nobody knows. To end this game, the warden had a special escort of guards take John all the way to New York.

Frederick Waller, an Australian, collected 50,000 pounds in the name of sweet charity, then decided charity began at home. The court gave him ten years; Waller felt he deserved only two. Once out of the Sydney jail, Waller went to Adelaide and presented the mayor forged letters of recommendation. The official was moved to appoint him warden of the city jail.

Waller easily acquired four thousand pounds, since he had control of the institution's funds. When caught, the crook said he took only what he was entitled to: five hundred pounds for each "excessive" year he had spent behind bars.

Robbers often use rough tactics, but not Armand Lecoque. This perfect gentleman would steal into a lady's apartment, ask for supper, rob her, smother her with kisses, and bow his way out. Lecoque became the most talked-of man in Paris, crashing the headlines daily. According to Georges DuParc, eminent French journalist, scores of damsels went to bed praying to hear the click of a window latch. "In fact," he adds, "many women left their windows invitingly half-open, although they took the precaution of placing their valuables in banks."

In the fall of 1927, Lecoque kidnapped a pretty bride on her wedding night. She returned to Paris the next day, thrilled. Her story was a best-seller, songs were composed about her, and for three weeks she was the stellar attraction at the Casino de Paris.

At the height of his career, Lecoque stumbled into a police trap. Amazingly, his loot was practically intact. Did he rob as an excuse to kiss women? No, Lecoque said, to the chagrin of a love-sick legion. A blend of romance and robbery was a sure formula for fame, which was all he craved. He dreaded dying unheralded.

Germany's cockeyed cause célèbre naturally has a military touch. In October of 1906, a man in a captain's uniform ordered twenty soldiers to follow him to the town hall. There he burst into the office of the mayor.

"In the name of the Kaiser, I arrest you," the captain barked. Seizing the town's funds, he signed a receipt, clapped His Honor in jail and left. Word spread that the Kaiser's soldiers had been duped by a common thief. But the German High Command declared: "The lawbreaker was an insane army captain. If he had been an imposter, the soldiers would have detected that, for a Prussian officer is a man of unmistakable breeding and distinction."

That announcement elated Frederick Voigt, who detested the saber-clanking Prussian officers. Men of "unmistakable breeding"? Anyone could purchase that breeding in a second-hand uniform store—even he, a bandy-legged, cross-eyed, illiterate cobbler.

Voigt's confession to the Copenick hoax humiliated the High Command but tickled millions of Germans. Sensing this, the Kaiser commuted his sentence from four years to two. With his release papers was a check for 100,000 marks. An old woman bequeathed him her fortune "because he provided me with the best laugh I ever had."

Returning to the American scene, consider Ray, an accountant, who during the depression, told his employers they had amassed millions. Elated, the board of directors declared a dividend, raised salaries, and had a week-end splurge. On Monday, their skyrocketed stocks were the talk of Wall Street. But the treasurer found his bank balance was anemic. Puzzled, he asked Ray to locate the missing millions. It developed that Ray had simply falsified the books to make his employers happy.

Mike Fortesque was less altruistic. This cornet player's off-key specialty was *The Last Rose of Summer*, which he tooted in all seasons. A neighbor, unable to stand the strain, flouted Mike's artistry. The mad musician retaliated with a hay-maker, and landed in prison. Subsequently, he was deported to Ireland. His former warden happened to visit there in 1935 and bumped into his former charge. Mike was now "Maestro Mike," the leader of an orchestra in a Dublin dive, and was billed as "America's Favorite."

Then there's Ulysses Johnson who took a correspondence course in crime detection, and was refused a position on the local police force. He soon had a chance to display his talents. On March 10, 1937, a train was wrecked. It was a clear case of sabotage though no one was injured. The baffled Missouri authorities, unable to solve the crime, allowed Ulysses to help them. Within twenty minutes, the beaming sleuth produced the pick obviously used in the derailing. Ulysses had scored too easily, and skillful probing revealed why. Ulysses had wrecked the train so he could unravel the mystery and win his spurs. Today the detective is in prison, unhappy but not undistinguished. He's the only man to serve time for solving a crime. ⧻

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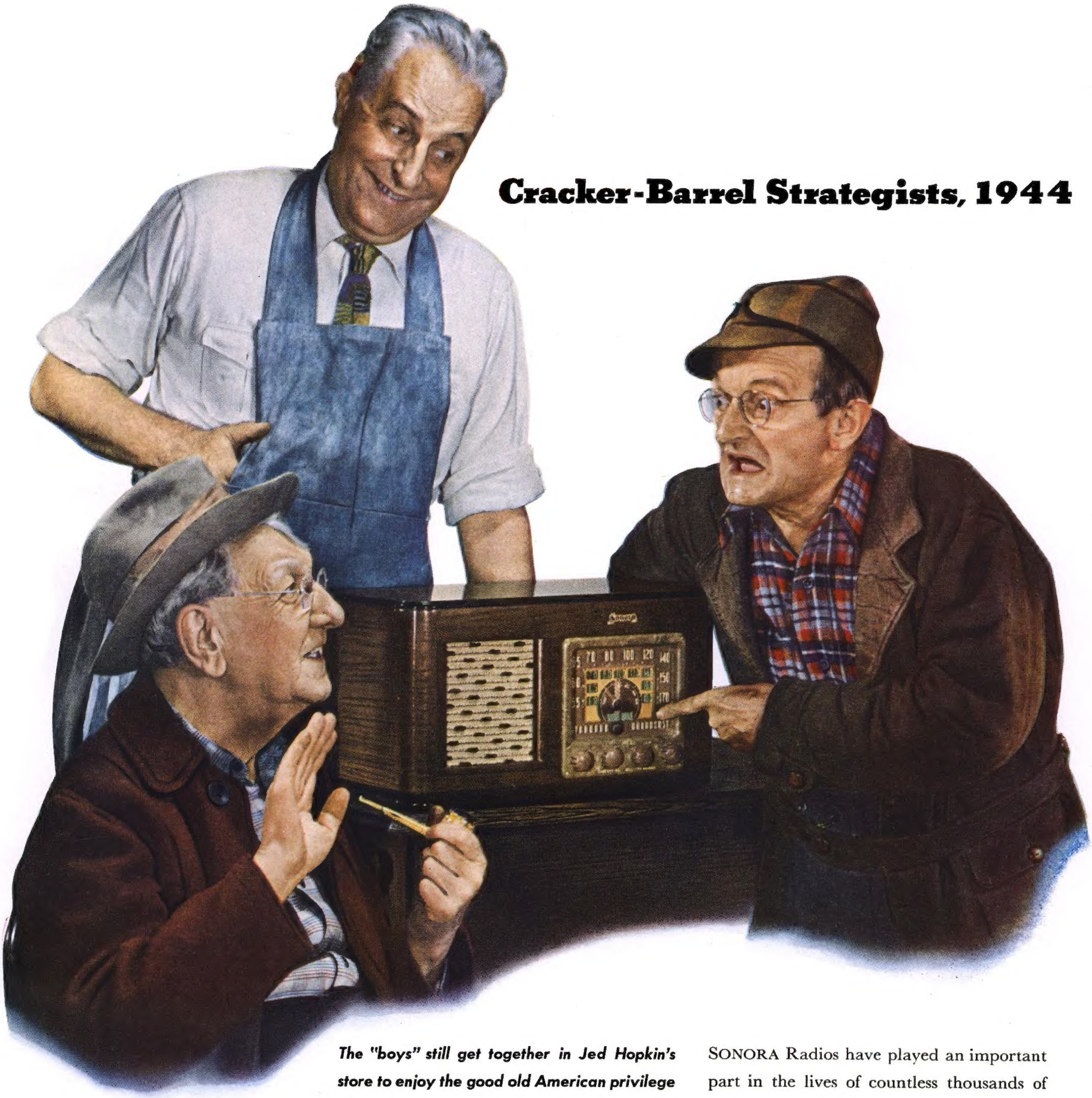

The "boys" still get together in Jed Hopkin's store to enjoy the good old American privilege of voicing their opinions . . . just as they did back when the debates seesawed over the old cracker-barrel . . . back in the years when they were the Kaltenborns and Winchells, the political and military forecasters of the County.

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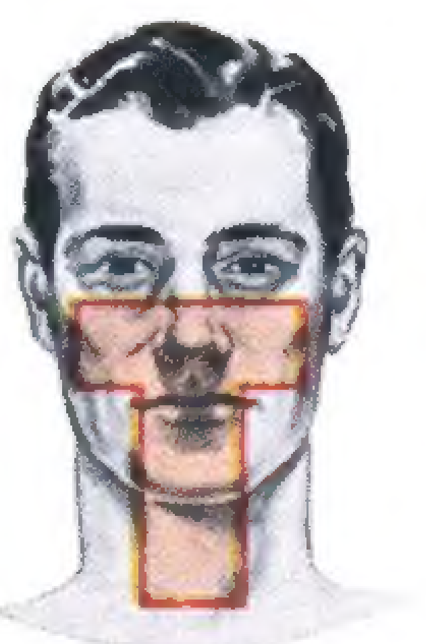

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